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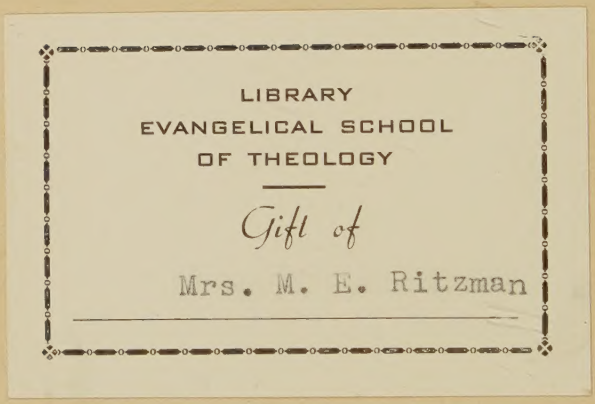
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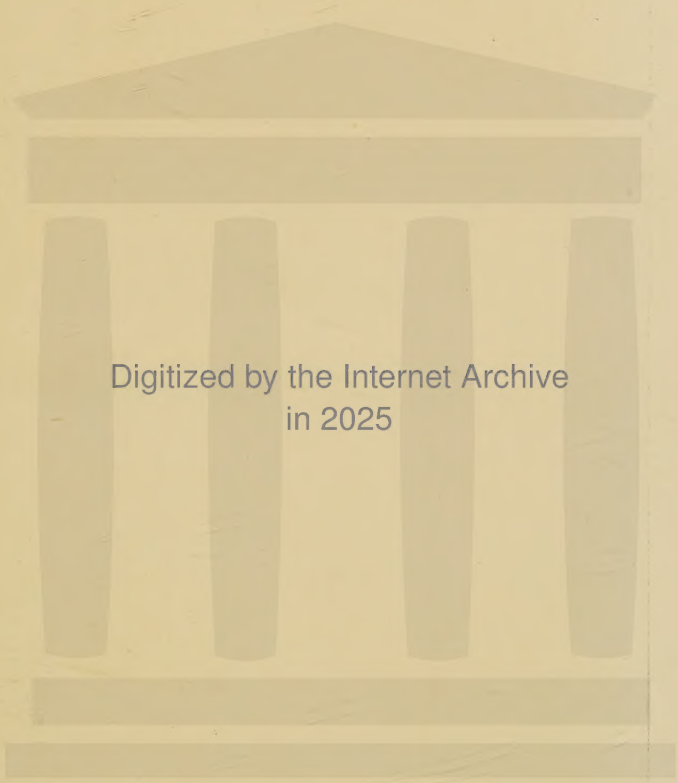

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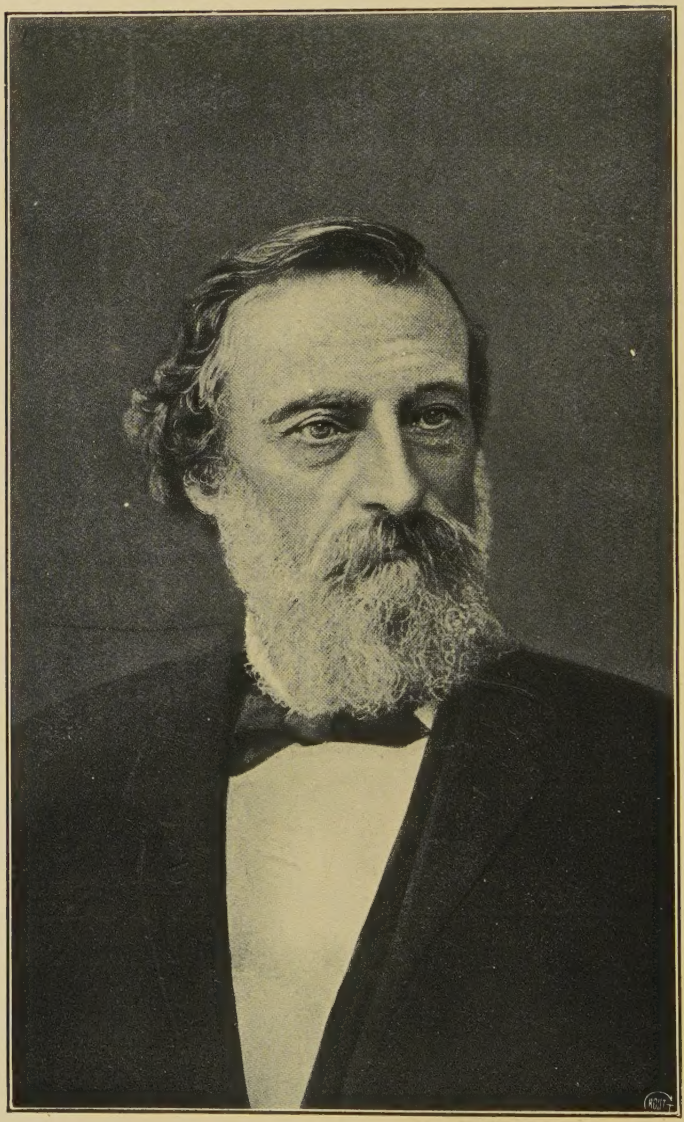

James Stuart

STEWART OF LOVEDALE

THE LIFE OF

JAMES STEWART, D.D., M.D.

HON. F.R.G.S.

BY

JAMES WELLS, D.D.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

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PREFACE

THIS book might have been fitly entitled *The Life and Times of Dr. Stewart*, for it records his influential share in the enterprises which have made a new world of South and Central Africa.

Several of the chapters are occupied with the great causes which Dr. Stewart espoused; and they present his chief convictions in the form that seemed most likely to interest the many circles of young people in Great Britain and America who are now studying Foreign Missions.

My heartiest thanks are due to many helpers, foremost among whom are Mrs. Stewart and John Stephen, Esq. I wish I could thank them all, one by one.

I have drawn freely on the admirable *In Memoriam* number of the *Christian Express*, which was edited, and to a large extent written, by Dr. Roberts of Lovedale.

The Rev. J. M. Sloan, M.A., and Sir. A. R. Simpson, M.D., have revised the proofs and made many helpful suggestions.

Kelly
UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
NOV 19 1957

THE CHIEF DATES IN THE LIFE OF DR. STEWART

Born	1831
Licensed as a Preacher	1860
Exploring in Central Africa	1861-63
Graduated in Medicine and Married	1866
Began as Missionary at Lovedale	1867
Prospecting for the Gordon Memorial Mission	1870
Founded Blythswood	1873
Originated Livingstonia	1874
In Nyasaland	1876-77
The Expansion of Lovedale	1878-90
Pioneering the East African Mission	1891-92
Lectured on Evangelistic Theology in Scotland	1892-93
Moderator of the General Assembly	1899-1900
Delivered the Duff Lectures	1902
Presided at First General Missionary Conference in South Africa	1904
'And He Died'	1905

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STEWART OF LOVEDALE

CHAPTER I

THE MAKING OF THE MISSIONARY

A Great Resolve—His Mother—His Father—The Disruption—Church-building—Youthful Religion—Parallel Experiences.

'Man's sociability of nature evinces itself . . . by this one fact—the unspeakable delight he takes in biography.'—*Carlyle.*

'Youthful imaginations should be great picture-galleries and Valhallas of heroic souls. Lives of great men nourish the imagination more than the best novels.'—*Professor Blackie's 'Self-culture.'*

'In books we find the dead living.'—*Richard de Bury.*

'One event is always the child of another, and we must not forget the genealogy.'—*A Bechuana Chief.*

'This man put his hand to the plough and never looked back.'—*Epitaph in Exeter Cathedral.*

SIXTY-TWO years ago a tall youth of fifteen was following the plough in a field in Perthshire. His two horses came to a standstill in mid-furrow, and he was not minded to urge them on. Leaning on the stilts of the plough, he began to brood over his future. What was it to be? The question flashed across his mind—'Might I not make more of my life than by remaining here?' He straightened himself and said, 'God helping me, I will be a missionary.'

That was the making of the man and the missionary.

His whole life lay in that deed, as the giant oak lies in the acorn. The divine call came to the Perthshire youth, as it came to Elisha, at the plough. In the days of His flesh it was Christ's way to call His apostles when busy at their daily toil.

The aim of this chapter is to reveal the influences which secured that 'I will': the following chapters will chronicle the results which flowed from it.

On February 14, 1831, James Stewart was born in Edinburgh, at 5 South Charlotte Street, adjoining 136 Princes Street.

Like most great and good men, he was largely mother-made.

'I well recall his mother's presence,' his cousin writes. 'She was the finest specimen of a noble woman I have ever seen, possessing in their highest development all the features of the great Norse race from which she came. She belonged to the Dudgeon sept of the Norsemen, and her family settled at Liberty Hall, near Gladsmuir in Haddingtonshire. She was a woman of much refinement, of great ability, and saintly character. To her he owed his innate love and appreciation of all that was beautiful and seemly.' His mother died when he was in his teens, and his father married a second time.

After passing through a preparatory school, he was educated at the Edinburgh High School and at the Perth Academy.

His birthplace, quite near Edinburgh Castle and Princes Street Gardens—one of the fairest spots on earth—probably exerted a subtle influence over his tastes. As he sauntered—we should rather say, hurried, for he seems never to have sauntered anywhere—along Princes Street to school, he had around him beauty in the lap of grandeur. His sur-

roundings, we may believe, fostered both his piety and his patriotism, and also helped to develop that keen sense of natural beauty which distinguished him through life. The scenery he gazes upon every day often rouses and lights up the spirit of a boy.

His father, a successful cab proprietor in Edinburgh, became tenant, about 1842, of Pictstonhill, a farm between Scone and Perth. He was one of six stalwart brothers who were born at Dull in Perthshire. 'He was'—this from James Stewart's cousin—'a deeply religious man, and his prayers at family worship were never to be forgotten for reverence and fervour. His attendance at divine worship was unbroken, and when he was dying, he had to be taken to church to partake of his last communion. To him James owed his physical manliness, his strong will, his grave dignity and graciousness, and his attention to attire. Father and son, too, had the same largeness of heart towards the suffering, the oppressed, and the fallen.' In the best sense, James Stewart was well born. It is true that he who lives a noble life has no need of ancestors; but it is also true that he who has noble ancestors is the most likely to live a noble life. Though grace does not run in the blood, blood and tradition tell.

James was in his thirteenth year at the Disruption.[1]

[1] 'The Disruption' is the name usually given to that deed by which, on May 18, 1843, four hundred and seventy ministers, along with many elders, members, and adherents of the Church of Scotland, severed (or *disrupted*) their connection with the State, and formed the Free Church of Scotland, in order to preserve the rights and liberties which they believed to be in harmony with the Word of God, the Standards of their Church, and the Statutes of the realm. Lord Cockburn calls it 'the most remarkable upheaval in Scotland since the Reformation,' and 'the most honourable fact for Scotland that its whole history supplies.'

'Pictstonhill,' as his father was designated from the name of his farm, was an admirable representative of a class of elders to whom the Free Church of Scotland largely owed its spiritual power, and its achievements at home and abroad. Homes like his were splendid nurseries of living faith, lofty ideals, and self-sacrificing heroism.

As the parish minister of Scone did not 'come out' in '43, Pictstonhill became the leader of the Free Church party in his district. He was the heart and soul of the movement, and his house was the gathering-place for the Free Church leaders. Without the influence and liberality of his family the Free Church of Scone could not have been built. Divine service was held in his barnyard in summer, and in winter in the barn: both were thus consecrated to the higher husbandry. The Lord's Supper was celebrated and several children were baptized in the barn. Andrew Bonar (then of Collace), Andrew Gray and John Milne of Perth, fervent evangelists, often preached there, and many were deeply impressed. As old people said long afterwards, the Pictstonhill meetings were 'the talk o' the hale country-side.' These Disruption experiences were fitted to draw forth the generous chivalry of a thoughtful boy. James held the candle in the barn when the preacher read the Bible. When he preached for the first time in Scone, an old woman said 'the last time I saw him, he was juist a hafflin' laddie, and a cannel-stick.'

When the first Free Church was built at Scone, 'Pictstonhill' provided the sand, and also carted all the stones gratis. At first they had to be brought from a distance, as the proprietor would not allow the Free Church people to use a neighbouring quarry.

At last he consented, and the piebald church—the stones being of different colours—was a memorial of the fluctuating feelings of Disruption days. James gave his school holidays to the work of carting the stones. He was thus from his boyhood a light-bearer, a builder, and an extender of Christ's Church.

In token of their gratitude to 'Pictstonhill,' the villagers in 1844 insisted on reaping his harvest-fields without hire.

As the Free Church congregation was for some time without a pastor, Mr. Stewart got his brother Charles, the Free Church minister of Kirkmichael, to come, not only to preach, but also to visit the poor, the feeble, and the sick.

James used to carry a lame brother on his back to church and Sabbath-school—a distance of about half a mile. Even then he was, as all through life, a chivalrous helper of the weak.

He seems to have had an early intellectual birth-time, for he was a great reader in his boyhood and had a very tenacious memory. He often strolled among the hills on his father's farm and read for hours his favourite authors—Plutarch, Shakespeare, Milton, and Browning.

Like most believing Scotsmen, Stewart was not prone to reveal by speech his deepest religious experiences. It seems that he yielded early and gladly to the holy influences playing upon him, and that his Christian life resembled the healthy plants he loved and understood, which quietly absorb from climate and atmosphere the many mystic forces which they mould into things of use and beauty. A Puritan Father on soul-winning says, 'God never gives to one man a whole soul.' The home life and

church life around him were well fitted to win an ingenuous boy. The excellences of father and mother were very manifestly and not unequally reproduced in the leal-hearted lad. Twice was he their son—in soul as in body. They both lived in him, and through him they are still serving Christ's Church, and shall serve coming generations. It is said that James was also deeply influenced by a devoted invalid lady who had a Bible-class at her house.

So far as we can learn, young Stewart seems to have escaped that 'fever of adolescence' which often attends the first struggles between the excited boy and the emerging man. Those who knew him then discovered no trace of that wayward assertion of native force, which one of its victims likens to 'the bursting of the flower-pot by the oak sapling.' Double-moated by grace in the best of homes, he was early taught to tame his heart, and, so it seems, he was kept from those things which poison the springs of life, and impoverish one's powers for service. His early life is all of a piece with the great resolve he made as he leant on his plough. That explains all that he has done, or thought, or become. He was born and brought up in the 'moral purple.'

One day, when carrying a gun, as he often did, he suddenly stopt, lifted up his head with an energetic gesture, and said to his cousin, 'Jim, I shall never be satisfied till I am in Africa with a Bible in my pocket, and a rifle on my shoulder to supply my wants.' In the heart of Africa this youthful desire was often fulfilled to the letter.

Only one statement about his boyish experiences has been found among his papers. In it he says: 'Though from my earliest years I meant to go

abroad, I cannot say that missionary work attracted me at first. The boy's ideal firmly fixed and constantly recurring, was to lead an expedition in some unexplored region. That was probably nothing more than the mere restlessness of race-instinct in a boy half Norse on his mother's side, if also half Celt on the other. As a lad I had to work with horses on the farm. I have often been thankful for that training. The nature of the work gave me plenty of time to think, and when a certain change came, my mind also turned to missions. This interest continued, though with varying force.'

Arthur Helps says: 'The mill-streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places.' The explorer of a great river usually begins at the sea and mounts to the source. Easier and more fascinating is the task of the biographer and the sympathetic reader, for they begin at the fountain-head and move downwards along the growing current. We have located the source of a fruitful stream in the sunlit uplands of a happy boyhood, and in the corner of a field.[1] That field was as memorable a spot to Stewart as was to Paul the hillock near Damascus, where he saw the heavenly vision and heard the heavenly voice.

During his furloughs he revisited that birthplace of his great resolve, and he sometimes told the story to his intimate friends.

The resolve then formed was the work of a moment.[2] But could we explore the mysterious

[1] The exact spot is in the angle between the highway from Perth to Scone and the road up to the Carse of Gowrie.

[2] Robert Burns had an exactly parallel experience, which he presents to us, not in the daylight of fact, but in the limelight of fancy. He says: 'The genius of my country found me, as Elijah found

origins and growths in the unfathomable depths of the sub-conscious soul, we should probably discover that the suddenness of such a resolve lies only in the first manifestation of the inner life, and that in the moment of decision, long-continued processes are then brought, not to being, but to full consciousness. Be that as it may, autobiography and biography teem with instances of men and women of all classes, ages, and creeds, who in a moment formed the choice which made them all they afterwards became.

Thus in his teens, James Stewart put his hand to Christ's plough. Never looking back, he continued to draw straight and deep furrows in the veldt of heathenism, till his last call found him in the great field of his lifelong labours. This rare constancy was due to his home-bred, deep, definite, and unchanging Evangelical convictions; and the resulting unity of his life is likely to gratify the reader as it has gratified the biographer.

Elisha, at the plough, and threw his inspiring mantle over me.' Carlyle leads us to believe that he could have pointed out the very flagstone in Leith Walk where, one sultry Dogday, he experienced what he calls his 'spiritual new birth,' and 'baphometic fire-baptism.'

CHAPTER II

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT

IN EDINBURGH, 1850-52 and 1854-55.
IN ST. ANDREWS, 1852-54.

His appearance—His Studies—Many-sidedness—His Tutorship—His Fellow-students—Testimonies of Dr. Wallace and Dr. Robertson.

'*Res non verba*' (Things not words).—*Luther's motto.*

'The artist is known by his self-limitation.'—*Tennyson.*

'*Aien Aristeuein*' (Ever to be the best).—*Motto of St. Andrews University.*

STEWART matriculated first in the University of Adversity. Serious financial losses constrained his father to quit his farm about 1847, and begin life anew in Edinburgh on the old lines. James manfully did his best to aid the family in their efforts, which proved successful. During three or four years he had a business training, which was very useful to him in after life when he had so much to do with business and business men. His experiences during those strenuous days would also deepen that keen sympathy with the struggling, which was a part of his inheritance from father and mother. Such a strain, nobly borne, would add strength to his unusual powers of resolve and self-reliance. Like many Scottish students, he supported himself by private tutoring.

He did not enter the Edinburgh University till his twentieth year. I have failed to glean any information about his studies in Edinburgh, except that he did not take the classes in the usual order, and that he was at the same time at business. After two sessions there, his uncle, the Rev. Charles Stewart, died, and as James was tutor to his cousins, he removed with his aunt to St. Andrews, his ideal of a University town.

He then had that bearing of distinction which remained with him through life. In face and form he carried with him everywhere, to borrow Bacon's phrase, 'a letter of perpetual recommendation.' There was not about him a particle of affectation. Broad-shouldered, upright as a palm, tall—he was six feet two inches without his shoes and proportioned well—with a vigorous sweep and stride, his frame seemed to be endowed equally with strength, agility, and gracefulness.[1] He had a peculiar step, like that of a stag or a Red Indian hunter. I remember vividly the first time I saw him, as he was striding across the college quadrangle. I thought of Homer's Ajax as he moved on the battlefield. He attracted attention, and people would turn round and look at him after he had passed in the street. Once seen, he was not likely to be forgotten or mistaken for any other man. In respect of dress, the African natives might justly have given him the title which they gave to his friend Coillard—'the father of neatness.'[2]

[1] The 'portrait' in this and the following chapter is partly from personal knowledge, as during one session I was a fellow-student with him, but chiefly from information supplied by his fellow-students.

[2] On his return to London from one of his African expeditions, he was walking in the Strand, unconscious of the fact that he was still wearing his African sun-helmet. A city Arab came alongside of him,

One writes: 'He changed less than most men during his lifetime. Even in face and figure he continued very much the man he was in those student days.' Another writes: 'His appearance then recalled to me the words applied to the youthful David, King of Israel—"He was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to."' Another thought, however, that he resembled King Saul rather than David. 'He was greatly beloved in his youth. There was something extremely attractive in his whole demeanour, and there was a vein of humour in his conversation which endeared him to us all.'

He had excellent intellectual gifts. His was a nimble and vigorous mind that quickly reached the heart of a subject. But he was not a distinguished student in the academic sense. The lore of the University had no exclusive attractions for him. 'Man lives for culture,' says Goethe, 'not for what he can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him.' Stewart's conception of culture was totally opposed to that, while he was equally opposed to the pursuit of knowledge for the sake of bread and butter. With him knowledge was an instrument and a practical power, not a luxury or an adornment, and the crown of all study was character and service.

Moreover, even when as a boy he roamed with a gun over his father's farm, his heart was set on

and tried to keep step with him. The odd procession arrested the attention of many, among whom was another Arab, who stood gazing at the sun-tanned, travel-stained giant. The boy by Stewart's side, with upturned thumb, pointed over his shoulder and shouted to his mate, in a tone of mock solemnity, 'I say, George, he grow'd.' Stewart then discovered the reason why so many eyes were turned to him, and disappeared in the nearest hatter's shop. This was one of the many diverting stories he told against himself.

Africa, and during the whole of his student days he accepted the self-limitations which such a sphere imposed. Often when expounding his favourite text, 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God,' he used to emphasise the difference between the Indian and the African, and to point out that Ethiopia had no ancient and highly organised systems of caste and belief to resist the solvent power of Christian truth. She was a simple, untutored savage, who needed plain, practical teaching, and who was likely to turn to God far sooner than India would do. He thus valued a university education only, or chiefly, in so far as it could fit him for his chosen sphere. He could not therefore live only or chiefly in the world of books, as scholarship did not supply an adequate occupation for all his energies.

On the altar of Ethiopia he was willing to offer up much which was precious to the prizeman.

He took then, and continued to take through life, an eager interest in every department of knowledge. For some time he was examiner in Mental Philosophy for the University of South Africa, and his books reveal a wide range of study. He came early under the spell of Science, and while a student wrote several articles for magazines on semi-scientific themes, and was a member of the literary societies. His interests were many-sided, and he eagerly gathered general information. The whole palace of enchanted thought was open to him. He was an enthusiastic student of Chemistry, Botany, Agriculture, and the common ways of men. He thus matriculated and graduated in the larger university of the World and Life. With him the Art of Arts was to live well and work well.

His leanings then, as through life, were decidedly conservative. This might be partly due to his revered father and mother. He had characteristic enthusiasm of conviction, great courage, and energy of statement. He was decidedly opposed to theoretical voluntaryism in the relations between Church and State. No patience had he with barren speculations, and he could not endure any theology which tended to impoverish a man's humanity.

His studies did not quench his missionary zeal, for, at St. Andrews, he inoculated with it one of his cousins and pupils, James Stewart, C.E., who resigned a lucrative post in the Covenanted Service in India, that, at first as an unpaid volunteer, he might aid the Livingstonia Mission. This Mr. Stewart laid out Blantyre, and planned and made part of the Stevenson Road, the great highway of two hundred and fifty-four miles between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika. He was a most attractive Christian gentleman, and his early death was a great bereavement to Central Africa.

Dr. George Wallace, lately of Hamilton, a fellow-student with Stewart both at St. Andrews and Edinburgh, thus writes about the St. Andrews days: 'Clear and distinct above all other impressions he made on me, was the practical cast of his mind. He was a man of deeds, who valued only what could be embodied in actions. His tastes were scientific rather than classical or mathematical. At that time there was little in the university studies to interest and employ one whose leanings were towards natural science. Hence, though his ability was well marked in the classes attended by him, he never took the place in them which he could easily have taken, if he had turned his whole energy in that direction. It

seemed as if the idea had taken possession of him that the life for him was not one for which the university curriculum was the best preparation. Even then it was manifest that he would not follow the trodden ways of life, but would strike out some path for himself.'

Here is an appreciation of Stewart, by another fellow-student at St. Andrews, the Rev. Dr. Robertson of Whittinghame:—'Some of the careers of my fellow-students have been very unexpected, some pathetic from the strange mingling in them of success and failure. But of them all, I have often thought that the life of James Stewart has been that by which the best and deepest mark has been made on the world and its history. I could not have foretold this or anticipated it during our college course. We are apt at that stage of our lives to put undue value on the figure men make in class examinations. We do not yet know how many other qualities are needed for effectiveness in life, besides those by which college prizes are won. James Stewart was not a winner of college prizes. He took only moderate and respectable positions in his classes. This may have been due to his being considerably older than most of us, less keen in regard to class competitions, and already interested more in the work of life. He had no aloofness either from our class studies, or from our student fellowships; but one felt that there was much more in the man than was put into college study. There was a constant strong purposefulness in his character. He was genial—even humorous; a cheery smile generally on his countenance; but there was a reserve of strength and courage, which, one feels now, waited for some great occasions to call it forth. He was, first and foremost, a man of action,

rather than a student. While some of us plunged into our class work as if it were all we had to think of, everything he did, was, I believe, a conscious preparation for life. I recollect being struck by large coloured drawings of botanical subjects he showed me—a study which, I understood, he was carrying on privately in view of possibly choosing a missionary career. Though he took no prominent place in his classes, we felt him to be a natural leader of men. He was tall and strong of frame, with fair hair, ruddy complexion, aquiline nose, and I never saw any one to whom the epithet "eagle-eyed" more obviously belonged. One little memory I have of him which is quite in character. We had a literary society which met for some hours of debate and fellowship on Saturday evenings. One wintry night, snow lay on the ground, and the streets were icy. As we came downstairs at the end of our meeting, the whisper went round that students of a rival society had arranged to snowball us severely and make it impossible for us to get out from the college court by the narrow door under the old steeple. The enemy had indeed arranged themselves all round outside, with piles of hard snowballs ready for use at their feet. They were able to make it hot for those who came to the doorway. There was a moment's halt, and I well remember the voice of James Stewart sounding decisively in the dark, 'Let every man provide himself with two snowballs.' We instantly charged, and sallying forth with him as leader, in a few seconds of time had possessed ourselves of the heaps of snowballs prepared by our adversaries, and were pelting them as they fled.

'I have fewer recollections of Stewart then than of some others of my fellow-students. As he lived

with his aunt, we did not haunt one another's rooms and talk as students are wont to do. At the end of our course in Arts we were separated. Those of us who had associated intimately together, had the ministry in view as our future profession. The larger number of us being of the Free Church, went to study in the New College, Edinburgh, while the smaller number remained at St. Andrews, and went through St. Mary's College under Principal Tulloch. I regret the loss of that fellowship, which was a good and helpful one. We were as a company the poorer for this break-up. And, so separate are men kept in their careers by being in different church organisations, we seldom met as years went on, and knew of one another's course of life only in a vague and irregular fashion. But such is the linking together of free congenial souls in that magic time of college life, such is the endurance of these early friendships, that any chance meeting in all the life after finds us still the same to one another in genial openness and frank affectionateness. I afterwards heard that Africa had cast its spell upon James Stewart, or perhaps it should be said, that he felt Africa to be the sphere of action for which he was fitted, that from Africa came the call for such powers as he was conscious of—powers of hardihood and endurance, with stern joy in committing himself to the toils and hazards needed there for humanity's sake. . . . I still think that of all the men I knew in the United College at St. Andrews, he has made the best and deepest mark on the world. Though he was preacher and doctor both, I always thought of him rather with the kind of admiration with which a home-staying student thinks of a soldier, an explorer, or man of difficult affairs.'

CHAPTER III

THE STUDENT OF DIVINITY, 1855-1859

His Individuality—His Stepmother—His Comrades—His Club —'Stewart Africanus'—At Erlangen—The Cotton Famine —His first two Books.

'Ideals are prophesies that work out their own fulfilment.'
—*Bishop Lightfoot.*

'Who climbs keeps one foot firm on fact
Ere hazarding the next step.'—*Browning.*

'*Pectus facit theologum*' (The heart makes the theologian).—*Amesius.*
(*The motto of Tholuck and Neander.*)

STEWART took the ordinary course of four sessions in the New College, Edinburgh, the Divinity Hall of the Free Church of Scotland. His relation to his studies there was the same as it had been in the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. His energies, not confined within the customary bounds, overflowed upon the adjoining fields of knowledge. So far as is known, he did not call any of his professors 'my master,' in the classical, exclusive and rich sense of that term. But in the middle of his Divinity course he found his master and lifelong hero.

Here is the image of Stewart which lives in the memories of his surviving fellow-students.—Healthy in body, mind, and soul, he had a passion for fact and reality. Though a zealous idealist, he did not

look at present things through the stained glass of the imagination. He was a good, whole-hearted, practical Christian man, and free from every petty feeling. Sometimes he seemed to be over-masterful, and he did not always moderate his language in conference and controversy. On the Godward side he had an exacting conscience, and sternly took himself to task for his failings. The devout life was diligently cultivated, and he cherished an intense aversion to a wooden orthodoxy, and a tottering morality in alliance with a Christian profession. He wished a thoroughly practical theology which he could transmit to the heathen, and which would move him to transmit it. In every part of his life he was profoundly Christian. 'I have an impression,' one of his fellow-students writes, 'of his manly, forcible, upright, and generous Christian character.'

His social nature—'which needed a little development'—was enriched in two directions. As his father had died during his university course, for some years he lived with his stepmother, to whom he was warmly attached. The comradeship of these two was greatly admired. It was like the relation of an affectionate elder sister to a devoted younger brother. The care of her was a sacred duty to him, and not till he had laid her body in the grave, could he say, 'I am now free to go to Africa.' 'I cannot tell you,' he then wrote, 'how this has affected me. What a world of affection that woman lavished upon me. Now I can never repay her. My interest in things has suddenly diminished within the last few hours.' He adds—'I had formed what, no doubt, was a rash resolution, not to go abroad while she lived. . . . This event removed my self-made difficulty and set me strangely free, as I had then

neither father nor mother, sister nor brother alive, though of the latter there were at one time five.' Some time after the death of his stepmother, writing to an intimate friend, he said, 'For the first few weeks I dozed over the fire and did nothing. I hardly thought that a man in ordinary tolerable health could be so stupefied with one stroke as to forget half the things he had to do, and only half do what remained. . . . I was asked to come here (Selkirk) and was glad to go where I *must* work. It will be no fault of mine, I hope, if our friendship is not perpetuated. I feel more every day the need of holding to those old friends for whom I care, and for whom those who are no longer amongst us really cared, so let us understand that I wish the bond to be made, if possible, stronger. You say "God has had some wise end in view." I believe He has, though I do not yet understand it. You must not think I am complaining. I have felt as never in my life before that it is good that a man should suffer, yet these poor hearts of ours will have their say. I had often wished for a few years in which to have repaid my mother for all her surprising love. In the last letter I wrote to her from Paris, I told her of this. I wanted to provide a quiet home for her, but —— Despite all my infirmity of temper, sometimes, too often alas, overcoming me, I loved my mother and she knew it. I loved her as if she had been my own mother, but it seems to me I did not love her half enough, and God has sent His rebuke. I must wait therefore till I meet her in Heaven, and tell her of my repentance on earth after she left it. It seems also that I have a tie now there, and a real piece of work to be done when I get there, that I never had before.'

To Free Church students of Divinity, the New College was their Alma Mater. The smaller number was favourable to comradeship, and unity of conviction and aims created an added sense of brotherhood. In such an atmosphere are formed the friendships which last throughout life and enrich it.

Stewart took a prominent part in the theological and missionary societies of the New College, of which he was an affectionate alumnus. He had even then the mysterious power of leadership and a fertile initiative. Several of his St. Andrews fellow-students were with him at the New College. He formed them into the S.A.S.C.—the St. Andrews Students' Club, with the St. Andrew's Cross for their symbol. They had a very beautiful coat of arms with two mottoes: 'One in Christ' (in Greek), and 'To lose a friend is the greatest of losses' (in Latin). By frequent correspondence, friendship was fostered among the clubmen after they had left Edinburgh, and they all agreed to do their utmost to support the mission to which the founder of their club had devoted his life. Stewart carefully kept these memories alive, for, like the fuel in the hearth, they preserved and radiated upon him the sunshine of the past.

In after days, his memory fondly reverted to this society, and he maintained a fraternal correspondence with several of its members, and was a loyal and devoted friend.

They met once a week in each other's rooms, had a devotional meeting every Saturday evening, and engaged in Home Mission work. Stewart wrote a booklet to be circulated by the members. It was based upon the story of Felix, and entitled *Thoughts on an Ancient Narrative, or, Circumstances and the*

Soul's Salvation. With him, as with Strafford, *thorough* was his motto in all he did. This booklet is carefully written, closely reasoned, and well fitted for its purpose.

In 1857 he received his second great epoch-making impulse. The first came to him between the stilts of the plough; the second, from the pages of a book. The Rev. J. Macknight of Whitburn writes: 'One Saturday afternoon in 1857 I had a walk in the country with James Stewart. He then told me that he had just read Livingstone's travels. He was so fascinated with the book that he was busy tabulating its contents. Chapter i. in his notes was headed "Dr. Livingstone as a Botanist," and in the later chapters he dealt with Livingstone as a zoologist—a geologist—a medical man—an explorer—a missionary—and a Christian. Under the several heads he had summed up quite an array of references, giving the subject and the page. Livingstone's many-sidedness had amazed him, also the extraordinary wisdom and clearness with which every topic was handled, and especially the new world of Africa which just then was dawning upon us. It would have required a prophet to foretell the issue of young Stewart's enthusiasm, but looking back to it now, across all that he has since done and been, we can see that he had already found his hero and his function. If that old notebook of his can be traced, it should be deposited in some missionary museum, as a sacred memorial of our honoured friend.'

After this, 'long Stewart'—as he was called in the easy colloquial of the college, to distinguish him from another whose name was 'short Stuart'—was known as 'Africa Stewart' or 'Stewart

Africanus.' He was cherishing visions and dreaming dreams about missions in the heart of Africa. Some were disposed to regard him as a dreamer and a visionary. They could not know that the first love of his boyhood had then become a well-defined, overmastering passion, which would create for him one of the most notable missionary careers of the century.

Dr. Wallace thus recalls these days: 'Along with some others and myself he spent part of the summer session of 1858 at the University of Erlangen.[1] The German students sampled us Scotchers and labelled us. He was known as "der Schotte mit dem grossen Stock" (the Scotchman with the big stick). At that time he sported a walking-stick of formidable size, which rather astonished the Germans. They gave a more correct picture of the man than they knew. He was essentially a born traveller and a pioneer, a man of strong independence and firm resolution, leaning on his own stick, and that a pretty sturdy one, prepared to encounter difficulties and to surmount them. For such a rôle he was well fitted both by bodily physique and mental courage. He knew that he had in himself a reserve of fitness and strength, which he had a right to use, which it was in fact his duty to use for the glory of God and the good of mankind. There was something in him which made one feel that, however unreasonable his aim might seem to be, he himself must have good reasons for it, and that nothing on his part would be lacking to

[1] In Bavaria, then one of the most famous schools of theology, as among its professors were Delitzsch, Von Hofmann, Thomasius, Ebrard and Herzog. Stewart knew German well and could converse in it.

bring about a successful issue. Let no one, however, suppose that he was moved by the mere love of adventure or by the desire to do something uncommon, so that he might get credit for originality. The springs of action in his soul were connected with a higher source. He sought to hear the voice of God calling him to duty. Those who knew him best knew how earnestly he longed to serve God in any sphere to which he might be called. He did not wear his religion on his sleeve where all could see it, but he hid the word of God in his heart that he might be ready for obedience in the spirit of the Apostle Paul when he asked, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"'

About the time when he formed the resolve to do his utmost to plant a mission in the districts opened up by Livingstone, his sympathies were drawn forth to the myriads of mill-workers in England who were suffering from the cotton famine caused by the war in the United States. As he had embraced with his whole heart the idea of industrial missions, he had the hope that he might establish cotton-fields in the valleys of the Zambesi and the Shiré, and thus help to secure work and bread for the starving at home. This hope strengthened his resolution to visit these regions. He afterwards discovered that that part of Africa was admirably suited for the better varieties of the cotton-plant, but that it was impossible to cultivate it as long as slave-raiding lasted.

'More than most men I have known,' Dr. Wallace writes, 'he was characterised by decision and self-reliance. He seemed to be always looking ahead, and to know what he meant to be at. It was sometimes disconcerting, in the course of that kind of talk in which things are said with little meaning, to

be pulled up by him with such questions as, "What do you mean by that?" or, "What do you intend to accomplish thereby?" His self-reliance was, of course, of the nature indicated by the Apostle Paul, when he says, "Our sufficiency is of God." "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Sometimes it was almost provoking to find him so sure of himself, especially when one was not prepared to adopt his views. For in truth he was not always disposed to allow to others the same independence of judgment which he claimed for himself. He was so absorbed in looking at things from his own point of view as scarcely to realise that there was another point of view. But this was part of the strength of the man, and enabled him to accomplish a life work equalled by few, though I believe it sometimes deprived him of the help which others would have given as far as they were able, though they could not go as far as he expected.'

When describing his New College days, Stewart wrote, 'I had also travelled a good deal, first, at my own expense, and a second time through a great part of Europe, including Greece and Turkey, with two young Cambridge students.' One of these writes: 'We had the greatest regard for him and a very vivid recollection of his sincerity, kindness, and abilities. I have always followed his distinguished and self-sacrificing career with the greatest interest.'

It is fitting here to notice two books by James Stewart, as they were the fruitage of his by-studies while a student. One is a quarto and undated. Its title is: *A Synopsis of Structural and Physiological Botany, presenting an outline of the Forms and Functions of Vegetable Life.* It has as its motto these

words: 'There are many, even among the educated classes, who are in the habit of regarding the botanist as a dealer in barbarous Latin names, as a man who plucks flowers, names them, dries them, and wraps them up in paper, and whose whole wisdom is expended in the determination and classification of this ingeniously collected hay.' (*The Plant*, a Biography, by Schleiden.) His introduction closes with these words: 'Above all, we shall be more frequently reminded, not less by the tiniest moss and spreading lichen, than by the magnificent palm, and still mightier pine, of the power, the wisdom, and the benevolence of the Great Creator.'

The other book is a folio, with the title *Botanical Diagrams*, illustrating the elementary tissues, nutritive organs, inflorescence, and general classification. It bears the date of 1857. He was then half-way through his theological studies. Its motto is, 'Matter is made for mind, and mind for truth and God.' In the introduction he says: 'Much shall have been gained if any by the examination of these sheets may be enabled to look with more intelligence or fresh pleasure on the matter of the vegetable world, moulded as it is into so many forms of varied beauty by the finger of the Almighty.' Both are published by Reynolds, London, and only one bears the name of James Stewart. They show wide reading, and among the authorities quoted are many French and German authors. The pictures are very numerous, artistically drawn, and beautifully coloured. They illustrate all the parts of plant life. The cost of producing these volumes must have been great. They were evidently a labour of love, and they were used as text-books in Scottish schools and colleges for many years. One of them at

least was sanctioned by the Board of Education for use in their schools.

James Stewart, like Carey, added to the love of Christ the love of all things beautiful in God's world. He revelled in the poetry of earth, sea, and sky, adoring God, the Father Almighty, 'the *Poet* of heaven and earth.'

CHAPTER IV

THE PROBATIONER, 1860–1865

The Theological Course—A 'Rale Man'—In the Pulpit—His Hearers—His Favourite Books.

'I can't feed people on stale bread. I have not dealt in missionary pastry only, but in the bread of life.'—*Coillard.*

'Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.'—*St. Paul to Timothy.*

SCOTTISH Presbyterianism demands a longer education for the Christian ministry than any other Church, ancient or modern, has done. The Free Church of Scotland from the first duly appreciated sacred learning, and appointed an ampler curriculum of study than has been adopted by any other Presbyterian denomination. Its students had to spend at least four years at the University, and then other four at the Divinity Hall. The students did not complain of these eight long years, for when it was proposed to shorten the Divinity course to three years, they petitioned against the change.

If he pass the appointed examinations and trials, the Scottish student of Divinity, a few weeks after leaving the Hall, is 'licensed to preach the gospel.' He is then called a probationer, a licentiate, or a preacher.

But James Stewart was never a probationer in the ordinary sense, for he was never on probation as

a candidate for a pastoral charge. He was licensed early in 1860, and the following five years were crowded with varied activities. During four of these five years he preached regularly in several congregations for periods ranging from one month to a year. From 1859 to 1861 and from 1864 to 1866 he took the full course of medical study. During two of these years he was also secretary in the Cardross case, in which the Church was brought into the Law Courts. He thus became acquainted with leading churchmen, and gained a knowledge of Civil and Church Law.

The record of his activities in his probationer days is not yet complete, for in 1860 and 1861 he originated the movement which secured the planting of Livingstonia, and between 1862 and 1864 he explored a large part of Central Africa.

His appearance in the pulpit at once drew attention and excited expectation. His style was what both his past and his future might lead us to expect —completely evangelical, very earnest, practical, and home-coming. 'I do not always fail,' he wrote, 'though I esteem myself rather a dry stick in the pulpit.'

One writes: 'I have a lively recollection of his supplying, for one month, the pulpit of Dr. Bryden of Dunscore (Dumfriesshire) during the spring of 1860. Mr. Stewart was a gentleman of great energy, being out in the morning by six o'clock, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves turned up, and working like a Trojan, cutting out new walks round the Free Church. He had a fine presence, and was a good preacher with a style of his own, original and clear. To my mind, he then gave indications of future greatness.'

An old farmer in the parish used to tell this story, and then added, 'Ah! but yon was a rale man.'

He was also an assistant at Stirling, Innellan, Elgin, and, for two months, in Free St. George's, Edinburgh.

In 1864, during a year, he occupied the pulpit of Free St. John's, Glasgow, as assistant to Dr. Roxburgh, the successor of Dr. Chalmers. He must have had a wonderful power of impression, for some very aged people remember to this day his individualities and his texts. A correspondent can distinctly recall three of his sermons (after forty-four years) on the texts, 'Set your affection on things above,' 'Holiness to the Lord,' and 'Finally, brethren, be perfect.' A minister who, as a boy in his 'teens' then worshipped in Free St. John's, Glasgow, writes: 'There was that in the personality of the man that compelled attention. While entirely loyal to the great evangelical truths, he brought to their handling what I can only characterise as a sort of breezy freshness that seemed to put new life into them. Admirable and stimulating as he was as a preacher, Mr. Stewart was even more stimulating as a teacher. The young folk in his Bible-class felt that they were in contact with a personality *throbbing with power*.' Even then 'prophecies went before' on him.

In 1866 he had charge for six months of Union Free Church, Glasgow, which was then without a pastor. The Assessor for Glasgow writes: 'I have a very vivid recollection of him and his unique style of preaching. I should say that he was more of a teacher than a preacher. His teaching created in his hearers a desire for more and more. Many of the congregation would fain have put back the

hands of the clock when he talked to them of the things concerning the King.

'He would have been unanimously called to the pastorate of the flock had he not told us that he must needs go and preach the gospel in Dark Africa.

'When about to leave, we had a farewell meeting and gave him several gifts, among which was a gun. He said that he would take it with him to Africa, but that he would never use it in self-defence. Kindness to the African was the only weapon he had ever used or would use, and it had always secured his safety.[1] The natives had often carried his baggage over field and flood, without money and without price. What Africa needed was men who could preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, and practise Christ's law of loving kindness.'

Another survivor of that congregation says that Mr. Stewart was a very thoughtful preacher, and needed close attention. Strength was his chief feature, and he was very reticent and self-possessed. He was a thorough business man, and ready to go through fire and water at the call of duty. Before his departure the Session put on record 'their deep sense of the value of his ministrations and other services so willingly rendered. They will always look back with gratitude and pleasure on Mr. Stewart's short connection with them, and they will follow him on his mission with their fervent prayers.'

There has come into my hands his copy of Vinet's *Pastoral Theology*. The date on it (1860) proves that he studied it when he began preaching. Hundreds of its sentences are underlined, and scores of

[1] He is here describing his experiences when in the heart of Africa with Livingstone in 1862 to 1864. See chap. viii.

pencilled notes are on its margins. The book is thus a piece of unconscious autobiography. Some of the jottings show that he was at the same time closely studying Arthur's *Tongue of Fire*, and Spencer's *Pastor's Sketches*. These three were, after the Bible, his guide-books. These notes reveal the man. We may give a few of them, as books nowadays have been made out of the marginal notes of great men. He is a lynx-eyed detecter of mistakes. It is astonishing how many he finds in so gifted a writer as Vinet. He decidedly objects to everything approaching the vague, the ambiguous, the irrelevant, and the slipshod—every phrase, as he puts it, that might be 'the hiding-place of a fallacy.' He heartily admires every lofty and practical utterance. Evidently the young probationer is in thorough earnest about his work, and very eager to learn.

Over against a warning not to over-value the beautiful, and the oratorical, he writes: 'Think over this. On this rock, J. S., you may yet strike, if you have not already struck.' Sentiment in religion, he describes as 'imagination, not conscience, at work.' Opposite a statement about economy of time, he writes: 'J. S. mark this, and act on it.' Curiously enough, anent Vinet's saying, 'I should not approve of agricultural and industrial pursuits' (for a pastor), J. S. has written: 'Yes, clerical farmers and gardeners have an ambiguous reputation.' Again he writes: 'We have Scyllas and Charybdises all the way through the straits of life, not as at Messina, at the entrance only.' Of satire, he says, 'It can do no good in the pulpit.' When Vinet says 'there is no artificial mode of acquiring unction, the oil flows naturally from the olive,' he adds, 'Mark,

learn and inwardly digest these two sentences.' Again he writes, 'Read and re-read Spencer's *Pastor's Sketches*.' About general appeals in preaching, he remarks, 'It is not firing the gun often that kills, but firing it straight to the mark.'

CHAPTER V

THE GERM OF LIVINGSTONIA

A Noble Purpose—His First Committee—Self-revelation—Mrs. Livingstone

'The Kingdom of Heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed.'
—*Jesus Christ.*

'I HAVE opened the door; I leave it to you to see that no one closes it after me.' Such was Livingstone's appeal to his countrymen during his first visit home in 1857. James Stewart was one of those who wished to push in through that door, keep it wide open, and fix it to the wall. He thus describes the growth of the impulse which he received from Livingstone in 1857:—'It is often difficult to fix the precise date to a purpose or intention which may afterwards modify one's own life, as well as considerably influence the lives of others. The first speck or germ of the idea appears on the mind so quietly that little notice is taken of it, and its beginning is lost in the mystery which belongs to the origin of all thought. But it was in the beginning of 1860 that this intention was first definitely formed. The proposal was so made at that time, not publicly but only to a few, and for consideration as to how the scheme could be best carried out. This was the real origin and first commencement of what is now known as the

Livingstonia Mission. . . . It was no mere desire to form a new mission simply as such which led to the proposal at the date mentioned. Nor was it because I could not go to work in some other field; but some influence, as little capable of analysis as an instinct, seemed to draw or push me on. The idea of the Livingstonia Mission rested from the first on a broad base. Its outline or projection has never been altered, nor has that even yet been completely filled in. The first short sentence of that remarkable *Autobiography of Dr. John Paton, Missionary to the New Hebrides,* runs thus: "What I shall here write is for the glory of God." I cannot strike so strong and sweet a note, but I can say that, so far as a man may know his own heart, the motive was the true missionary one, containing though it generally does various influences, but in which one predominates and acts as the combining element which gives solidity to the whole. This is all that need be said about motive, important as it is in missionary life and in the history of missionary effort.'

Writing to one of his fellow-students, he said: 'If we make the Lord's work a pedestal for our own vanity, let us be sure that a downfall is awaiting us. Before his sacred cause the Dagons of self shall not and cannot be allowed to stand.'

He urged the St. Andrews Students' Club to take up Livingstonia. They objected that they were all unknown men. 'That matters not,' he replied, 'if we are earnest men.'

In 1859 he intimated to the Foreign Mission Committee of his Church that he and two fellow-students were willing to become missionaries in the region which Livingstone had unveiled to the gaze of Christendom. His Church was not then prepared

to undertake such a mission, but its leaders were interested in the proposal, and resolved to open communication with Dr. Livingstone. A list of twenty queries was drawn up by Stewart and forwarded to Livingstone through the Foreign Office.

The ardour of Stewart was fruitful in inventions. After visits to Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester, and many persistent efforts, he, single-handed, succeeded in forming a very influential committee of eighteen men, under the title of 'The New Central African Committee,' 'with the view of turning to practical account the discoveries of Livingstone, and to open a new mission in Central Africa.' He raised a considerable sum of money for the initial expenses, and sold his patrimony at Liberty Hall, near Haddington, and also the family silver-plate, and devoted the price to the mission. The Committee requested him to visit Central Africa on a mission of inquiry.

He thus served a useful and successful apprenticeship as an organiser, persuader of men, and an inspirer of liberality. He writes: 'The first efforts connected with this mission occupied me more than a year.'

Here is a student—for he seems to have started his scheme before he was licensed—without academic fame or social influence, unknown and untried, who has nothing but himself to begin with, and yet he gets some twenty leading professors, ministers, and laymen to believe in him, to accept his leadership, and support him in his perilous enterprise. Probably no mere student or probationer ever had success like this. Here is proof of originality, resolution, and a remarkable gift of persuasiveness. Even then

he revealed his extraordinary power of interesting and impressing people of all classes.

Stewart's biography here widens into history, and history of the noblest kind, for his ideas have helped to make Central and Southern Africa what it is to-day. As the origins of great movements interest every thinker, a few extracts from Stewart's letters at this time will be welcome. Writing to Principal Douglas of Glasgow, in December 1860, he says: 'I hope that better days are in store for Africa, and that you may see your way to "deal out the rope" in this country, while we go down to help them who now live in such deplorable darkness. This matter may possibly, by God's blessing, in due time bear its appropriate fruit. In the meantime I am carrying on some medical studies, with the view of fitting myself for African work more fully. But as I do not wish to be a mere student all my days, I have accepted a proposal made to me by the Committee on the Cardross Case to act as their secretary. I am inclined to "buckle to this business" with a will, as the interests it involves are very serious. I hope it may be all over before the mission to the Zambesi is ready to start. In promoting the great ends of the everlasting Gospel, we have need, however (at least I sometimes feel so), to pray that our zeal and our convictions shall not "borrow their strength from the spirit of contention," as Vinet expresses it. However, it is surely a symptom of health in the scheme that it only gathers strength from opposition. I have noticed this more than once during the past twelve months. Prudence and common-sense must be constantly exercised, while that is kept far enough removed from what is implied in the phrase, "managing men." I have rather a detestation of

that, and in the long-run I think it commonly fails; for men sooner or later perceive your game, and if you have no other hold of them, they go off altogether.[1] I thank you most sincerely for all your good wishes and hearty expressions of sympathy. These things all help to make a man stronger: so also do the prayers of Christian friends. Let the result of all be as you say—"the salvation of souls and the honour of Christ."'

At Mrs. Livingstone's request, he delayed a month that she might accompany him, as she wished to rejoin her husband. Dr. Livingstone was then British Consul-General in the Zambesi district, and Commander of the Expedition to explore Central Africa, with a view 'to suppress slavery and develop the country.'

[1] These words reveal a principle which guided him through life, and was one of the secrets of his phenomenal success in securing confidence, eliciting sympathy, and drawing out liberality.

CHAPTER VI

ON THE WAY

FROM GLASGOW TO CAPE TOWN, *July—November* 1861.

A *Journal Intime*—At Sea—In Cape Town—Discouragements—Self-examination—Preaching—Determination.

'I have no other fear in the world but that I may not know my whole duty or fail to do it.'—*Epitaph on a Lady's Tomb.*

'He goes farthest who does not know how far he means to go.'
—*African Proverb.*

'Prudence leans to the other side,
But deeds condemned by Prudence oft have sped.'
—*Lines affixed by Dr. Stewart to the first page of his Journal.*

'Travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience.'—*Bacon.*

STEWART left a large and carefully written Journal, which is a mirror of his soul, between 1861 and 1863. The greater part of the information in this and the three following chapters has been gleaned from this *Journal Intime*, in which he seems to have collected materials for a book on Africa and its missions.

I am also indebted to Dr. Stewart's *Dawn in the Dark Continent*; *Livingstonia, its Origin*; and four Articles in the *Sunday Magazine* of 1874 and 1875 on 'Recollections of Dr. Livingstone and the Zambesi'; *The Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries*, by David and Charles Livingstone; and Dr. Blaikie's *Personal Life of Livingstone.*

On 6th July, 1861, Mrs. Livingstone and James Stewart sailed from Southampton in the Royal Mail Steamer *Celt.*

He writes: 'What shall be the result of this long journey I know not. I feel already the weight of the many difficulties that lie before me, and yet I hardly feel as if all this will go for nought. The Lord alone knoweth. Let me be less anxious about success than about being faithful. I will commit my way to Him. He will bring it to pass in His own time. I will stay myself on God, for in a journey like this there cannot be any other security, any other source of success.'

'*Friday, July* 12.

'O God, give Thou the wisdom—the guidance I need. Thou hast led so far, lead me the rest of the way, and let such work be done as shall be to the praise of Thy name and Thy grace, and such as shall make known also Thy purposes of grace and mercy to men on earth.'

'*July* 18.

'Yesterday I began to see that if my spiritual life is to be altered in any way for the better, I must be a "Methodist" in my religion: I must observe rule and method. I must watch and pray. I must read at stated times, and of a certain quality.'

'*July* 26.

'To-day we crossed the line—that momentous passage in all sea-voyages. Shall I live to cross it again and again, to run to and fro on my Master's work. Spare me, O God, for this if it be Thy will. Give me days to do Thy work on earth—worthless, wild, and wayward though I be. . . . This evening

we commenced worship in the aft end of the saloon. It is true we had to break up a card party to get at it, even though it was half-past nine. It has been a cause of satisfaction to most that this step has been taken. It required a good deal of careful survey of the ground previously. . . . I discovered among the many papers at the end of my Bible a motto in my mother's handwriting. Her affection to me was strong as death. Lest that precious little fragment should ever be lost, let me here transcribe it:

'"Be

'"Thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."'

'*August* 2.

'The conversation at the upper end of the table still continues to be the most wonderful prattle that grown men with beards can indulge in. It is most wearisome indeed to listen to.'

Prayers were read on the morning of Sunday, and Mr. Stewart had a service with the sailors in the forecastle. He prepared for these services very carefully. On 13th August, 1861, he reached Cape Town. The following is the entry in his Journal for that day:—

'*August* 13.

'This should be a red-letter day. To-day I first sighted African land—the probable, or at least the possible, future land of my labours.'

During this voyage he read books of travel, theology, and general literature. He also studied missions, especially those of the Moravians, and was attracted by the idea of a self-supporting mission. He had an eager eye for everything that might help him in mission-work. Now and again he wrote *perdidi diem* and *dies non.*

Mrs. Livingstone and Mr. Stewart had to wait fully three months in Cape Town before they could arrange for their voyage to Durban. These three months were in many ways extremely trying to him, for they brought many bitter experiences. He kept himself occupied in many ways. He seems to have been almost daily at the Dispensary and the Hospitals, increasing and using his medical knowledge. One of his amusements was to practise at the shooting-range. His prophetic spirit whispered to him that he would need skill as a marksman. He preached in all the Protestant churches, except the Episcopal, and took part in many public meetings. His services and addresses were carefully prepared and often written in full. He thus refers to them:—

'In future put less matter in my sermons and come sooner to the practical application. Let there be less thought and more feeling, more home-thrusts to the conscience.'

'*August* 31.

'The criticism of the *Mail* is exceedingly friendly, but would to God it were intellectual and spiritual fervour instead of "intellectual fervour" alone. But my motive is pure, and there I must leave the matter. I would rather have one conversion than any amount of praise, even of the most public kind. But if I cannot do all things, I can at least do my best.'

'*September* 29.

'This evening I preached to a not very large congregation. I was very thoroughly awake myself, but at present I am in doubt as to the effect produced. The attention was very marked and the silence considerable. O that God would bless the word. May I serve Him, soul and body.'

On leaving Cape Town he wrote: 'I have also gained some confidence in myself, and some experience in the way of speaking, and also some experience medically, and some knowledge of my own folly and weakness. There have been drawbacks. I might have done very much more, if I had lived more carefully, if I had improved my time more conscientiously.'

Like Livingstone, he refreshed himself by the study of Botany and Natural History. He often studied the plants in the Gardens and explained them to Mrs. Livingstone. 'I went, according to my wont when bothered, to the Botanic Gardens to try the cooling effect of a little Botany. I am glad I have this study to take to at times.'

He was astonished to find in the educational room of the Library a copy of his *Botanical Diagrams*. 'What would my good mother have said, had she known that these would travel to the Cape before me.'

Memories of home often rushed in upon him. 'This is the memorable 20th of August. What memories and associations cluster round the day. O my mother, had I better known the priceless value of that affection, how different it might have been. The 20th of August last year too. Does it not seem as if God so far were looking favourably on the enterprise. With what fear and doubting and with how little knowledge of the way was I then groping for light. Perhaps another year will have dispelled much of the present darkness and shown things in a clearer light.'

In Cape Town all sorts of discouragements assailed him at once. His friends thought that he was likely to die soon of consumption, and his figure and complexion were then fitted to suggest such a

danger. 'To-day Mrs. L. spoke of the opinion of some of my friends in Edinburgh, who thought I should die of consumption before I get back. I hope, however, I shall live to return to Scotland.'

'About myself I learned that the opinion of Cape Town is that my health will not stand the work I have undertaken. . . . Kirk had heard before he came ashore of "Mr. Stewart, who was tall and slight and with hollow cheeks," but what an excellent preacher! I get my share of public notice.'

A brig had been hired to convey from Durban a mission party to Bishop Mackenzie's Universities' Mission on the Shiré, and it had been arranged that Mrs. Livingstone and Stewart should get a passage along with them. Very great efforts were made to prevent Stewart from reaching the Zambesi. He was assured that he could not gain entrance to Zambesiland, and he was told that Livingstone would not welcome or help him. The Bishop of Cape Town urged these views and offered him a free passage to England. Efforts were made to persuade Mrs. Livingstone to separate from Stewart, and to proceed to the Zambesi with the Episcopal party; but she declared she would not go one step unless he accompanied her. He writes: 'Mrs. Livingstone spoke in a way not to be mistaken—assuring L—— that if I did not go on, she would not stir from Cape Town. Here she stood bravely by me. I will remember her words and how she came to the rescue.'

But for her resolution, he should probably have been stranded at Cape Town. The Episcopalians did not wish him to reach the Zambesi, as they thought that priority of occupation gave them a right to the whole of Zambesiland, which within a

few months they were to abandon. Stewart had then his first experience of that amazing arrogance which many churchmen mistake for catholicity. The Portuguese Consul in Cape Town spread a rumour that he was a hypocritical trader in the guise of a missionary, and that he had vast quantities of beads which he wished to sell among the natives. This monstrous lie found favour in some quarters, though he was not aware of its existence till he reached Durban. Others further injured his reputation by circulating scandalous stories about him.

His financial experiences when laying in his stores were also very unhappy, and suggested the following entry in his Journal: 'Let me try every day to be on my guard, to take, though it is against my nature sadly, every man for a rogue till I find him an honest man. Remember also that more is gained in this world by dexterity than by strength.'

The endless delays were wearing out his spirit, and his money was melting away. The sorest trial of all was the fact that from the time he left Scotland till he reached Livingstone, not one single individual gave him the slightest encouragement. Even the friends of missions thought that his quest could bring only failure and disaster. One esteemed friend frankly declared that he 'would have nothing to do with such a scheme,' and that the whole thing 'was a matter of moonshine.' Mrs. Livingstone agreed with them in thinking that the obstacles were insuperable, and that he should abandon the attempt. Livingstone was the first man who gave him hearty encouragement, though the friends in Cape Town had filled his mind with fears about Livingstone's attitude to him.

Is it possible that any pioneer missionary has ever had greater discouragements than these? He dived into his own heart and thoroughly examined his motives; he faced all the facts; he devoted himself afresh to the work, and resolved to go forward without hesitation. His Christian heroism was sublime, and his Journal and his actions reveal the man, his intense struggles and his victories. We turn again to his Journal: 'I do not see how an entrance is to be made into the interior. I do not see where the door is to be opened. And yet at this time last year, surely the prospects of the missions were black enough. No man stood by me. And oh! these miserable weeks. And yet I must confess that it is by faith only that I can see my way even now. What a whole host of difficulties lie in the way! "Hell's empire vast and grim" is well defended by all manner of outpost and fortified positions.

'In talking with Mrs. Livingstone I said that even to myself my life is an enigma. I am not such a fool surely as to throw away, or to have already done so, chances which may never occur again. I might have been comfortably settled by this time with a snug income and regular work befitting my taste and agreeing with me. And yet how difficult is my position! What difficulties I am about to encounter, what disgusts to become acquainted with, what disappointments to meet. I cannot say anything till I have seen further into the scheme. Meantime let me go on in faith. If I had not very much of this I could not go on. I feel safe in the path until my work in it is done. I have a firm belief in the guiding providence of God.

'In talk with Mr. ——, I find the very same wise, significant look, "We know, we would, etc.," which is

intended to signify that my errand is a wild goose chase, that the results are too far distant, that we shall all be dead men before any fruit appears, and that there is little to be expected, even after fifteen or twenty years' work.[1] . . . Let me do this work as for Christ, let me do it with all my might. So help by the Spirit of grace and wisdom, my great Master, my blessed Saviour, Lord Jesus. What is there I cannot do if Thou wilt help me and give me grace to be faithful? In God's strength I will go humbly on, resolved to succeed or to lose all in the attempt.

'But let me not grumble. It is all the better that I rise above men and know no master save one, Jesus Christ. Let me strive and watch till I awake satisfied with His likeness. To-day I have been feeling the isolation and loneliness of my position very much. As I sat drawing, I was startled at my own audacity. What! you, J. S., to move the whole Free Church or even the whole of Presbyterian Scotland to found a mission in Central Africa, having for its object the enlightenment of a great part of the east of the Continent! I have been, and am at this moment, obliged to fall back on my primary supports. I need to look at my purpose in all its greatness to obtain the necessary standing. My position is this. The country is undeveloped; I am waiting here for an opportunity of proceeding, and wait long. Delay is sickening. It seems as if there were no need. Why not wait till the country is developed? Against this let me place the fact that if once the boundaries are extended, they will

[1] His feelings were like those of his friend General Gordon when on the White Nile. He thought that the storks in the islands were laughing at and mocking him, as if highly amused at the idea of any body hoping to do good at Gondokoro.

be filled up. It must be done by some man. I mean the old frontiers must be extended. If it is to be my lot—and it seems to be very clearly—let me take my work like a man. Let me do it though I die. To-day I have been obliged to fall back on some strong and never-failing aid. This evening I had to seek a verse wherewith to fortify myself. I found it. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass." When I read a little and pray, I receive new strength, and the burden becomes perceptibly lighter. Let me not forget this, but often practise it, for, J. S., you will yet have great need.

'But is there not some very considerable advantage in thus feeling myself charged with the whole responsibility of this stupendous piece of work? Aye, surely. If I had not many times felt that on my own shoulders I carried the fate and fortunes of a possible mission, I should not have been here to-day. God give me strength and power for all my work, whatever that may be.'

Writing of many discouragements, he says: 'If my aim and purpose were sustained by an earthly motive, or were it for an earthly master, long since should my purpose have failed. But I look higher, to the wants of a great proportion of the race and to the will of Christ. . . . It seems that some appalling charges are about to be brought against me. I went to bed as one stunned and confounded. . . . I feel still as if some strange nightmare were oppressing me. . . . But the conclusion to which I have come is this—I must do my work without minding what any one says. I shall let them all alone. I am sufficient in myself. . . . The best thing for me to do is to go on calling no man master. My trust

must be in the fact that, so far as I can perceive, I am in the way of duty, and that my life is worth only so much as it is worth to the cause. I may therefore, and ought indeed to school myself to become perfectly without fear, be as cool in the surging bar of the Kongoni, as if I were in my bed here or in Grove Street, Edinburgh. Let me seek after this to face death as a likely thing every day, and fear will depart. I cannot say that even as it is I am much troubled. Still let me ever drill myself to that—if I must part with life, good and well. Its fever will be over. I will then enter into rest, which I have not known on earth, though I have often longed for it. . . . But it is enough for me that I look forward to the rest I shall find when my soul is received by God my Father into the peace and purity of the other life. If I can but find when I enter His presence at the moment of departure from this life, that all my sins are eternally forgotten by Him, that He receives me as a son returned to His father from his wanderings in the sin and folly of Time to be eternally with Him, never once to offend or grieve Him, always to serve Him as I wish to serve Him, but cannot by reason of the evil that lives within me. I have not for long felt more willingness to leave life whenever He shall call me. No doubt some of this is due to weariness and depression, but not all. Oh, surely heaven will be rest indeed when I read in my Father's face the signs of full and perfect forgiveness, and am sure that He will never cast me off, when He receives me as a son whom He will keep for ever in the light of His presence. Give me strength and grace to be faithful.'

To one of his fellow-clubmen he wrote, 'I got

your letter before I left Cape Town. Like a draught of water from some cool fountain hidden in the shadow of a great rock, to the wearied traveller who has been toiling through burning sands and under a blazing sun, was that draught of old friendship to my soul.'

CHAPTER VII

FURTHER ON THE WAY

From Cape Town to the Zambesi
November 15, 1861, *to February* 1, 1862.

At Durban — Evil Reports — His Stock of Beads — Vexing Delays—Visions of Home—At Quilimane—With Livingstone—Satisfied.

'The end of the geographical feat is only the beginning of the missionary enterprise.'—*Livingstone.*

'O Lord, send me to the darkest spot on earth.'—*John Mackenzie, Missionary and Statesman.*

'Never.'—*The reply of Mackay of Uganda when it was proposed to abandon the Mission.*

On November 15th Mrs. Livingstone and Mr. Stewart sailed from Cape Town in the *Waldensian.* Along with them were the Universities' mission party, which consisted of one ordained missionary, four ladies, and the printer to the mission. These were under the direction of Mr. George Rae, the chief engineer of Livingstone's Zambesi Expedition. They arrived in Durban on November 21st, and had to wait there for the *Hetty Ellen*, a brig which was bringing from Glasgow Dr. Livingstone's *Lady Nyasa* (an iron steamer in sections), which he intended to launch on Lake Nyasa.

The *Hetty Ellen* arrived in Durban after a passage of ninety-nine days from Glasgow. The party had

to spend nearly five weeks in Durban, which had then between a thousand and fifteen hundred whites, and its streets were only straggling paths over unenclosed fields.

Stewart was very active during this period; preaching often; visiting on horseback nearly all the Protestant missions within fifty miles of Durban; gathering and arranging, as his Journal shows, ample information about the natives, missionary methods, and the conditions of the country.

From Durban he writes: 'It will be a great shame if I do not write a good book full of facts and graphic descriptions. If it be true that every man has his opportunity, I have mine. If I miss it, I shall not have another.'

This book was never written. The making of history during the coming years left him no time for writing it. There are not many Cæsars who can do both.

All the trials that harassed him in Cape Town now came back upon him in an aggravated form. His clothes were threadbare, his funds were low, and he began to fear that ere long he should be without daily bread.

'I am worried, wearied with anxiety, concerned about, not great pay, but mere bread. I have my character slandered, my motives misconstrued. How terrible will be the blow if I have to turn back and go home without having accomplished anything. O God, save me from this humiliation.'

Expected letters from home did not arrive: it seemed as if his friends had forgotten him. He was confounded by learning that the Portuguese Consul in Cape Town had persuaded many that he was a rogue and a vagabond. Shameful things had been

imputed to him, as was well known among influential people in Durban. His situation was now more alarming than it had been in Cape Town, for he could sail in the *Hetty Ellen* only by favour of those who were determined to keep him back if they could.

'Went on board the *Hetty Ellen*. Captain told me he would have some difficulty in taking me on, that he *could not do so* unless with the sanction of the "other party." . . . Both yesterday and to-day they (the other party) had been on board and did their utmost to get him to leave me behind. I asked him what charge they could bring against me. He gave no answer to this. He regretted that matters should be so, but did not wish to offend those who had chartered the vessel. Mr. —— insisted I was not of their party, and that I had no right to go there. I told the Captain by whom I was commissioned, that I was a minister of the Free Church, what my object was, and to Dr. Livingstone I should go though I should walk all the way. . . . I came ashore and talked to Mr. ——. The conversation was of the most extraordinary kind. He showed himself perfectly incompetent to understand my object or myself. . . . The conversation was thus brought to a close. He looked me full in the face and said: "Well, Mr. Stewart, you are not going into the country as a trader, tell me that." I gave him no answer but kept staring at him in astonishment and anger. He said: "I was warned against you at the Cape on the ground that you were going into the country in the pretended character of a missionary, but really as a trader, and that you had large quantities of beads."

'"If you wish to see how large a quantity of

beads I have, come over to this warehouse." We went in silence. From the bottom of a packing-case I fished up a small paper or pasteboard box about four inches square. I tore it open and displayed eleven small red and blue beads. I threw down the box and said: "There is the enormous quantity of beads about which the Portuguese Consul and yourself have held such grave and anxious deliberations. These are the goods with which I intend to monopolise the trade of the Portuguese on the Zambesi."

'With that I came away and walked home by the beach—weak, weary, dispirited. I wondered at the position I had got myself into. I longed for the quiet and rest of home, for those peaceful days in a snug manse in some quiet glen in the north, or softer vale in the south or west. But here I am battling with obstinate and unprincipled men, hewing my way to a man who will perhaps receive me well or perhaps ill. In person and in purse I am suffering. I looked at my worn coat and saw how threadbare it was getting. I felt truly that the difficulties and temptations of independent acting for the Gospel's sake, in the effort to strike out a new path, were not all realised at once, and that it is in detail we come to know what these difficulties and temptations are. . . . This evening, weary and dispirited, I feel the vastness and magnitude of the undertaking more than I have for some time past.'

All the missionaries he met wished to persuade him to abandon his plans in the meantime. They believed that he must fail, and would, in all probability, soon die. Several remonstrated with him. Regarding a zealous missionary he says: 'He spoke of . . . the supreme folly of my journey—did not

wince in the least when I told him that all his arguments against my position might have been equally used against himself twenty-five years ago. . . . Let me record my conviction to be examined some future day and found correct or false—that there is some work in store for me to do in that part of the world. All unworthy, all unfit as I am in many respects, yet I think I have the call to go and work there. O then, my faint heart, be courageous. Be strong in Another's strength. . . . And as to final results, why should I be too anxious? My object was and is pure. It was not desire of wandering. It was not because I could not succeed at home. It was not for the love of notoriety or desire of fame. It was and is simply because there is fit occasion now for the opening up of the country, because it seems as if we may "take occasion by the hand, and make the bounds of freedom wider yet." . . . But somehow I have the impression that I have a work to do in this quarter of the world. If I am spared I will do it, though, alas, it is even now by many a privation, by much hardship, and by a weary wandering uncertain sort of life.' He records his determination, should a passage be denied him, to reach Livingstone by walking all the way on foot, a distance of about nine hundred miles. Like a true Scot, he had determined 'to do or dee.' 'The strong man and the waterfall channel their own path,' as the proverb puts it.

Had those who were determined to turn Mr. Stewart back succeeded in winning Mrs. Livingstone to their side, all his hopes would have been crushed. But she did not forget that at her request, and for her convenience, he had changed all his plans. She remained thoroughly loyal to him,

and as they could not leave her, they had to take both.

'In the afternoon I went to Mrs. Livingstone. She said it had all been arranged. She repeated her determination not to leave without me. I thanked her with all sincerity, and I hope with due gratitude.'

The difficulties even then were not over. After a peculiarly harassing day he writes:—

'Let me make an entry to solace my weary hours with thoughts of that better country, when I am weary and sick of the strife and struggle that my present life is leading me into.

'"*And I John saw the holy city New Jerusalem.*"

'For thee, O dear dear country, mine eyes their vigils keep,
Thy happy name beholding, for very love they weep.
The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness and love and life and rest.
And now we fight the battle and then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting and passionless renown.
O land that seest no sorrow! O state that know'st no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers! O realm and home of life.'

He was haunted and tortured by doubts that his hero, as he had been told again and again, would not welcome or help him, and he had decided what he would do in that case. His Journals during these days reveal his inmost heart, the agonies he endured, a courage mounting with the occasion, and a resoluteness that could hardly be surpassed.

'If it should turn out that Dr. Livingstone refuses to do anything for me, I must not on that account give up. It may be possible to enter Central Africa without him or in spite of him. His assistance would be most valuable, but it is not to be reckoned indispensable.'

On December 24th the *Hetty Ellen*[1] sailed. 'I . . . got up on the stern, behind the wheel, took off my hat and gave the three heartiest cheers I ever gave in my life. So we sailed out of Port Natal.' He was in the best mood for cheering; he had won a long, doubtful and hard-fought battle; and after all he was to reach Livingstone and the Zambesi; and they had on board the *Lady Nyasa*, whose name inspired the hope that Central Africa was soon to be opened up.

'*December* 25, 1862.

'This is Christmas Day, and O strangest of all contrasts is this day to this day twelvemonth. About the same time in the evening that we were sitting together in my snug room in Grove Street . . . turning round to the fire to enjoy some pleasant chat, I was creeping, weak and weary, up from the hold of the *Hetty Ellen* (where I had lain in an uneasy slumber all day) to the deck for some fresh air. Last year, after a day's hard work at the Cardross office, I made my way home through the snowy streets, . . . the warm room, the curtains drawn close, the linen more snowy than the snow without. . . . O how my thoughts wander homewards. It seems to me as if it would be happiness to be at home. . . . I went forward to the bows of the ship and held a short meeting with the men. If some seeds of eternal truth are lodged in some hearts and if reflections be wakened on eternal realities, then I shall be satisfied and be content to do my work along the way, though it be to small and fugitive congregations.'

On the last day of the year he makes the following

[1] A small sailing-vessel of one hundred and eighty tons.

entry in his Journal:—'Make me patient under calumny whether it be at home or abroad. Give me patience to labour at details as much as if they were the highest work. Let me not get disappointed with the opposition that may be thrown in the way. If it shall prove not to be Thy call for me to labour here, help me to take the lesson Thou givest for my good. Help me to be content with Thy work *in* me if not *by* me, and out of all the vexation and trial it has brought, only let my heart be brought nearer Thee.'

During the long days on the ship Mr. Stewart often reflected on his position:—'It would almost appear as if I were on as real a wild goose chase as ever mortal started on. Here I am careering over a whole continent in search of work I have marked out for myself. What I want or desire is more thorough conviction. And yet I must say I cannot well have more. All the circumstances attending my choice are such as to make it appear as my work to go and open directly the way for Christianity into Central Africa. Let me realise this idea more distinctly, and work at it. The work has yet to be done in part at least. It is not by the Zambesi that the way in will ever be found—at least I think so. What stronger call can I wish or expect than what I have had: concurrent circumstances, continuous conviction, the ways and means provided, and especially these two events in that most memorable year. All things concurred: why should I have refused? . . .

'It seems to me I shall be getting old before I can effect anything up there. My life with a great aim is aimless. Yet . . . I have much to be thankful, yea, very grateful, to God my Father for all His kindness and goodness to me. I possess ex-

cellent health, better than most men in the ship. I have been turning over in my own mind my singular position. Out of it comes my idea, large and distinct enough at times: the introduction of the Gospel into that part of Africa, if it shall be found practicable and advisable now. That is, if communication can be opened, if Dr. Livingstone's co-operation can be secured, if men and money can be got at home. . . . It is perhaps beyond my strength. Still, let me work on, keeping before me the idea in its greatest breadth and simplicity—the introduction of the Gospel into a new field. This will hallow all labour and dignify every employment, even to the putting up of a small steamer.'

Again: 'To-day, in thinking over the future, I confess I feel doubtful enough. It seems to me as if I must go home and work, taught, chastened, almost branded with the mark of ambition, with running where I was not sent, with seeking to do God's work, while He refuses to have it done by such hands as mine. On the other hand, if I can make a beginning, and gain the confidence of the Church, why should I not try to take up Dr. Livingstone's work, as far at least as its moral objects are concerned. . . . In the introduction of the Gospel into Central Africa, why may not the idea come from me as well as from any one else? I not only give the idea, but I give my life and hard work to the task. If it be said that I am young, let me simply answer, many men have lived three times the age, but have never conceived the idea, and many have conceived it who have not attempted it. Perhaps I may find Dr. Livingstone unwilling to have anything to do with me. Am I then to stop?'

Calumny still pursued him. On January 29th, at anchor off Quilimane, he writes:—'For ten months has —— been going about giving the impression that I am a rogue and impostor, thwarting me in every way and causing great additional expense. . . . I sat long on the poop, looking up at the stars, wondering if Zambesi expeditions harassed and worried any of these bright abodes. My view of life partook of sadness surely, though I confess that never before was heaven so precious, so much like home to me as since I set out on this journey. My heart has gone thither. Only there does there seem anything like rest for me. Whatever the future of my life may be, let my heart remain true to that final home of the redeemed; may it ever vibrate thither as the needle to the pole. . . . If Livingstone himself had got discouraged, we should have had nothing to-day of what we now know from the *Missionary Travels.* Patience and courage will yet solve the riddle, for this Zambesi is as yet a riddle. . . . O my Father, use me, all unworthy as I am, for Thy great purposes of love and mercy to our race on earth.'

It was scarcely possible that the future could bring him greater trials of uncertainty and opposition than those he had already conquered.

If in after years some were disposed to regard the founder of Livingstonia as too tenacious of his own opinions when they were not shared by his yoke-fellows, they should remember that without that marvellous tenacity of purpose he could never have reached the Zambesi, or become one of the greatest of modern missionary pioneers.

He acted as chaplain to the seamen and had a service for them every Sabbath, and a short service

for them every evening, and was encouraged by their attention and appreciation.

On January 8, 1862, there was a cry from the mast-head, 'Land Ho,' but it was a mistaken signal. As they could get no news of Livingstone, they sailed to Mozambique.

He there met Captain Wilson, Commander of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, one of the squadron cruising on the coast for the suppression of slavery. They became attached friends, and Captain Wilson afterwards took a conspicuous part in the establishment of Livingstonia.

On the first day of February 1862, the *Pioneer*, with Livingstone on board, steamed alongside the *Hetty Ellen*. 'All the troubles and worries of many years,' says J. S., 'seemed compensated in the romance of this morning. . . . Though I have never seen him before, I have no difficulty in identifying the man. In his white trousers, frock-coat, and naval cap, he looked uncommonly smart and had a commanding air. . . . I could not help remarking to Mrs. Livingstone that the Doctor seemed to be a great swell. She gives me a gratified slap for so speaking of the great pioneer, on whom I have just set my admiring eyes. . . . I am introduced to the Doctor, and shake hands. "I am glad to see you here, Mr. Stewart," he said. "Thank you, Doctor," was all my reply, except the hearty goodwill and admiration with which I look at the man.'

All the fears with which others had inspired him about Dr. Livingstone's action were at an end. Concerning this matter he had had endless fears during the past seven months, none of which had been realised. Nine sweet words of welcome had

broken the horrid spell, and he now walks at liberty, a new man in a new world. 'I am satisfied,' he writes; 'I remain on board in a state of contented quiescence.'

CHAPTER VIII

THE COMPANION OF LIVINGSTONE

Livingstone's Hearty Welcome—On the Zambesi—The Universities' Mission—The Blacksmith—Death of Mrs. Livingstone—Exploring the Shiré and the Zambesi—Cotton-growing—Fevers—A Bag of Bones—Homewards.

'One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.'

—*Browning's 'Asolando.'*

'It is not the work I shrink from: it is the want of work.'

'Men talk of the hardships of missionary life. How little they realise them in detail! Yet for all that I do not mind one straw, were it possible to get set to work.'—*Dr. Stewart's Journal.*

'I feel quite exhilarated: when one travels with the specific object of ameliorating the condition of the natives, every act is ennobled.'—*Livingstone.*

'The same toils are not so intolerable to a general as to a common soldier.'—*Xenophon.*

JAMES STEWART is now on the Zambesi, welcomed by Livingstone, and his guest on board the *Pioneer*,[1] one of the happiest and most thankful of men.

'It seemed to me,' he writes (July 2, 1862), 'the realising of some strange dream to be rambling

[1] The *Pioneer* was the steamer which the Government had placed at the disposal of Livingstone as Consul and Commander of the Expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa. His brother Charles and Dr. (now Sir John) Kirk belonged to the party.

through the grassy delta and mangrove forests of the Zambesi on this African summer evening with Dr. Livingstone.'

He resolved not to mention his painful experiences at Cape Town, Durban, and on the voyage. Dr. Livingstone had heard of them and introduced the subject. 'I did not mean to refer to these things,' Stewart said. 'As an honest man yourself, you must know the pain it gives to be constantly suspected.' Dr. Livingstone replied, 'I think all that behaviour on their part was madness. It seems to me that they were acting in the most nonsensical way imaginable. . . . These obstacles were but the temptations of the evil one.' 'I saw that he thought as I thought,' Stewart adds, 'and I was content.'

They had many long conversations about the mission, and almost everything. They were both keenly interested in Theology, Literature, Botany, Astronomy, and Natural History, and they were of one opinion about the mission.

'I said my object was to gain as much information as would enable me to get a strong Presbyterian Mission established. I was not peculiarly anxious to make it a Free Church affair. I thought the Free, United Presbyterian, and English Presbyterian Churches might be well united. The first thing that would draw them together would be mutual interest in some common work.

'Dr. Livingstone said he had a warm side to the Free Church, and if he had been at home at the time, he would probably have joined it. He had also a certain affection for the Established Church—from being brought up in connection with it, and from parish school reminiscences. "Indeed," he

said, "I would be glad to see any one send out a mission, except perhaps the Socinians. I would not like them. . . . I think the better plan will be for you to go up to see the country. You can go as far as the lake. You can see the river and the people and the bishop's station and be able to judge for yourself."

'When I went into some further details about my relation to the expedition and the question of expenses, he replied, "that is unnecessary; you can mess with us."'

Exulting in his strength, freedom, and new-born hope, Stewart toiled like a Hercules, transferring the cargo from the *Hetty Ellen* to the *Pioneer*, gathering firewood for the steamer and making himself generally useful. 'It was a wholesome sight,' he remarks, 'to see Dr. Livingstone and Captain Wilson pushing and shoving as merrily as ordinary seamen.'

The degenerate Portuguese looked on with amazement. The richer among them wore a very long nail on their little finger, to show that they never touched manual work. That was no small part of the Nemesis that attended slave-holding.

On the 9th of March, the *Pioneer* reached Shupanga. The river was low then, and the steamer was often stranded on the sand-banks, and set afloat only with great difficulty. They were imprisoned on one sand-bank for a whole week. Only with great efforts could they collect enough firewood. They had spent fully five weeks on the river. His Journal at this period throbs with hopes and fears.

'I believe I have found my sphere, and though I am getting exceeding poor, yet I must follow out my convictions. . . . I feel that I may disappoint

my friends, and that from promising much and accomplishing little, I shall damage my own influence . . . but I did the work from as pure a motive as I am capable of entertaining, or I believe any other man is capable of entertaining. . . . To-day I felt gloomy and dull, but not less resolute than ever. This is the peculiarity specially—that is, that I feel so much all these difficulties, and yet that they never alter my resolution in any degree. . . . I am getting an old man. I shall be thirty shortly, and how little have I accomplished. . . . My life up to the time I engaged in this effort was peace itself. I seemed to have lived in a quiet haven of rest; now I am out on the stormiest of seas. . . . At times I yearn for home, quiet and regular work. Eleven years' preparation and expenditure, and no settled goal yet. I wish I could see my way a little more clearly. I am willing to labour *anywhere* if I can see it to be the right sphere. . . . I am not weary of the work or sick of it, but I feel keenly my difficult position. Yet why grumble? It is the law of benevolence. I cannot do good to the miserable without being touched by their misery.' He adds a note: 'Things to ask for in prayer—perseverance in a holy life, willingness to do God's will and suffer it, rest in divine sovereignty, not theoretical, but calm, happy acquiescence in God's power as exercised towards me.'

Stewart spent four months at Shupanga, Livingstone's headquarters on the Zambesi. The sister of Bishop Mackenzie, and Mrs. Burrup, the wife of one of his assistants, returned with the distressing news that both the Bishop and Mr. Burrup were dead, and that the Universities' Mission was imperilled. Both Livingstone and Stewart felt that these calami-

ties might discourage the hope of planting another mission in Central Africa, but they were of the opinion that the hope should not be abandoned. Stewart was not idle. He studied Theology, Botany, Astronomy, Natural History, the native, the native language, of which he wished to make a grammar, and Portuguese. Among the books he was then reading he mentions Vinet, Pascal, Hodge, Isaac Taylor, and the *Princeton Review*.

He gathered all information likely to be useful for the mission and his book on Africa. When a boy, he had said that he would never be satisfied till he was in Africa with a Bible in his pocket and a rifle on his shoulder. He had now often a rifle on his shoulder, to supply, not only his wants, but also the wants of his party. He objected to shoot except 'for a legitimate object,' and he now 'shot for the pot.' Food was scarce, and the party were sometimes half-starved. 'I could not but think it a curious phenomenon in my life, that here in the heavy tropical twilight I should be stumping about among muddy creeks, wet up to the knees amongst tall reeds and grass on an alligator-haunted island in search of something for to-morrow's dinner, and finding . . . great difficulty in getting enough to eat.'[1]

Frequent attacks of fever depressed his spirits, but the bare idea of abandoning the mission always intensified his determination.

[1] He regarded as fair game all animals fit for food, and all noxious animals and beasts of prey. But he never shot an elephant, though he was often near large herds of them. He disapproved of their destruction for sport or for a little ivory. He never fired a shot till he was sure, so far as he could judge, that it would be fatal. He abhorred the idea of causing needless pain to any of God's creatures.

In his Journal of those days the homeless wanderer dwells fondly on visions of home. His soul finds solace in sweet dreams, and exults in perfect contrasts. He hears the Sabbath bells at Scone, enjoys the fragrance of the old paternal fields, and listens to the sough of the corn in harvest-time. He holds nightly converse with his 'saintly mother,' his father, 'his dear, dear brother Johnnie.' . . . 'I awoke, and I was alone in Africa,' he writes. By day, he thinks and writes about the 'then' and the 'now,' and wonders and prays over the mysterious future.

When Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk were away, either up or down the river, Stewart was doctor and chaplain. He did all he could to secure the spiritual welfare of the company and the due observance of the Sabbath-day, 'thinking it best at all hazards, and at every inconvenience, to keep the day according to the commandment.'

'On the whole,' he writes, 'the day, though busily spent, was not spent as a Sabbath, and therefore was misspent. A—— proposed to go ashore to shoot. This led to a conversation on the Sabbath, and on religious topics. I said a man should never be ashamed to acknowledge that he feared the God who created him. O how I long for something like a Sabbath again! Little during the day except an intense longing after the happy, quiet Sabbaths of home.'

Here is his record of a delightful surprise. 'In the evening I got into a very interesting conversation with Macleod, the blacksmith of the *Pioneer*. He is a Scot from Campsie, has a true west country twang, and like most of our countrymen, far better informed on many subjects of the highest importance

than nine-tenths of those among whom he lives. I found him to be a Christian, and the manner of his calling was one of the most singular that has ever been heard of. He was for some time resting on a righteousness of his own, trusting to a moral life and his general goodness, but frequently with misgivings as to the security of his foundations. At times he felt that the sand on which he was resting was moving. When at Johanna on board the *Lynx*, he was sent along with a party to assist the *Enchantress*, which had got ashore. In the subsequent destruction of the vessel there was much confusion. Kicking about the deck, he found some of Spurgeon's sermons. In reading a few sentences casually where the book opened, he met the expression: "You need not carry your coals to Newcastle," *i.e.* you need not bring *your* righteousness to the righteousness of Christ. He saw his mistake, and shortly afterwards found peace and rest on the true foundation.' This blacksmith had made the very discovery that was made by Saul of Tarsus, Luther, Wesley, and Dr. Chalmers.

John Reid, from Govan, the carpenter of the *Pioneer*, for some time the only white companion of Stewart at Shupanga, cherished the warmest affection for the young explorer. He used to tell that when bedtime drew near, Stewart 'read a psalm or some other passage in the Bible, and gave a nice explanation, and then had a short prayer, and he did the same in the morning.' Some time afterwards Stewart met Reid in Sauchiehall Street. He dropped a leather bag he was carrying, and seized his friend with both hands. Years afterwards, when Dr. Stewart was Moderator, he telegraphed an invitation to Reid to spend a day with him, and

gave him an exuberant welcome when he arrived. Reid described him as a 'splendid, God-fearing man. He was as fine a man as ever I saw.'

Stewart was at Shupanga when Mrs. Livingstone died of the fever of the country. Of that sad experience he wrote in the *Sunday Magazine*: 'The man who had faced so many deaths and braved so many dangers was now utterly broken down and weeping like a child. He asked me to commend her soul to God in prayer. And he, Kirk and myself, who only were in the room, knelt down, and we prayed fervently to Him to whom we always turn in our hours of greatest need, and when all human help and comfort fail, and committed her departing spirit to the all-embracing mercy and love of her Saviour. . . . In this way, in the African wilderness, died Livingstone's wife and Moffat's daughter, at the close of a long, clear, hot day, the last Sabbath of April, 1862.'

She was buried under the gigantic baobab tree, the patriarch of the African plain. Most travellers on that great waterway halt at Shupanga, and reverently visit the grave. In his last journey, Livingstone's thoughts turned to that lonely grave. 'Poor Mary,' he then wrote, 'lies on Shupanga brae, that beeks fornent the sun.' He then avowed his preference for a grave like hers, never dreaming that he would receive the most honoured grave which his nation could give to his dust.

Sir John Kirk, Livingstone's only surviving fellow-traveller of white colour, writing of Stewart, says: 'We were brought into close contact during Mrs. Livingstone's illness, and together we assisted at the grave when my noble leader, Dr. Livingstone, was present. All this took place many years ago,

but none of us then realised how soon the river was to be opened up as a highway for commerce and civilisation. . . . Beyond the time we met during Mrs. Livingstone's fatal illness, I had then little opportunity of appreciating the high qualities which I afterwards learned he had, when I visited the establishment at Lovedale and enjoyed some pleasant days in his company. His was a most interesting life, full of practical work carried out to the end in the most thorough manner. All he did was well thought out before, and the mission in Nyasaland and the training establishment at Lovedale will always remain as his best monument. Dr. Stewart at that time saw the difficulties but did not despair, and later on it was he who pushed forward the mission-work that has been the pioneer of the many changes that have taken place since.'

At this great crisis in his life, Livingstone turned to Stewart for companionship and help. In the evenings they had long conversations about the deathless life beyond the grave. 'We talked,' Stewart writes, 'over the idea of the state of seclusion—the Hades or Intermediate State—and agreed to hold the common belief. He then expressed his willingness to die.'

From this time their companionship seems to have been complete. 'Dr. Livingstone,' he writes, 'is peculiarly communicative and agreeable.'

Here are some extracts from his Journal while detained at Shupanga: 'I am getting impatient, wishing I were home at some regular work. . . . Am I never to see home again? . . . Let me not think too much of comfort. Eternity will soon be on us all, then the question will be, what sacrifices in life we have made for Him who sacrificed all? How

grand a thing it would be if I could have my life filled with the one object, that of doing only what would advance the cause of the everlasting kingdom. But my thoughts turn to earth and to its joys. The unseen and the eternal has not the hold on me it ought to have—that I wish it to have. I have not had too much happiness latterly for a few years back. I wish I had this as an absorbing, all-devouring object. . . . I am willing to go to Calcutta, yet the whisper of my judgment is against it. . . . My present path is rather a mystery and a difficulty to myself. . . . My mental stagnation is great. I think I am one of the most useless fellows alive. My days are passing, and it seems as if I had an opinion of myself quite at variance with fact. . . . I think I can do something when I can do nothing. . . . Accusing myself of being fickle and feeble. But really I could not do anything else. The higher objects of my visit are now put out of my reach, and I do not regard the others as worthy of effort.'

His Journal reveals the peculiar depression which attends African fever. He writes: 'I was so ashamed of my worldliness, ambitions, selfishness, love of precedence and fiery evil temper, that I could hardly contain myself . . . at length had to go on shore and retire among the mangoes. There I asked for grace to overcome these earthly selfish feelings, and merely human cravings, in so far as they interfered with my work. I also sought advice that the future might be a little more clear and less obscure than the present is. . . . Resolve to go off alone up the Shiré, if possible, see and learn what I can, and if possible also up to Tete; then return homewards, and get to work somewhere. But whatever I do, at home or abroad, I *will not vegetate*. I shall try

to serve God in the way He may be pleased to open up.'

'I have now come to be able to travel with the minimum of baggage—a piece of soap, a towel and a comb.'

Livingstone wished to explore the Rovuma (a river to the north of the Zambesi) in the hope of finding an entrance into Central Africa, free from Portuguese control. Stewart found that he would have to wait a whole year if he accompanied Livingstone's expedition. Hungering for a beginning and for real work, he resolved to push into the interior. The only white man with him was a member of the Universities' Mission. They had a native canoe dug out of a great tree. It was so nicely balanced as to be easily capsized, and the river was swarming with crocodiles and hippopotami. Stewart had a crew of eight natives, whose steady paddling against the stream drew forth his admiration. He passed through the pestiferous 'Elephant Marsh,' a paradise for sportsmen, in which herds of three hundred elephants were sometimes found. His canoe startled great numbers of crocodiles which looked 'like so many trunks of trees left by the receding river.' On one island they counted seventy-two alligators basking in the sun. He visited Bishop Mackenzie's grave, and the ill-fated Universities' Mission. On foot, and usually in company with a member of that mission, he explored the Highland Lake Region on both sides of the Shiré.

Concerning his numberless discomforts, hardships, and African fevers, he writes: 'But with a definite purpose and the knowledge that you are certainly clearing the way for a better state of things, and helping to bring in the dawn of a better day of

gospel light, there is a measure of enjoyment even with all the discomfort in canoe voyaging in African rivers.' As he entered the villages 'in his shirt-sleeves, and with an old green silk umbrella over his head, the women startled and the children screamed.' Every night he spoke to them of Jesus Christ, 'a phrase never heard by them before, but it was left among them. I gathered all my men round the fire after supper, and spoke to them the things of God. The outline of my talk was God, Sin, Jesus Christ.' He records that the native women everywhere showed him the greatest politeness and courtesy.

He pushed on beyond the Murchison Cataracts, and explored parts of the hill-country to the east of the Shiré, in the district where the Blantyre Mission now stands. He recognised the comparative healthiness and rich resources of what is now a prosperous Scottish settlement of coffee-planters, traders, and missionaries. It was a sore disappointment to him that lack of money would not allow him to visit Lake Nyasa, though he was within fifty miles from it. Of this journey he writes: 'Except these two missionary travellers (himself and a member of the Universities' Mission) there was not probably at that time a single white man living east of the Shiré River till the coast is reached; certainly none were settled in the country, and northwards, even as far as Victoria Nyanza, six hundred miles, no trace of a Christian mission, or even of a white man, was to be found. It was a lonely land of barbarism, of game and wild beasts, of timid and harried but not unkindly men, harassed by never-ending slave-raids and intertribal wars. We saw heaps of ashes, broken pottery, a good

many bones but no bodies—the hyenas had attended to that.'

On the Shiré, as afterwards on the upper reaches of the Zambesi, he supported himself and his men chiefly by his rifle. His menu included, besides the ordinary food of the natives, pigeons, ducks, flamingoes, and hippopotamus steaks. It was his opinion that 'a man with a good sound appetite would enjoy a roast sirloin of hippopotamus.' Many of the districts he visited were sorely stricken with famine, and he was often hunger-bitten. Men travel in that region now with almost all the comforts of home.

Before leaving for Africa he had given an address in the Town Hall of Manchester, in which he gave his reasons for hoping that a supply of cotton might be obtained from Zambesiland. This speech had evidently created a real interest. His Journal contains a long paper with the title 'Report for Cotton Supply Association, Manchester, in Reply to Queries sent on June 24, 1861.' He found small patches of cotton in the Shiré valley, and also native weavers, but so lazy were the natives that only about one in twenty was wearing cotton, while all the rest were clothed only with bark, probably the most uncomfortable garment a human being can wear. The substance of his report was, that the Shiré valley was admirably fitted for the growing of cotton, but that it could not be cultivated till there was a settled government, and the natives had been taught to work.[1] 'The examination of the country, especially of the Shiré highlands, left the impression of

[1] It is now believed that Central Africa has soil capable of producing cotton enough to keep all the spinning-mills in the world at work.

its great beauty, the comparative healthiness of the higher districts, and the undoubted fertility of its rich valleys, but it was at that time a land laid waste by slaving wars, as has happened times without number to many of the fairest portions of the African continent.'

On this expedition he was often grazed by death. Sleeping on the banks of the Shiré one night, he awoke to find a large python lying coiled up upon him. He seized his gun, the reptile moved off, and a hole in the ground was the only result of the shot.

Once his canoe was upset, and he got entangled with some ropes, and nearly lost his life. When almost drowned, the thought flashed through his mind, 'Well, well, is this to be the end of it all? No, it cannot be.' He made another struggle; help arrived, and he was saved.

On September 25th, 1862, after an absence of three months, he returned to Shupanga, and a fortnight afterwards he started to explore the Zambesi. He visited Senna and Tete, and reached the Kebrabasa Rapids. Only with great difficulty could he guide the canoe through the labyrinths of small sandy islands, and often his men lost control of the boat, and, like all Africans in trouble, they 'stood calling on their mothers when they should be exerting themselves.'

'We spent Christmas Day of 1862 digging with a party of natives into the coal seams, three of which lie on the east bank of the Zambesi, a few miles from Tete. Some specimens of the coal thus dug may possibly still be found in the Museum of the University of Glasgow, as some were sent there on my return. . . . The partition of Africa—the most

stupendous division of the earth's surface which has ever taken place—was then not even thought of.'

On foot he examined the country on both sides of the river, some parts of which reminded him of the Danube. 'He did all this,' Livingstone says, 'with most praiseworthy energy, and in spite of occasional attacks of fever.'

He was then convinced that any future mission should be northwards on the line of the Shiré, and not westwards on the line of the Zambesi. This conviction practically settled the site of the two great missions of Livingstonia and Blantyre.

Travel in Central Africa then was travail indeed. Stewart had endured great hardships and suffered severely from numberless attacks of that malarial fever which plays with its victim as a cat plays with a mouse, and which the Africans call 'the father of knees.' Tropical medicine had not then limited its ravages. It had desolated the Universities' Mission, brought down to the grave some who were by his side, and thinned Livingstone's small force. At first he could 'drive off' its attacks, but by-and-by it mastered him, and only did not kill him. But his spirit triumphed over his body, and, like Livingstone in his last years, he would not yield. He believed that activity was the best prophylactic. Once when he rose in the morning he fell on the floor, yet he marched on. Some of the attacks lasted for weeks, and made him unconscious. 'My knees,' he writes, 'are relaxed; what is the Homeric expression? Fever and mental depression go as certainly together as fever and sweat.' Still he writes: 'The hardship, fatigue, fever, and hunger I have suffered are nothing in comparison with the end to be gained.' He owns that he had 'the

malady of thought—looking forward too far' when in fever, and resolves to fight against 'this subjectivity.' He arrived at Shupanga on New Year's Day, 1863, and in a month he turned homewards.

'Considering the way we lived,' he writes, 'the wonder is we were ever free from fever. We carried no tents, but slept in the open when dry, in the canoe when it rained, and its position being down in the river, sometimes alongside a bank of reeds, the sleeper was in the best situation to become well soaked with malaria. Except tea and coffee, we carried no civilised provisions, but depended mainly on what could be got in the country. A little wheaten bread was therefore often the greatest luxury.'

It is not easy for us to realise the courage of his enterprise. For weeks he had been battling with the most powerful of terrorising influences—uncertainty, the fear of destitution, unknown dangers, home-sickness, solitude, and that terrible fever which magnifies every peril, and weakens all the powers of resistance. But he seems never to have given in. His was the temper of those whom Lowell describes:

> 'The brave makes danger opportunity;
> The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
> Dwarfs it to peril.'

In defiance of all his hardships his report regarding the proposed mission was, 'It can be accomplished.'

In the beginning of February, 1863, after many vexing delays, he reached Quilimane. By piecing together his Journal and his letters, we gain a vivid portrait of the wanderer. He is in a canoe with six native rowers; clad with 'honourable rags,' like Grant and Speke when they emerged from Central Africa,

and like Mackay of Uganda when Stanley visited him; soaked by four days of ceaseless tropical rains, which had put out the fire in the canoe and damped all the firewood; all his blankets dripping; with no cloth and few goods of any value; less than £5 in his pocket; half-dead with fever; his head like a lump of lead, and his eyesight impaired; solitary, but with his duty; and that was enough for him. When he landed at night, he could hardly walk, and was not sure of any shelter, for not one of his fellow-countrymen was then in the town: there was no hotel, and he knew the name of only one inhabitant. During six weary weeks, remote and friendless, he walked daily down to the beach, and looked for a ship coming up the river. At last he got off in a miserable little Indian vessel, and reached Mozambique, where he had to wait other six weeks.

One blessed afternoon, the *Gorgon* sailed into Mozambique, and Stewart was soon on board. He tells how it then fared with him: 'In a very short time I was on the deck of the *Gorgon* and met Captain Wilson. He stared at me without sign of recognition. Whether I was so much altered that he gazed upon me as if fifteen years had passed instead of fifteen months since we last met, I do not know. But I had to tell him who I was and what I wanted —the favour of being taken on board his ship and landed at any port, south or north, where he might be going, by preference at some British port, whence I might be able to reach home. Nothing could exceed his kindly welcome when he did recognise me.'

Captain Wilson described him as being then more 'like a bag of bones than a man.' Scarcely anything but the bony framework was left on him.

This bag of bones the Captain conveyed to East London.

At the request of Dr. Duff he visited several missions in Kaffraria. His splendid constitution soon rallied amid the inspiring sea-breezes during the voyage, and the generous and invigorating ozone of that radiant land, 'the white man's sanatorium.'

He reached Scotland after an absence of nearly two and a half years of hazardous work. For that work he had not received nor expected any salary. Moreover, out of his patrimony, he had borne more than one-fourth of the whole expenses of the expedition.

At the beginning of this chapter it was stated that Stewart's life now broadened into history. That was no exaggeration, for his explorations in Central Africa contributed in several ways to the overthrow of the slave-trade, the expansion of our Empire, and the *Pax Britannica.* An article in the *Scotsman*, on May 18, 1899, describes the Protectorate of British Central Africa,[1] and adds: 'To two men is that due, in the first instance to David Livingstone, and to Dr. James Stewart.' Stewart thus helped to make the Zambesi what Lord Clarendon desired it to be, 'God's highway for all nations.' And these two years of pioneering fitted him to be the Founder of Livingstonia.

With words strangely prophetic, he closes his article in the *Sunday Magazine* (written in 1874 and 1875, when he was advocating the Livingstonia Mission): 'To these sketches the practical epilogue is Livingstonia.' After describing the features of

[1] Lord Salisbury resolved to form this Protectorate in consequence of information supplied to him at his request by representatives of the Scottish missions in Central Africa.

the combined mission, he adds: 'It would be a centre of civilisation and good government, and even now it would become one of the most effective checks on the slave-trade, by cutting off the supply in its own home. It would certainly prove more effective than the maintenance of one, or of several ships of war on the coast. . . . In a few weeks it is hoped that a compact party under an experienced leader will be on their way to establish Livingstonia. The enterprise is one both difficult and perilous. But nothing great in Africa or elsewhere was ever done but in contempt of danger. . . . If God grant His blessing, there is no calculating whereunto the enterprise might reach. It ought to grow and expand, diffusing itself like leaven, reproducing itself like seed, and leading to great and momentous issues.'

How soon and how amazingly have these great hopes been fulfilled! With Stewart, as with his chief, the end of the geographical feat was only the beginning of the missionary enterprise. Elijah's mantle had fallen on the shoulders of the young Elisha, and the heart's desire of the master was granted.

CHAPTER IX

THE ZAMBESIAN, 1862-63

His Chief Aim—An Explorer—His Apprenticeship—Two Letters from Livingstone—'Hell's Highway'—Methods with the Natives—A Good Laugher—Human Brotherhood—How Gods are Made.

'As for me, I am determined to open up Africa, *or perish*.'
—*Livingstone.*

'Trade in Africa has been in two ivories, white and black—slaves and elephants' tusks.'—*General Gordon.*

'Misfortune, that grand instructress of impatient men.'—*Dr. Stewart's Journal.*

IN his Journal Stewart describes himself as 'a Zambesian.' He was a Zambesian in that nobler than geographical sense in which a student at Oxford is called an Oxonian. In Zambesiland he served an apprenticeship without which, so far as we can see, he could not have been the successful founder of Livingstonia, nor the pioneer of the East African Mission. His whole after-life was greatly enriched by the unique experiences of these days.

While he owed much to Livingstone, he was largely a self-taught expert in African affairs. His admiration of Livingstone was great, and it was the admiration of a kindred spirit. It was his desire to carry forward the moral and missionary side of Livingstone's work. On leaving for Africa he

wrote: 'I give my life to work out his (Livingstone's) ideas if they are practicable, that is, if climate and national position will permit. I have left my chance of a good position at home. Health must be given up to whatever risks, etc., and a huge amount of labour undergone.'

Stewart's grand tour during these two wander-years had an immense influence over him. He then gained his diploma as an explorer. His services in this field were fittingly recognised when he was made, like Livingstone, an Honorary Fellow of the Geographical Society. He was among the very last of the interesting order of explorers. For little room is now left in our little planet for the pioneer save amid the snows of the North and South Poles. Tibet was the last of the great explorations possible in this world. The would-be explorer may now, Alexander-like, sit down and mourn that there are no unknown regions to conquer.

Stewart, like Livingstone, was a born traveller. African travel was far more dangerous then than it is now. It is plain that he had the courage that can serenely face formless and unknown perils, and is thus greater than the physical courage of the soldier on the battlefield. Strong in him also was that craving to get beyond the limits of the known, which distinguished his Viking forefathers in the Saga times. But his love of adventure and travel was only the obedient and helpful handmaid of a nobler passion. In him the missionary came before the explorer, and both were combined. It was not the Spirit of travel that whispered in his heart, but the voice that still speaks from heaven to him who has an ear to hear, and to which James had responded as he was leaning on his plough.

His powers had been tested and developed by his hard African experiences. Stanley and other African travellers have noted that African travel reveals a European's character more than any other mode of life does. Stewart endorses that view, for he wrote: 'African travel tries to the utmost every power and quality a man possesses—his temper, teeth and tact, his patience, purse and perseverance, all alike heavily.' These tests helped to make him the strong and self-reliant man he became.

He had already gained a rich treasure of African experience which qualified him to speak with decision and authority upon the conditions of travel, life, and missions in that land. He was thus delivered from the tentative timidities and those initial mistakes which brought disaster to more than one mission in Central Africa. No other man in Scotland was then so well qualified as a pioneer of missions, to smooth the path for others.

On the Zambesi he was introduced to three men who rendered essential service at the founding of Livingstonia. These were Mr. Edward D. Young, R.N., Captain Wilson, R.N., and the Rev. Horace Waller.

His life was enriched through his comradeship with Livingstone, who often said: 'I am very glad that you have come,'[1] and he advised about all the details of the proposed mission. He strongly recommended Nyasaland as the best centre whence the great Light should shine forth on Darkest Africa. He much desired that 'that most energetic body' (as he called it), 'the Free Church,' would soon

[1] When in Bombay, Livingstone 'spoke very kindly of Stewart, and seems to hope that he may yet join him in Central Africa.'—Blaikie's *Life of Livingstone*, p. 362.

occupy the field. And he gave the strongest possible proof of his appreciation of his young companion. He wrote to him: 'If the Government pays for the *Lady Nyasa*' (a steamer built at his own expense), 'I shall be in a position to offer you all your expenses out, and £150 a year afterwards. It will be well-spent money if we check the slave-trade on the lake, whoever pays for it.' So eager was he to see the mission begun at once.

In a letter to the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, Dr. Livingstone set forth the very serious difficulties a new mission must encounter in Central Africa. He then adds this pregnant postscript:—

'*March* 1, 1862.

'I have shown this (letter) to Mr. Stewart who is now with us, and I would add that my remarks are framed to meet the eyes of the ordinary run of missionaries; but for such a man as Mr. Stewart I would say there are no serious obstacles in the way.'

He also wrote the following letter to Dr. Candlish:—

'SHUPANGA, ZAMBESI, *March* 12, 1862.

'I am happy to inform you that Mr. Stewart arrived off the mouth of this river on the last day of January, and as it appeared that the most satisfactory way of going to work would be for him to come and see the country and people with his own eyes, I invited him to accompany us while trying to take a steamer up to Lake Nyasa. . . . I have given Mr. Stewart a hearty welcome and rejoice in the prospect of another mission where there is so much room for work. Nineteen thousand slaves pass annually through the custom-house of Zanzibar, and the chief

portion of them comes from Lake Nyasa. We hope to do something towards stopping this traffic, but it is only by Christian missions and example that the evil can be thoroughly rooted out.

'From all I have observed of Mr. Stewart he seems to have been specially raised up for this work, and specially well adapted for it. Before becoming acquainted with him I spoke cautiously, perhaps gave too much prominence to difficulties of which I myself make small account, and may have been led to it by having seen missionaries come out with curious notions; willing to endure hardships, but grumbling like mountains in labour when put about by things that they did not expect; but to such a man (Mr. Stewart), I would say boldly, "Go forward, and with the divine blessing you will surely succeed."'

We also add two letters of Dr. Livingstone to Stewart.

The first was addressed to 'the Rev. James Stewart in Nubibus, or elsewhere':—

'SHUPANGA, *December* 24, 1862.

'Possibly I underestimate difficulties, and I may not fully realise those which must be encountered by the men who will be honoured to introduce the Gospel into the centre of the slave-market of Eastern Africa. But were I young again, and planning how I could best lay out my life, without hesitation I would go in for this new field of missionary labour. If an efficient minister settles in almost any parish at home, or goes to India or other country where he could enter into other men's labours, the conversions that may be attributed to the labours of his life might probably far outnumber those which may result directly from your efforts here. But I believe

that work here would eventually tend most to the advancement of the Kingdom. I undervalue the preaching of the Cross nowhere. The case, however, under consideration seems to be very much that of a professor of theology giving up the pastorate and direct effort to save souls in order that, by preparing other minds for the work, he may indirectly convert a hundredfold more than he otherwise could have done.

'The effects of missions are cumulative. You here begin a work which in influence and power will go on increasing to the end of time. Much good will also be done in the way of eradicating the slave-trade, and in wiping out guilt which we as a nation contracted. Africa must be Christianised from within outwards, and those who help to overcome the great obstacles now presented will, as men speak, deserve the most credit. . . . I suppose you have more pluck than that. But do it who will, the Gospel will be planted.

'In conclusion, I would say that, were I in your case, I should place myself without reserve in the hands of my elders—men anxious to do just that which will best promote the cause of Christianity which they have at heart. Taking it as a fact that, if two of such men agree as touching a matter and ask the Hearer of Prayer, the request will be granted, how much more when a large number of Christ's people agree to ask His guidance. Wisdom will, of course, be granted. May the All-Wise One direct your steps.'

The second was addressed to Stewart at Quilimane, 'or wherever he may be found (ou onde estiver).'

'River Shiré,
'*February* 19, 1863.

'My dear Sir,—I am very sorry to hear from Mr. Procter that you have been very ill after we left Shupanga, but I hope the change to Vianna's will be beneficial. I was so eager to get up to our work that I may have seemed heartless in leaving you at all, but you appeared to have got over the attack of fever, and I expected you to recover soon, and hoped that you would have experienced the beneficial effects which usually attend a change of residence, in this complaint. I earnestly trust that you are better.

'The country is completely disorganised and a new system must be introduced with a strong hand. We have counted thirty-two dead bodies floating down the stream, and scarcely a soul is to be seen in the lower Shiré valley.

'I never witnessed such a change. It is a desert, and dead bodies are everywhere. I fear that your friends may find in the deaths and disorders reasons for declining all share in the work of renovation, but it will be done by those who are to do it, and the devil's reign must cease.

'Be sure and let me know how our Free Churchmen deal with the important question you will bring before them.'

Livingstone also gave Stewart a letter in which he said, 'While confidently recommending him to the kind offices of our countrymen, I declare myself ready to pay any expenses he may incur in his passage to the Cape or homewards.'

Stewart fully sympathised with his chief's detestation of slavery. In 1859 Livingstone explored the

Shiré River, which till then had been absolutely unknown, and he also discovered Lakes Shirwa and Nyasa. The Shiré valley had then a teeming population. Stewart visited it in 1862, and found everywhere traces of desolation. He denounces in the most energetic language the Portuguese who had hired one warlike tribe to enslave their neighbours. 'The truth is from the Zambesi to Lake Nyasa on the north and east banks of the river, there is nothing but slaving—Africans selling each other. . . . The Ajawa are in their pay, and attack village after village of the Manganja. They kill the men and sell the women and children. When men are taken, they are sold for five yards of calico (2s. 6d.), women for two yards (1s. in value). The Portuguese are at the bottom of all the fighting that has occurred.'

In the end of 1862 Livingstone steamed up the Shiré with the *Pioneer*, having in tow the *Lady Nyasa*, which he hoped to launch on Lake Nyasa,[1] the key of Central Africa. On every side he found heartrending evidences of recent slave-raiding. The air was darkened with vultures; hyenas abounded; bodies too numerous for the over-gorged crocodiles and alligators to devour, floated down the stream and clogged the paddles of the steamers. 'Blood, blood, everywhere blood,' Livingstone wrote in agony of soul. Of such scenes he wrote: 'It gave me the impression of being in Hell. . . . It felt to me like Gehenna without the fire and brimstone.' To him the slaves' route was 'hell's highway.'

Mr. E. D. Young, who was then with Livingstone, told at a meeting in Glasgow that he saw a woman in a slave-gang sinking down exhausted. She had

[1] In this he was sadly disappointed.

a load on her head and a baby on her back. The slave-driver asked her if she could go on. She shook her head. He then took her baby, dashed its head against a tree, flung its quivering body on the ground, and ordered the mother to take up her load.

Stewart closely studied Livingstone's methods with the natives. Here is an extract from the report of a speech of Stewart's in 1875: 'Without mentioning any names, he wished, as a man and as an African missionary, to take this opportunity before this venerable Assembly which represented so large a section of public opinion in Scotland, of uttering his solemn protest against all explorations carried on in Africa by means of force and bloodshed. It was necessary to open up Africa, but it was not necessary to leave their footsteps tracked in blood. When first, to quote a line from the "March of the Cameron Men," he "followed his chief to the field" —he meant the great chief of African exploration, David Livingstone, who had traversed more of Africa than any man, living or dead—he had got some advice from him (Dr. Livingstone) which he afterwards followed. That advice was, never to shed blood unless he was certain his own would otherwise be shed; and with any quite new or strange people, it was better to retire for a little than bring on a collision.'

Stewart soon discovered the secret of his master's power over the natives. He soon learnt that the surest way to establish confidence among the Africans was to show it yourself by meeting them with frankness and geniality. In his Journal he writes: 'Simple acts of courtesy and kindness are never lost even among savage people.' Livingstone agreed with Dr. Samuel

Johnson, who held that every man may be judged of by his laughter; with Carlyle, who says that 'no man who has once heartily and wholly laughed, can be altogether irreclaimably bad'; and with Sir Walter Scott, who used to say, 'give me an honest laugher.' Whenever he (Livingstone) had observed a chief with a joyous twinkle of the eye accompanying his laugh, he always set him down as a good fellow, and had never been disappointed in him afterwards. 'An ill-natured or vicious fellow would not laugh in that way,' was his remark regarding such a laugher. The clever chief Chibisa, whom Stewart visited, he thus describes: 'A jolly person, who laughs easily, which is always a good sign. Chibisa believed firmly in two things: the divine right of Kings, and the impossibility that Chibisa should ever be in the wrong.' . . . Livingstone evidently made a great impression on Chibisa; like other chiefs he began to fall under the spell of his influence. Concerning another chief Stewart says: 'As a laughing fellow we felt safe with him. If a fellow laughs you know that you are likely to be well off: an ill-natured or vicious man does not, nor do great potentates.'

He saw also that Livingstone treated every black man as if he were a blood-relation. He tells that 'Livingstone saluted the poorest with a very pleasant smile, and raised his gold-laced cap (the badge of his high office) a little above his head. Before the poorest African he maintained self-restraint and self-respect as carefully as in the best society at home.'[1]

[1] I once remarked to an aged woman who knew Livingstone in his youth, that in one of his books he says that he had always used his mother's methods in managing the natives. 'Ay, an' ye may be sure,' she added, 'that Dauvid used his mither's tones tae. He was by-ordinar' saft spoken, and gin ye had shut yer een, ye wad hae thocht that it was juist his mither hersel' speakin', guid woman.'

His keen sense of human brotherhood secured a never-failing princely courtesy towards the blacks. They loved him as the white man who treated black men as his brothers. 'If some travellers have engraved their names on the rocks and tree trunks, he has engraved his in the very hearts of the heathen population of Central Africa. Wherever Livingstone has passed, the name of missionary is a passport and a recommendation.' (Coillard.)

Livingstone says: 'When a chief has made any inquiries of us, we have found that we gave most satisfaction in our answers when we tried to fancy ourselves in the position of the interrogator, and him that of a poor, uneducated fellow-countryman in England. The polite, respectful way of speaking, and behaviour of what we call "a thorough gentleman," almost always secures the friendship and goodwill of the Africans. . . . It ought never to be forgotten that influence among the heathen can be acquired only by patient continuance in well-doing, and that good manners are as necessary among barbarians as among the civilised.' Livingstone used to say that it was a very dangerous thing to despise the manhood of the meanest savage, and that some white men he had known had lost their lives as penalty for their scorn.

These facts help us to understand how the image of Livingstone is cherished and deified in the tenacious and grateful heart of Ethiopia, and also how men were canonised as saints in the Middle Ages, and how gods were manufactured out of heroic men in the childhood of our race. Full light is shed on this interesting subject in these two admirable books—*Coillard of the Zambesi,* p. 272, etc., and also Coillard's *On the Threshold of Central*

Africa, p. 60. We there learn how Livingstone is clothed with divine virtues, and set forth in celestial proportions. The old people were never tired of talking about him, and they often closed their 'praise-words' by saying, 'he was not a man, he was a god.' He has already acquired a halo of legendary divinity.

Stewart closely resembled his hero in his unfailing reliance upon God and prayer and the Bible in his hours of need. Converse with God in African solitudes had fostered his piety, his self-knowledge, and self-reliance. Under the depression of fever he used to calm his mind by prayer, and so restore it to a quiet confidence in God. In one of his journeys he was deserted by many of his carriers who took with them some articles which he needed, and which he could not replace. He thought that he must turn back at once. But on that day he was reading Hebrews xii. 1: 'Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses . . . let us run with patience (endurance, holding on and holding out) the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus.' The words came to him as on angel's wings: he marched right on and reached his goal. From the very first he bore himself as a hero of the Dark Continent.[1]

In the originality of his career, in tenacity of

[1] There is an exactly parallel passage in Stanley's *Darkest Africa*, vol. i. pp. 2 and 291. Stanley twice describes this incident at length. He says regarding one of his greatest dangers: 'The night before I had been reading the exhortation of Moses to Joshua, and whether it was the effect of the brave words, or whether it was a voice I know not, but it appeared to me as though I heard, "Be strong and of a good courage." . . . I could have sworn that I heard the voice. I began to argue with it, and it replied, "nevertheless, be strong and of a good courage."'

purpose, in his habit of never quailing before difficulties, in splendid audacity of programme, in energy, in sanctified common-sense, and in his inexhaustible faith in the elevation of the African, Stewart set an inspiring example to missionary pioneers. One of his discoveries was that to him to whom God is a Father, every land may become a fatherland.

Central Africa was thus to him what Arabia was to Paul—a retreat in which he examined his own heart, revised his life, developed the self-reliance which is based upon the reliance of faith, and sought complete consecration to Christ and His service. In these great solitudes he had his musing times and seasons of sweet thought, and heard the voice of God more distinctly than elsewhere. 'His faith in God, always strong,' Dr. Wallace writes, 'though not effusive, was strengthened by his experiences of the solitary life in the heart of Africa, entirely cut off from Christian fellowship. In a letter to me written when his only companion was a native boy, he said that he had never felt so near heaven, and added that now to him, "God, holiness and heaven are the only things worth living for."'

> 'Pain, sorrow, loss he deemed not wholly ill,
> But heaven's high solvents to release God's gold
> In men from base combines, yea to unfold
> The nobler self of love, faith, Godward will.'

CHAPTER X

THE STUDENT OF MEDICINE

EDINBURGH, 1859-61. GLASGOW, 1864-66.

Native Medicine—African Faith-healing—Ordination—Fellow-students—A Touching Incident—A Beautiful Tribute.

'A medical missionary is a missionary and a half, or rather a double missionary.'—*Robert Moffat.*

'The angelic conjunction of Medicine with Divinity.'—*Cotton Mather.*

'Christ is the Head of our Profession,'—*Sir J. Y. Simpson.*

'Heal the sick that are therein and say unto them, the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.'—*Jesus Christ.*

EAGER to equip himself for every side of mission-work, James Stewart began the study of medicine in Edinburgh, immediately after he had left the Divinity Hall. His medical studies were interrupted by his visit to Central Africa, but on his return he resumed them—this time in Glasgow—with growing earnestness. He knew that the foreign missionary must often be a 'medicin malgré lui,' and that medical skill can open most closed doors in heathen lands. But Africa gave him a new conception of medicine as an ally to the Gospel, while his frequent fevers taught him its unspeakable value for the white man. He then discovered that native medicine is one of the mightiest and most malignant influences in Africa. The doctor there is the priest, the tyrant

(*By permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.*)

A NATIVE WITCH DOCTOR

and the terror of the people. 'Quackery and the love of being quacked,' writes Dr. John Brown, 'are in human nature as weeds in a garden.' As Thomas Fuller puts it, 'Well did the poets feign Æsculapius and Circe brother and sister, children of the Sun! for in all times, in the opinion of the multitude, witches, old women, and impostors have had a competition with physicians.' But the situation is far worse in South Africa, as the witches, impostors, and physicians are all the same and have no rivals or checks. Magic and medicine are wedded, the priest and the doctor are one person, and he causes infinitely more diseases than he cures.

At the same time he has some valuable knowledge in certain directions. He knows the properties, poisonous or curative, of plants unknown to our doctors, has acquired some natural secrets, and has anticipated some modern discoveries. In his own rude way he uses suggestion, mesmerism, and faith-healing, and sometimes, as at Lourdes and other wonder-working resorts, he succeeds: 'for in so far as the disease is a lack of faith,' says a medical authority, 'in just that degree is the cure an act of faith.'

Most of the diseases whose seat is in the mysterious border-land between the soul and the body arise from a paralysis of the will-power, and can be cured by anything that rouses the imagination, and coaxes the sick man to throw off his nightmare and work as if he were quite well. All the medicine-man's ceremonies, incantations, and mysterious ongoings are fitted and intended to give the patient a deep impression of power, and to rouse the expectation of a cure. One meets white men in Africa who have been healed by native doctors when

all other remedies had failed, and some white doctors believe in the skill of the natives in the treatment of certain diseases. Still the fact remains that millions have been tortured and killed by native doctors or witch doctors, and that millions have through them had their lives darkened by nameless terrors. What is false in their medicine can be driven out only by the true, and thus European medicine is fitted to overthrow the whole system of African superstition. The union of medical and spiritual work seems reasonable to the African, as his doctor is also his priest.

All these considerations intensified Stewart's desire to bring the 'double cure' within reach of the benighted Africans, and created in him a voracious appetite for medical knowledge.

It should be remembered that he preached regularly during all the years of his medical studies.

In February 1865 he was ordained as a missionary by the Free Church Presbytery of Glasgow, but it was arranged that he should remain at home till he had gained his medical degree. He was a very earnest student of medicine. It suited his individuality and gratified his longing to do the whole work of Christ. Its certainties, practicalities, and humanities powerfully recommended it to him.

A few of his fellow-students are still alive. They all bear witness to his commanding personality. One of them says that he then believed him to be of Scandinavian origin, and a fine representative of the old Vikings. His diagnosis was correct, though he knew nothing about his ancestry.

'The strength of the impression he made on me,' says another of his fellow-students, 'is revealed by

the fact that I have still a very vivid image of him in my memory, while the pictures of all the rest have faded away.'

He had a certain aloofness which remained with him through life. It was fostered, if not created, by his complete devotion to his work, and by the fact that he was older than those around him. They wished to get his African stories, but usually they failed. One of the more advanced students succeeded in 'drawing him,' by arranging an exchange of medical knowledge for African news.

He was 'capped' in August 1866. He then received the degrees of M.B. and C.M., gaining special distinction in the classes of Surgery, Materia Medica, and Forensic Medicine.

Sir Hector Cameron, a fellow-student who was intimate with him, writes:—'He was held in great esteem both by his professors and also by his fellow-students, although from disparity of years and consequent difference of daily life and habits, he was in a sense apart from them, and only well known by one or two. He acted as one of the dressers in the wards of Professor (now Lord) Lister, in the Royal Infirmary, at the time when the antiseptic method of wound-treatment, which has so marvellously revolutionised surgical practice, and been so fruitful of benefits to suffering humanity, was just beginning to be evolved by that great surgical genius.'

Stewart's aim in studying medicine was to fit himself for promoting the Kingdom of Christ. The incident recorded in the following letter took place soon after he reached Lovedale, and it proves that he had not studied medicine in vain.

'Having had the privilege, as a child, of sitting

under Dr. Stewart's ministry, I should like to send you the following incident which occurred at our house in Alice, about a mile and a half from Lovedale. My father was District Surgeon there for some years.

'To me then, although a child, Dr. Stewart seemed a second St. John "whom Jesus loved." His love to Christ seemed to permeate his being, and his tender graciousness to all made him my young heart's ideal of a Christian, and I can still remember a sermon he preached on "Son, remember."

'One evening about forty years ago, there was a hurried knocking at our hall door, and upon opening we found a recent acquaintance whose husband, Major G——, was absent for a short time, standing with her little boy in her arms.

'"Oh!" she cried, "R—— has been bitten by a snake." He was a dear little fellow of about four years of age, just promoted to knickerbockers, her only child, as she had lost her baby-boy not long before.

'The little fellow had been bitten in several places, as Mrs. G—— in her fright had fallen with him, and forehead, leg, and hands all bore marks of the snake's malice. My father was away! What was to be done? We sent for Dr. Stewart. He came, and remained all night. I can see them now—Mrs. G—— on her knees by the bedside, the little boy between life and death, and dear Dr. Stewart. He sucked every one of these wounds. He was medical man only for the Mission; his valuable and busy life could not admit any risks; his wife and little girl surely claimed his caution personally; and yet for the passing stranger whose mother-heart was crying so sorely, "Let this cup pass," for the wee unknown

laddie, whose little life compared to his was as nought, he took in the poison and saved the child. The snake was a puff-adder, and the wounds were venomous enough.

'In the morning the little one was sitting up in bed making shadows on the wall with his little fingers.

'This deed was just like Dr. Stewart. It sank into my young heart, and the memory of not only lovely words, but lovely actions—quite apart from his daily mission-work at Lovedale—has been one of the deepest joys of my life, for he was the first true living manifestation of Christ I ever knew, the first whose whole life and ways shed abroad the fragrance of Christ, and from whom the "sweet savour" went, not only up, but abroad. In him there was an utterly selfless manifestation of the love of God. It was what he was in Christ as well as what he did, that seemed to reveal so clearly the "heights and depths, lengths and breadths," which he had searched and rejoiced in. He was a living witness of the wonderful love of Christ who loved him and died for him, and whom alone he desired to glorify. What impressed me as a child in his preaching was the reality, not only of his message, but of his knowledge of Christ as a living person. I always thought of him as one who had heard and answered fully Christ's words, "Follow thou me." My last remembrance of the Scotch Church at Alice was hearing Dr. Stewart speaking there upon Livingstonia, and his purposed work. I remember that he said that this had been upon his heart for fifteen years. I certainly owe to Dr. Stewart my first clear sight of Christ in all His beauty, and if in any measure I have been able to tell of Him

in other lands, by pen or act, it has been owing greatly to this revelation of Christ to me in my early days.

'L. A. H. SARRAZIN, *née* SPRANGER.'

The puff-adder is one of the most dangerous of serpents. Experts say that its venom is compounded of a nerve poison and a blood poison, which would probably prove fatal to a doctor sucking it, if there were a tiny scratch on the skin inside his mouth.

In his *Pastoral Theology* Vinet makes the following statement:—'The danger which may attend frequent visits to sick persons, in cases of epidemic or contagion, is usually in the inverse ratio to the courage and devotion of the pastor. Do not flee from danger and then danger will flee from you.'

Stewart makes the following marginal comment:—'This page assumes the simple fact that the minister must risk his life in this way. Well, it may be right —"we are immortal till our work is done." There are circumstances, however, in the determination of this matter not to be left out.' Yes; and circumstances which must often be left out as they lie beyond our ken. For example, the boy whose life Stewart saved became his son-in-law.

DR. JAMES STEWART
AGE 40

THE BEGINNING OF LOVEDALE

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CHAPTER XI

STEWART OF LOVEDALE, 1867-1874

Marriage—At Lovedale—Origin of the Mission—The Mother-idea—The New Lovedale—The First Fees—The First Child of Lovedale.

'Honour the beginner, even though the follower does better.'
'Height is not reached in a hurry.'

—*Kafir Sayings.*

'While we are entirely Presbyterian, we are also entirely and openly undenominational. We are both colour blind and denominationally blind.'—*Dr. Stewart.*

'Lovedale Mission Station, the best of its kind in South Africa.'

—*Molyneux's 'Campaigning in South Africa.'*

In November, 1866, Dr. Stewart was married to Mina Stephen, youngest daughter of Alexander Stephen, shipbuilder, Dundee and Glasgow. Accompanied by Miss (now Dr.) Jane Waterston, as Principal of the Girls' School, they arrived at Lovedale on January 2, 1867.

The Rev. John Knox Bokwe, then a little Kafir lad, thus describes that arrival:—

'As a lad of eleven or twelve years old, the writer, along with three companions from the native village, heard of the arrival at Lovedale of a new missionary accompanied by two ladies. Heavy rains had fallen during the week, and these little boys felt some pleasure in puddling the muddy pools of the main street that passed the house where the new arrivals lived. We were anxious to get a sight of them, and

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be the first bearers of news to our parents what they looked like. A thick pomegranate fence partly hid the front view of the mission-house, and it was not easy from the street to gain the object of our visit unless by entering a narrow gateway which led into the house. Halting there, the quick ear of one of the little fellows was arrested by sounds which he thought never to have heard before. He stood still to listen, while his mates continued their puddling excursions. At the gate, the listener stood entranced at the music strains coming from within. Peeping in to explore, he saw a young lady seated before a musical instrument.[1] The lower sash window was open. The temptation to the dusky, mud-bespattered lad to enter the gate, even at the risk of rudeness, was too strong for him. The lady observed his slow, frightened approach, and quickly wiped off something trickling down her flushed cheek. The music was "Home, sweet Home." No wonder the tear! Recovering herself, with a winsome smile she encouraged the intruder to come nearer.' Thus began the friendship with the Kafir who, for twenty years, filled the post of private secretary to Dr. Stewart.

The names of 'Stewart' and 'Lovedale' have been wedded for forty years, and this is the title by which he will be remembered, so long as men can appreciate Christian heroism.

It was very like Stewart to explain that the name of Lovedale was not given from any sentimental reason, or because the place was some happy valley where love was more common than elsewhere. It was named after Dr. Love of Glasgow, one of the earliest promoters of Foreign Missions. After the

[1] It was in a thatched house, which had no bedstead.

WAGON AND NATIVE HUTS

same fashion names were given to many of the neighbouring missions—Burnshill, Pirie, Blythswood, Rainy, Main, Somerville, Macfarlane, Gordon Memorial, etc., etc. This habit is indigenous to the soil: witness Rhodesia, Pretoria, Stellenbosch, Port Elizabeth, Alice, etc., as also the names of streets.

Lovedale lies near the eastern boundary of Cape Colony, 700 miles N.E. of Cape Town and 80 miles N. of East London. It is on the western edge of what was Independent Kafraria, the home of the Kafir race before they became British subjects. It has been often desolated during the nine Kafir wars. Thrice has the mission-work been interrupted by war, while the class-rooms were turned into barracks. What is now the mission land was originally the military station of Fort Hare, on the banks of the beautiful river Tyumie.

The site was then a barren veldt, with bare hillsides and a flat valley covered with mimosa-trees. But Lovedale has completely verified Darwin's saying, 'The presence of the missionary is the wand of the magician.' The traveller could scarcely find in South Africa a more beautiful or better kept spot than Lovedale. It now literally blossoms like the rose. A Scottish visitor wrote, 'The Lovedale buildings are prettily nestled among the grassy hills, reminding us of Moffat.'

In the early twenties, a mission was planted in that valley by representatives of the Glasgow Missionary Society. The Church of Scotland, then dominated by moderatism, was not prepared to espouse Foreign Missions. After some twenty years, the necessity for the training of native agents had become apparent. Thus in the year 1841, the Lovedale Missionary Institute was founded by the Rev.

W. Govan, an admirable missionary and educationalist. He began with only eleven natives and eight Europeans, the sons of missionaries, magistrates, and traders, for whom there were then no schools within convenient reach.

It was a day of very small things, but despise it not. Among these eleven natives was a herd-boy, the son of a raw Kafir, and clad in sheepskin. He became a cultured Christian gentleman, received a complete university training at Glasgow, was the first ordained preacher of the Kafir race, and the first translator into Kafir of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. A learned and eloquent preacher, he gained the entire respect, both of the natives and the Europeans. The opening day of the tiny Boarding School was the birthday of a new era for the native races. Then for the first time in South Africa the principle was adopted and avowed that blacks and whites should meet in the same classes, and dine in the same hall, though at different tables.[1] This was the first practical recognition that the Africans are our fellow-men; that they have the rights of British subjects, and must be treated according to the laws of the Empire; and that earnest efforts must be made for the healing of racial prejudices. This was an entirely new thing in South Africa, and there was not then such a full recognition of the native anywhere else, in Africa or America, in educational circles or in Christian churches. Lovedale and Blythswood have been from their origin embodiments of the precept 'honour all men' in its application to the natives. Mr. Govan invented a new thing in philanthropy, which Stewart enlarged and

[1] This is due to the fact that the whites pay a larger sum for board than the natives do, and receive more costly food.

perfected. This new thing was very old, for it was the application of the principle of the common origin of the race.

In accepting Lovedale, Stewart had expressly stipulated that if a mission were planted in Nyasaland, he should be at liberty to join it.

In describing his first year in Lovedale, Stewart says, 'I hardly think I read a book quite through in 1867. My student life had to be set aside for a time, and I had to work within the Institution, and outside like a navvy on the roads, which were still the untouched primeval soil of Africa.' Through life he was a great road-maker: he must find or cut a straight path to everything he had to do with.

Mr. Govan retired in 1870, and Stewart, as Principal, was then at liberty to mould the Institution.

There are three stages in the history of Lovedale—Reconstruction, Expansion, and Consolidation. The period of Reconstruction was from 1870 to 1874.

Stewart began in Lovedale with one idea, but it was what the French call 'a mother-idea,' and it gave birth to a very large family. This mother-idea was his own and original, and loyalty to it through life saved him from vacillation and mere trial-work. Probably in 1870 no other person cherished the same idea in the same form, and was prepared to realise it. His aim was to uplift the native by touching him at every point, instructing him in all the arts of civilised life, and fitting him for all Christian duties. As an original Educationalist he is entitled to rank alongside of Dr. Alexander Duff of Calcutta.[1] In his own sphere

[1] His letters to Dr. Duff in 1864 show that the plan which he adopted was matured at that early date, and that it was not essentially modified by after-thought.

he was at least as great an Imperialist as Rhodes, for his ambition soared to an intertribal, interstate, and interchurch university, where the most gifted of the natives of South Africa might receive an education that would fit them for the higher walks of life. As a leal-hearted son of John Knox, he wished to have church and school side by side, to provide a sound elementary education for all native children, and to make an open path from the school to the college within reach of every scholar 'of pregnant parts.' And he had the daring to plan all this for heathen Africa. Before he died he had the satisfaction of knowing that his idea had been accepted by many of the leading statesmen south of the Zambesi, while the 'Lovedale method' had been adopted in all the large missionary institutions in the land.

He saw clearly what the native races needed, and began to provide it with remarkable far-sightedness, wisdom, and perseverance. After a hard struggle, he discontinued the teaching of Latin and Greek, and adopted English as the classic.[1] Like every man who is in advance of his age, he had to fight every mile in his marches towards reconstruction, but he was inspired by his vivid vision of the things that were coming. 'Genius conceives, talent executes,' Abraham Lincoln has said. Stewart had

[1] Captain Younghusband—now of Tibet fame—when visiting Lovedale in the nineties, asked a native if he was satisfied with the education there. 'No,' he replied, 'they are not teaching our children Greek and Latin. Dr. Stewart says that English is to be our Greek and Latin.' This was a sore point with the natives for some time. They thought it a hardship that they could not get a full European education. They regarded Greek and Latin as among the chief charms of the white men and the hall-mark of gentlemen, and they wanted to know why they had been deprived of them.

the genius to conceive, and the talent to realise the greatest and most beneficent scheme that has yet been devised for the elevation of the African races. In this he stood alone among the men of his time. At first, most people, and among them some of his colleagues, believed that a mere mirage was alluring him into the desert of utter failure. Opposition was just what was needed to make him take off his coat. His was the trained self-reliance of a strong and fully persuaded man, and few were ever more amply dowered with tenacity of purpose. With him the last moment of conviction was the first moment of action. He had a wonderful power of getting things done even by the natives, and a wonderful faculty for getting shrewd business men to believe in him, and entrust money to him. Among his relatives and personal friends were several who were able and very generous helpers, and he got not a little support from men who did not belong to his own Church.[1]

The aim was to give the native, not a mere storage of information, but a practical training of brain, eye, hand, and heart.

Lovedale soon became a hive of many industries.

[1] In *Dawn in the Dark Continent*, we find the following footnote (194):—

'THE BUILDERS of LOVEDALE.—The names of the chief benefactors are as follows:—The late Mr. D. P. Wood, Natal and London; the late Mr. John J. Irvine, a member of the Legislative Assembly, Cape Colony; Sir William Dunn, London and Port Elizabeth, M.P. for Paisley; Sir John Usher of Norton; John Stephen, Esq., Glasgow; the late James White, Esq., of Overtoun; Lord Overtoun; John S. Templeton, Esq., Glasgow; James Templeton, Esq., Glasgow; Harry W. Smith, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh; and many other generous donors.

'The excellent Christian man whose name stands at the head of the above list, Mr. D. P. Wood, merchant, of Natal and London, sent £5000 in two donations, without one word of solicitation.'

Dr. Stewart brought skilled artisans from Scotland, and new buildings arose around him. The growth was steady and even rapid. He then set himself to get fees from the native boarders, and made a great and fruitful discovery. The natives did not see what good 'working book' or 'speaking from a book'—their phrases for reading—could do to the children. They concluded that it must do good to the missionary, and that their children should be paid for it. The school seemed to them like a prison, and they considered that their children should be rewarded for sitting all day in a house and 'making a book' for the white man. The pupils were at first drawn to the school by presents of beads, buttons, and brass wire—the currency of the country then.[1]

Stewart had a two days' palaver with the natives about fees. At last a man, Nyoka, arose and said, 'I will pay £4 for my son.' In after-years Stewart often thought gratefully of that man as the fair beginner of a nobler time. He then stood alone in the persuasion that the natives would pay for education. It was a new and daring idea. A

[1] The missionaries at Livingstonia had a similar experience. After they had mastered two or three letters of the alphabet, the scholars said that they were tired, and they took a rest for a fortnight or three weeks. In some of the schools the teachers kept a jar of syrup or treacle, with a stick in it. They gave every scholar a lick of the savoury stick, and so introduced them to the 'sweets of literature.' A scholar, when catechised, would say that his teeth were tired, and that he could not answer the missionary any more. The native workmen were paid to build a house. The schoolboys then came and said that they must be paid to learn as the others were paid to build. The teachers declined, so the boys struck and left school. After a while the boys came back and asked for pay. 'No,' was the reply, 'but if the better scholars teach the younger, we will pay them.' This suited the boys, who began as monitors. In this way the monitorial system was introduced into the Livingstonia schools.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT LOVEDALE

uniform fee was introduced for all natives of whatever Church, and all denominations were put on the same level, though all the missionaries at Lovedale then belonged to the Free Church of Scotland.

The payment of fees was an excellent education of the natives in independence and honesty. Experts say that the character of the native is injured when he receives education gratis.

The aim was to make the Christian religion supreme without respecting denominational differences. At the same time he did nothing to weaken the denominational connections or preferences. He thus gained the entire confidence of all the Protestant churches, and they gladly placed their students under his care. Stewart says: 'All denominations and a dozen tribes have been represented at one time or another within the place, some coming from even as far as the Zambesi. . . . But broad Christianity does not mean lax Christianity.'

Another epoch-making feature in the new Lovedale was the admission of native girls, and their training for all domestic work.

A lady thus describes her visit to the new Lovedale:—'A very bright, happy spirit pervades the place, and the radiant, intelligent faces of many of the natives, and their quiet self-possession, were very striking. It is a hive of industry, and yet one feels that the spiritual side is never neglected. Dr. Stewart is a big-hearted and most lovable man. A most happy spirit pervades all the staff.'

During the four years from 1870 to 1874, the numbers had steadily risen from 92 to 480, and the fees from nothing to £200, £400, £800, and £1300. The humble thatch church at Lovedale, which may

have cost £100, had now grown into many large buildings.

Many other colleges have risen after the model of Lovedale, but they are all either tribal or denominational. Lovedale, Blythswood, and Emgwali still remain the only missionary institutions which rise above all tribal and denominational barriers, and present the note of universality.

In 1870 Stewart's co-operation was secured for the establishment of the Gordon Memorial Mission at Umsinga in Natal, near the Tugela, about one hundred miles north of Petermaritzburg and thirty-five from Dundee.[1]

The Honourable James Gordon, brother of the present Earl of Aberdeen, and grandson of the great chief who once wielded the destinies of the British Empire, had resolved to devote his life to the work of Christ among the heathen in South Africa. His purpose was, however, frustrated by his early death in 1868. In a letter to a friend in the end of 1863, he said: 'The old year will soon be gone. Last New Year's Eve, I went to bed with scarcely a thought of my soul. But the very next day, by

[1] On this errand Stewart rode about one thousand miles in a very rough country and in districts little known, sleeping at any house, shop, or hut he could find. He spent one night in an outside hide store, and another in a miserable house, where he got for supper 'apparently salt beef or salt horse perhaps; but at any rate it was very good, as I was very hungry.' He asked to be allowed to sleep on the clay floor of the kitchen under the table, as it was better than the veldt. On another night he came to a German mission-house that was shut up. He managed to get in somehow. Seven or eight years afterwards a German missionary on board a steamer told Stewart how, during his absence, his house had been commandeered. 'Did the intruder behave himself well and pay for what he took?' Stewart asked. 'Oh yes,' replied the German, 'he left money on the table.' 'I was that man,' Stewart added.

the grace of God, I was brought to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Yes, New Year's Day, the birthday of the year, is the birthday of my soul.' It was also the birthday of a very interesting mission, and the first child in the Lovedale family of missions. The Countess of Aberdeen and her family resolved to found a mission among the Zulus, in memory of the deceased, and they entrusted it to the Free Church of Scotland.[1]

Stewart had now laid the foundations upon which he was to build during the next thirty years. The period of reconstruction was over, and the time of expansion had begun. But events of the highest moment were soon to withdraw him from Lovedale.

Before attempting to rehearse these exploits, a story must be told which claims a foremost place in the romance of liberality and Christianity.

[1] See *The True Nobility: Sketches of the Life and Character of Lord Haddo, and of his Son, the Honourable J. H. H. Gordon,*' by Dr. Alexander Duff.

CHAPTER XII[1]

THE FATHER OF BLYTHSWOOD, 1873-1880

A Novel Appeal—A New Mine of Liberality—Native Oratory —A Grand Function—The Rev. R. W. Barbour's Report —Blythswood To-day.

'This work is an answer to the statement often made that the natives are unimprovable. We who work with you know better. There is the same limitless improvement possible to the natives as to any men of any colour God has made.'—*From Dr. Stewart's Speech at Blythswood.*

To the east of Cape Colony, and alongside of the great Kei River, lies Fingoland, the Transkeian home of the Fingoes. They are the broken remnants of tribes scattered during the endless intertribal wars. Fifty years ago they were sunk in degradation and slavery. But ere long a great change was wrought among them. They discovered the value of education and turned wistfully to Lovedale for a model, and for help to realise it. Pupils of Lovedale were living among them, and they wished that their own sons and daughters might also learn the arts of civilisation. The Fingoes were encouraged and guided in their aspirations by their magistrate, Captain Blyth, and the Rev. Richard Ross of Toleni. Early in 1873 they appealed to Stewart to plant

[1] The following books have been consulted for this chapter:— *African Wastes Reclaimed*, by Robert Young; *Dawn in the Dark Continent*, and *Light in Africa*, by the Rev. James Macdonald (for ten years Principal of Blythswood).

among them a second or minor Lovedale. 'A child of Lovedale,' as they called it in their poetic fashion, and a 'shadow of rest for their children.'

Stewart hesitated. He was then overburdened with the growing work at Lovedale, and the road to Fingoland was a three days' journey, very rough and sometimes dangerous. He was not sure that the hour had come for such extension. However, here were Ethiopia's hands outstretched to him, and he felt that his outstretched hands should meet theirs. With some hesitation he started from Lovedale, but at King William's Town, a whole day's drive from the Kei, he shut himself up for a day in his room, and next morning turned his horses' heads homewards.

That resolution or want of resolution was the real foundation of Blythswood. He decided to test the people and especially their leaders before committing himself. He afterwards visited them, met with their head-men, and promised that he would help them if they raised £1000 as a proof of their sincerity and earnestness. It was an audacious proposal. The idea was entirely new to the natives, many of whom were violently opposed to Christianity. They had never before been asked to contribute to a piece of mission-work.

After four or five months, a telegram reached Stewart: 'Come up, the money is ready.' At a public meeting of the whole Fingo tribe, it had been resolved that every man liable to be taxed, should contribute five shillings towards the proposed building. This was the birth certificate of a new era, and a more impressive tribute to Lovedale could not be imagined.

Stewart then visited the tribe. The meeting was held in the veldt, as no building in the district was

large enough for the great throng of men, women, missionaries, and children. On a deal table standing on the grass lay a shining heap of silver, over £1450. The substance of the native-speaking that day was given in a sentence by one of their orators. Pointing to the money, he said, 'There are the stones; now build.' This was a very wonderful achievement among a heathen tribe in which there was only a very small minority of Christians.

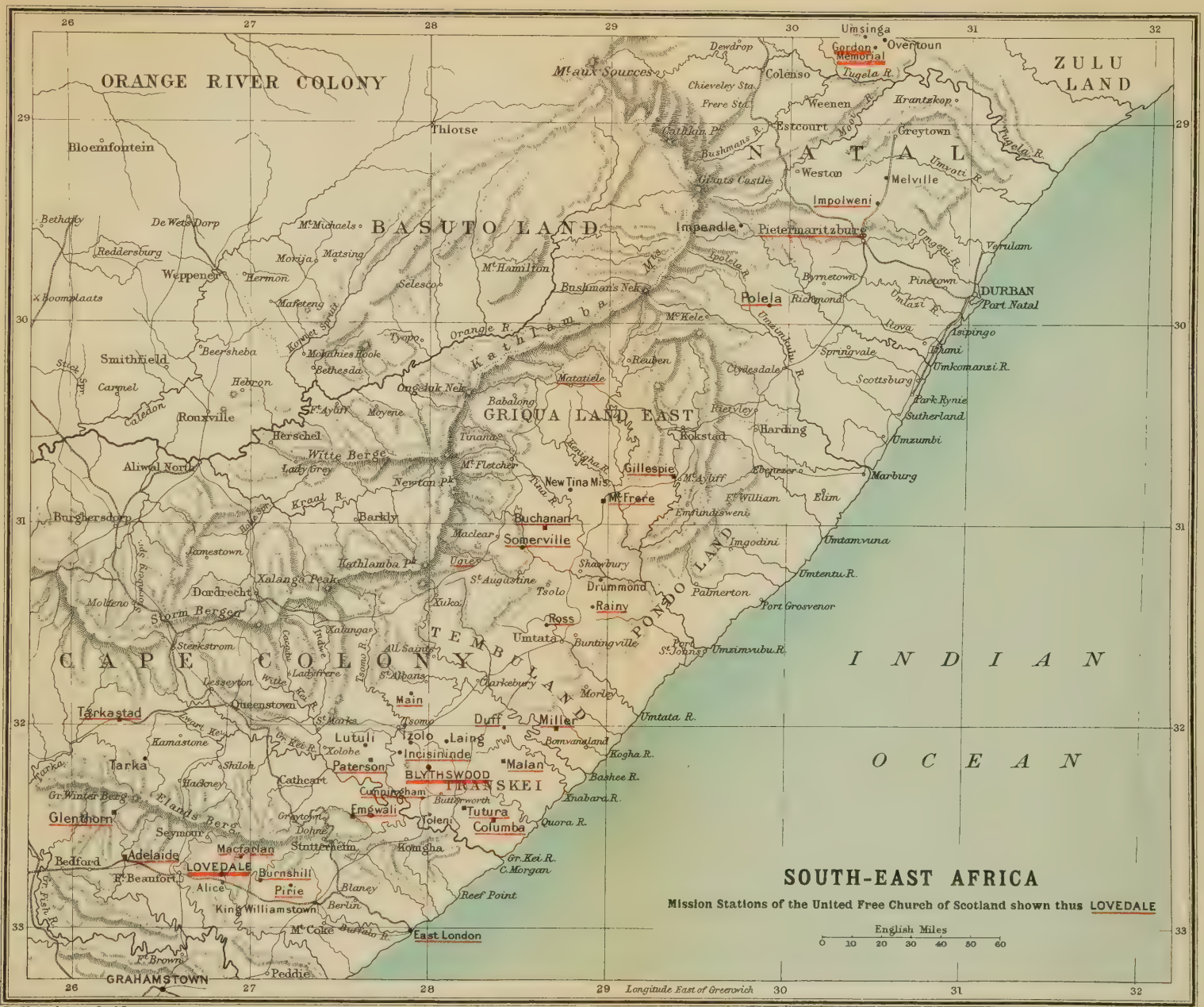
Stewart drove off to King William's Town, with £1450 in silver tied in a sack behind his trap. 'The silver was heavy,' he said, 'but my heart was light.'

It will be better both for the reader and the writer to tell the whole story of Blythswood in this chapter.

Stewart there 'struck oil,' and thrice it burst up responsive to his touch. This was the biggest sum ever given by natives. He had discovered an unsuspected mine of liberality. It was as definite a discovery as that of gold on the Rand, of diamonds at Kimberley, or of Cullinan when, prospecting for coal on the brown moors near Pretoria, he located the Premier Diamond Mine and the Cullinan Diamond.

The building was begun in 1875. Stewart then returned from Scotland, bringing with him four masons from Aberdeen, and £1500 in fulfilment of his promise. In giving thanks for this gift one of the chiefs said, 'We shall best please our friends in Scotland by doing our utmost to help forward this school, and by sending our children there, and doing all we can to become a God-fearing, loyal, and civilised people.'

As the building grew, the people desired that it should be made larger. 'Very well,' said Stewart, 'let us have another subscription.' There was



The Edinburgh Geographical Institute

London; Hodder and Stoughton.

John Bartholomew & Co.

another meeting, speeches, and more thanks, and more trouble in carrying all the silver (about £1500) to the nearest Bank, which was about one hundred miles away.

The Institution was called Blythswood, after Captain Blyth, one of the ablest of British administrators and a 'thorough Christian of the working kind.' He gained the affections of the people, and when he died, they spent £500 in completing the unfinished tower of the building as a memorial to him. The Institution, which is about one hundred and twenty miles east of Lovedale, was opened in July 1877. A national character was given to the event. The natives have a real genius for public functions and feasts, but it is not gratified now as it used to be when their chiefs and counsellors had supreme power. The newspapers of the day say that about four thousand natives and a large number of Europeans and missionaries were present.[1] The building was decked with fluttering flags. The proceedings were opened by public worship, and addresses followed. Many of the natives spoke and spoke well. 'Even the women,' it is said, 'were unable to keep silent, and spoke with effect.'

The Kafir women are better orators than the men, though almost every native is a ready speaker. But the women have clearer voices than the men and manage them better, and their language is usually more beautiful. When a woman begins to speak, she usually secures dead silence and great attention. At such gatherings they use great ingenuity to get a man to speak who does not intend to do so, for,

[1] Captain Blyth wrote, expressing his regret that he could not be present. Nothing, he said, had ever given him greater pleasure than his connection with the Institution.

according to native etiquette, a man cannot speak without making a contribution, though he may contribute without speaking.

One native orator after another made loyal speeches, and finished by laying a contribution on the table, or by promising to send a sheep, a goat, or an ox. About £300 was then contributed in money or kind.[1] The natives expressed their willingness to give another subscription to clear off the whole debt. The function was closed with a general and generous feast in the right royal Kafir style. They slaughtered twelve sheep, twelve goats, and over twenty oxen, and they had an enormous supply of Indian corn (maize), bread, and coffee.

The buildings cost over £7000, and provided accommodation for one hundred and twenty native, and thirty European boarders. The native committee in charge of it was composed of four magistrates and thirteen head-men, who were associated with the European missionaries.

Blythswood was open scarcely a year when the fourth Kafir war broke out. The building, which was of stone, and by far the largest and strongest in the whole district, was converted into a fort, and used for some months as a place of refuge for about one hundred and forty Europeans, with their families, who then formed the small white population of the Transkei.

In 1878 there was a debt on Blythswood of £1600. When Sir Bartle Frere mentioned the fact to one of the head-men, he replied, 'That thing about the

[1] Principal Lindsay of Glasgow tells that on a similar occasion he saw a portion of the collection running away with the beadle, who was pulled round the corner by a lively sheep he was trying to halter.

Seminary is already settled, we are going to pay all the debt when it is called for.' And they did. Dr. Stewart had another large gathering with the natives. Captain Blyth and he gave £25 each, and the natives gave the rest. Captain Blyth described this as 'a brilliant page in their history.'[1]

The Rev. R. W. Barbour of Bonskeid, who spent the first year of his married life in South Africa, and assisted Stewart at Lovedale, published in the *Christian Week* very interesting accounts of the meeting at which the natives cleared off this debt in 1880. He was greatly impressed by the immense crowd of native horsemen who assembled to give Stewart such a welcome as they used to give only to their greatest chiefs. 'They rushed down the hill like the thunder of a torrent in spate, with dust and noise. Five hundred and twenty went past, besides foals in proportion, who kept their places in the procession and enjoyed it vastly.

'The great hall was crammed. All were wearing an aspect of vivacity, earnestness, and cheerfulness, such as seems never to fail the African race. They were almost all head-men. The most beneficent forces that the world has known seemed to be livingly exhibited here, in contact with the material most in need of them, most conscious of its need, and promising most from the influence of them.

'While they were being arranged, one after another of those in arrear would step up with a grave and dignified mien, and, slowly undoing his purse or handkerchief, take from it the half-crowns or gold

[1] The native contributions to the buildings at Blythswood amounted to over £4500. To the end of his life, this noble gift of the Fingoes lived in Stewart's memory, and gave to his words a touch of intense feeling and unchanging admiration.

it held. These were watched by their fellows with interest but no curiosity: they are a singularly self-possessed people. After a time silence was made among the audience, which was kept, with intervals of applause, for nearly four hours. Captain Blyth asked one of the native men to engage in prayer, which was done fervently but briefly, and closed in a general loud "Amen." Then the speaking began. The Captain talked in an easy but forcible way, rolling out his speech in short, pithy sentences. These the Rev. Mr. Ross took up and twined into flowing Kafir, seemingly enlarging upon his original, unless the language did this of its own genius, which resembles that of the *Ancient Mariner* in expecting you to sit under it for hours. Then he bade the magistrates read their reports. One of them told us he had fourteen thousand souls in his district, that they had collected £450, and would make it £500. Every man had given his five shillings. They had most of them only the little beehive huts to live in, yet they made the effort, and brought their last contribution to this their great house, which they had built for themselves and their land and their children, dedicating it to the future welfare of the native people of the Transkei.

'After each magistrate had given in his account, Dr. Stewart rose. His rising was the signal for renewed and closer attention. With his great stature and broad, square shoulders, he looked in the people's eyes and in ours a natural "king of men" every inch of him. You could see this, but he did not seem to see it or take any advantage of it, except that of the royalty in look and influence which it forces on all who have it. For as he warmed to his work and spoke out unmistakably in defence of mission and

education labour among the natives, and flung down the gauntlet to the many here who rail against anything done for them, and stop it when they can, one felt that his greatness lay in his being a man, and that this gave him greater power over the men, black before him and white beside him, than any robes of office or investiture of human authority. But he spoke throughout as a Christian man, not more sore and smitten with the unrighteousness of Europeans and their contempt of Africans than solemnised by the shortness of life as a time for doing good, and the pressing reality of the need of the Gospel, both for ruler, subject, and magistrate, as well as Fingo. It was grand to see the Gospel in its true place, towering over rulers and authorities, and commanding the honour of all as the Doctor spoke. He did not flatter the natives or accuse the English; he neither instigated the one nor insinuated against the other. He dealt in even-handed justice to all. He spoke in short, nervous sentences, but you could as well gather his speech from what you will find in the *Mercury*, as you could make out our Gladstone's greatest power from his printed words. In both the supreme effect is produced by the flexion of their face when seized by passion and at burning heat. The exquisite, almost dramatic, sarcasm which gathers up the face into a fasciculus of wrinkles, is a thing quite palpable but not describable. The pleasure, the confidence of these men in the Doctor was delightful. It was the shout of a king among them when he closed. They then answered for themselves.

'With difficulty Dr. Stewart toiled out of the hall, having his huge bag in his arms containing £1100, mostly in silver. As we climbed the hill

with him in his spider, we heard now and then a handful of horsemen thundering up behind us, riding at breakneck pace and waving Good-night. In a second they were a speck on the ridge against the night sky. In a second more it was silence. We rolled along over endlessly rolling wolds like the green downs of South England, or the moors at Wanlockhead, where nothing broke the monotony till it reached the rugged black buttresses to north and west, which form the banks of the Kei.'

In 1890 the Rev. James Macdonald wrote: 'To-day the Fingoes of Transkei are half a century ahead of their countrymen in wealth, intelligence, and material progress, agricultural skill, sobriety, and civilised habits of life, both in food, clothing, and dwellings' (*Light in Africa*, p. 49). Blythswood was an effect and a cause of that happy revolution. The reason why the Fingoes have outdistanced the other tribes is that as slaves they were inured to labour, and thus discovered the value of their services. When set free they went into European employment, and imitated the European farmer in their methods of agriculture. They were also among the first to discover the advantages of education.

Of Blythswood, Stewart wrote with his extreme dislike of exaggeration: 'It has been a place of intellectual light to many, and perhaps of spiritual light to some.'[1]

[1] The Rev. D. D. Stormont, M.A., LL.B., L.C.P., Lond., the Principal of Blythswood, has kindly furnished the following statement regarding the present position of the Institution:—'The staff of Blythswood number 18 in all, of whom 11 are Europeans and 7 are natives. In 1907 the pupils in the Training School numbered 160. These were preparing for the examinations for teachers. The total number in the various schools was about 370.

'There are ten branches in the Institution. The first is the Church.

One of the Blythswood missionaries reports that twenty years ago the Fingoes realised in perfection

More than half of the pupils who attend the Church are communicants.

'In the Training School, four European teachers are employed for the ordinary branches of knowledge, and two special teachers, one for woodwork, and one for needlework. This department aims at the training of teachers according to the three years' course of the Education Department of the Cape Colony. A pupil-teacher remains three years in the Training School before he obtains the teacher's certificate of the third class. When he passes the final examination, he readily gets an appointment at £40 a year, and can rise to £100 or £110 after several years' service.

'There is also a Practising School, which is conducted by native teachers under European supervision, and in which the pupil-teachers receive their practical instruction in teaching.

'Twenty-eight native boys, from seventeen to twenty-one years of age, are apprenticed in the Boys' Industrial Department, which is devoted to the teaching of woodwork, carpentry, painting, and building construction.

'In the Girls' Industrial Department, the girls are taught domestic work, including needlework, laundry, housekeeping, cookery, and domestic economy. They are under the supervision of a certificated teacher and trained teacher of domestic economy. As servants, their wages are three or four times more than are given to servants of the ordinary class.

'In the public examinations during the years 1901-6 the pupils gained nearly a thousand certificates.

'The Farm Department is supervised as extra work by one of the members of the European staff. The Government gave to the Institution title-deeds for a grant of 1100 acres. The farm has now a flock of 400 sheep. It is being extended with the view of contributing to the expenses of the Institution.

'The Blythswood Book-room supplies the Institution and the district with books and stationery.

'The Boys' Boarding Department can accommodate 150 boys.

'The Girls' Boarding Department accommodates 100 girls. The majority of the boarders are pupil-teachers in the Training School.

'The financial turn-over of all the departments amounts on an average to £10,000 a year. The work has been conducted at a minimum cost, not only to the natives, but also to the Church. According to the recent returns, the value of the mission property at Blythswood is £20,000.'

the old line, 'Round about the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran'; but now they are decently clad, they work diligently, and prize education highly. At the last census about one-half of the tribe returned themselves as Christians, and they recently voted £10,000 for the Inter-State Native College.

CHAPTER XIII

THE FOUNDER OF LIVINGSTONIA,[1] 1874-1875

A First Love—The Burial of Livingstone—A New Word—The First Mission Party—The Murchison Rapids—The *Ilala*—A World's Wonder.

'Low tide is not the best time to launch the ship. Some influences, as little capable of analysis as an instinct, seemed to draw or push me on.'—*Dr. James Stewart.*

'The dawn does not come twice to awaken a man.'—*African Proverb.*

'I can because I ought.'—*Words carved by Caspari upon his desk.*

STEWART'S biography now brings us to a landmark in the history at once of missionary enterprise and of imperial expansion. After eight years of unbroken service, he came home, not on furlough, but in order to raise £10,000 for the enlargement of the buildings at Lovedale, and also to secure £1500 for the mission at Blythswood, as he had promised to the Fingoes to raise pound for pound with them.

A mission in Central Africa was, as he used to say, his 'first love,' and during his seven years in Lovedale, he had ardently cherished the hope of planting it. But the founding of Livingstonia was

[1] The best books to be consulted on this subject, in addition to those of Dr. Stewart, are: *Daybreak in Livingstonia*, by the Rev. J. W. Jack, M.A., and *Nyasa, a Journal of Adventures*, by E. D. Young, R.N.

no part of his programme when he returned to Scotland. Two months after his arrival he wrote: 'When I came home, I had no more intention of proposing this scheme (Livingstonia) than of proposing a mission to the North Pole. It seemed, however, to be thrust upon me, almost to be waiting for me. I feel in one way more at rest and more quiet since I have taken up this burden.'

On April 18, 1874, he took part in the burial of Livingstone's body in Westminster Abbey. 'At that funeral,' he wrote, 'four of us met who, thirteen years before, met similarly and followed Livingstone in sympathetic and respectful silence to the grave of his wife under the large baobab tree on the Zambesi. These four were Sir John Kirk, the Rev. Horace Waller, Mr. E. D. Young, and myself.'

Few events in the nineteenth century have so deeply moved the heart of our nation as the death and burial of Livingstone. To him we can apply the historian's words about Cæsar slain — 'Never was he more alive, more powerful,' and also the words of the poet concerning the hero of Chevy Chase—'The Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.' The wonderful interest created by his *Missionary Travels* had died down in the interval, but it was rekindled by his death.

The man and the hour had come. Stewart was a true Elisha on whom the inspiring mantle of Elijah had fallen, and he went straight from that grave to take up his master's work. He caught, and responded to, 'the wink of opportunity': the tide was rising fast, and he must at once launch his long-considered and well-beloved scheme.

Some were proposing to erect a monument to Livingstone in Westminster Abbey, but he felt that

the right place for it was Nyasaland. Why should not Scotland at once raise such a memorial to her hero? We must give his own words. In *Livingstonia: its Origin* (pp. 45, 46), he says: 'On my return to Scotland from that funeral I consulted with some friends as to whether the time had not now arrived to again take up the idea of the projected mission. The subject was carefully considered through an entire summer night, and only when daylight was beginning to appear was the matter finally concluded. But the resolve was made to reopen the question of the South African Mission, and give it the name of LIVINGSTONIA. This was in Shieldhall, an old country-house near Glasgow, then the residence of my brother-in-law, Mr. John Stephen. The mission would thus be a memorial of Livingstone, and the one of all others which I knew very well he would have himself preferred.'

In the following May Stewart made his proposal to the General Assembly of his Church. It was after 10 P.M. when he began to speak, and the crowd had dwindled down. But he had among his hearers some who were able and willing to help. He threw aside his prepared speech and spoke with great effect. He closed with these memorable words: 'I would humbly suggest, as the truest memorial of Livingstone, the establishment by this Church, or several Churches together, of an institution at once industrial and educational, to teach the truths of the Gospel and the arts of civilised life to the natives of the country, and which shall be placed in a carefully selected and commanding spot in Central Africa, where from its position and capabilities it might grow into a town, and afterwards into a city, and become a great centre of

commerce, civilisation, and Christianity. And this I would call *Livingstonia.*'[1]

Describing this speech in a letter to Mrs. Stewart, he wrote: 'I said, I am not volunteering for this service. If some of my friends I now see were to hear me doing so, they would pull my coat-tails and say: "Remember the little woman at Lovedale." Ah, I did remember her, and the little ones playing about the door, or crawling over the floor. . . . Blessed are the bonds of flesh and blood! But I would say this for the little woman or little lady at Lovedale, I never yet found her shrink from duty. . . . I am not *committed.* But if by a few words I can raise a great result, I should be a coward if I did not say them. If it is not God's time and work, it will perish. But if it were to take place, it would lift Lovedale up to a position that has never yet been dreamt of, and would give it a new importance as a base of operations. Lovedale will always be our headquarters and our home. Nothing will be done for worldly fame or honour or name. Ambition of that sort in me is nearly dead. For the sake of Him who loved us and died for us, for His sake only and for the furtherance of His kingdom, would I say a word on this subject.'

The name 'Livingstonia' was then used for the first time in public. He pled that a combined mission should be begun at once on the same lines as Lovedale. The next day Mr. James Stevenson of Glasgow promised £1000 for the new mission, and in a day or two he secured another £1000 from

[1] This speech secured the valuable services of Dr. Laws. When he read the report of it in the newspapers, he said: 'There is the very thing I have been preparing for all my life.' When Stewart first met him, he said to himself, 'There is the man for us.'

Dr. Young, the lifelong friend of Livingstone, who used to call him 'Sir Paraffin Young.' The desired sum of £10,000 was soon secured, and ere long it grew into £20,000. The first promoters of the mission were Mr. James Stevenson, Mr. J. Campbell White (afterwards Lord Overtoun), Mr. John Stephen, and the Rev. (now Dr.) Robert Howie, whose aid in collecting the money Stewart acknowledged in the warmest terms, describing him as 'probably the greatest and most successful raiser of money in Glasgow, if not in Scotland.'

The Church had never had a mission like this before, and Stewart had to do nearly all the preliminary work single-handed.

Faraday loved to show that water in crystallising excludes all foreign ingredients, however intimately they might be mixed with it. Out of acids, alkalis, or saline solutions, the crystal comes sweet and pure. The founder of Livingstonia had many trying experiences. But it is fitting that, in harmony with the gentle processes of nature, they should be excluded from his biography, so that the purified product alone may remain to refresh and inspire.

When I was with Stewart at Lovedale, shortly before his death, he vividly recalled an incident of these days which had given him much pleasure. One day he had met me in the street. 'Oh,' he said, 'I was coming to see you. We 'll soon get the money for Livingstonia, if we could tell our friends that we had got the right man.' 'If you will come and conduct a service for me,' I said, 'you 'll get the right man at the close.' He came, and was introduced to Dr. William Black. 'I remember it all,' he said, 'as if it had been yesterday. I asked him if he were willing to go to Livingstonia. He walked

up and down the vestry with his eyes fixed on the carpet. Then he came in front of me, drew himself up and said, "Yes, with the help of God, I will."'

Dr. Black was one of those who were 'baptized for the dead.' In the early Church the phrase was understood to mean one who by baptism or a solemn dedication took the place of another who had died. The death of Dr. Livingstone created in Dr. Black a desire to serve Christ in Central Africa. He was chosen as the first medical missionary for Livingstonia, though Dr. Laws was the first to reach the field. He was a man of great promise, but he died seven months after his arrival. His is the first European grave on the shores of Lake Nyasa. It may remind us of the bones of Joseph which were carried out of the land of Egypt and buried at Sychar, as a token of his faith that the land would be given to his seed. The tombs of missionaries are the stepping-stones over which the Gospel has made progress in Africa, and also the title-deeds of the Church. Of Dr. Black, Stewart said: 'He was a man in every way admirably qualified, by his varied previous training, habits, and inclinations, for any mission field.'

In May 1875, exactly a year after the inception of Livingstonia, the first party started for Nyasaland. That year had been one of the busiest of Stewart's life. In a letter to Mrs. Stewart, he says: 'Livingstonia is the heaviest piece of business I have undertaken in my life. The responsibility is very great from the amount of money, life, and credit that is at stake. When we look back at this, we can only say, "What hath God wrought." Of course it has taken an immense amount of toil and anxiety, and I think I can truly say it is two years' work

condensed into one. . . . Again and again the longing comes over me to get back to Africa. We at least have nothing to say against Africa; it has not treated us badly. Africa and its children are now our life-work. And I am not sorry that God's Providence has led us there. Nor, I am sure, are you. We have nailed the flag of Africa to our mast, and there it must remain till God Himself take it down.'

Urgent affairs in Lovedale and the building of Blythswood hindered Stewart from conducting the party. But he selected all the men, made all the arrangements for their journey, drew up the regulations for their guidance, and held himself financially responsible for the venture. Ere long he joined them with a large staff of helpers. The Admiralty lent the services of Mr. E. D. Young, R.N., for two years, to lead the expedition. With Mr. Young were Dr. Laws, four artisan missionaries, and Mr. Henry Henderson, a representative of the Church of Scotland. They took with them the *Ilala* (in sections), a small steamer which got its name from the place where Livingstone died. *Nomen, Omen.* That name was a happy reminder that the great friend of Africa still lived in the hearts of many whose resolve was, 'Livingstone shall not die: *Africa shall live.*'

Under Mr. Young's skilful leadership, the party reached the lower end of the Murchison Rapids. Many delightful surprises awaited them. The natives treated each man as if he were another Livingstone. Their name for the British was, 'that tribe that loves the black man.' Their joy was so great that they could hardly contain themselves. These Makololo had been Livingstone's men, and the reappear-

ance of the British flag drew forth an enthusiasm beyond description. When the steamer was fairly into their territory, they crowded to the river-bank in thousands, clapping their hands and shouting at the return of their 'fathers, the English.' When Mr. Young told them the purpose of their mission, they were delighted, and promised their help to the utmost. They were filled with sorrow when they learnt that Livingstone was dead. Had all our fellow-countrymen in Africa been of the same spiritual kith and kin as David Livingstone, what might Africa have been to-day!

The *Ilala* was taken to pieces, and about a thousand natives carried it in five days some sixty miles over a serpentine, roadless mountain track, through long grass and thorny thickets, under a blazing tropical sun. This marvellous feat was achieved without a desertion or a dispute, or the loss of a single bolt or screw. The loads weighed about fifty pounds each, and contained seven hundred pieces of the *Ilala*. Among blacks as among whites, satisfying service is secured only by hearty goodwill between employers and employed. 'We had everything delivered up to us,' Mr. Young says, 'unmolested, untampered with, and unhurt, and every man merry and contented with his well-earned wages of six yards of calico.'

The *Ilala* was bolted together on the river-bank, and, after steaming a hundred miles up the Shiré, on October 12, 1875, it safely entered Lake Nyasa, four hundred and fifty miles from the sea.

It was the first steamer ever launched on an African lake. Its passengers had entered No-Man's-Land, taking their lives in their hands. An unbroken stretch of heathenism, about the size of

THE *ILALA* AS RECONSTRUCTED AT THE NORTH OF THE MURCHISON RAPIDS

(*Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Murray.*)

A SCENE ON THE UPPER SHIRÉ

Europe, then lay between them and the nearest mission.

The natives were paralysed with wonder as the 'big iron canoe,' 'the fireship' without oars or sails, a living, palpitating monster, snorted past their villages, guided by mysterious men from beyond the seas, with white skins and straight hair.

Many on board had prophesied that Mr. Young was taking out a number of young fellows to leave their bones on the Zambesi, and that the *Ilala* would never reach Nyasa. But the greatly daring deed had been done without a single mishap. The world owes much to its daring men who know how to dare wisely.

The entrance of this little steamer into the sea-like lake was the birth-hour of the greatest era in the history of Central Africa. Five slave dhows were then on the lake, and one of them lowered its flag to the British flag flying at the masthead of the mission steamer. The bell of the *Ilala* rang out the death-knell of African slavery. The sight and the sound filled the Arab slavers with consternation, for they knew that their slaving days would soon be ended.

'God speed you,' Mr. Young said reverently as they entered the lake. 'Amen,' his mates responded. The steam was shut off, the engines ceased to throb, and a hushed silence fell upon the little party. They assembled on deck and engaged in divine worship. With awed and rejoicing hearts they sang:

'All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.'

Dr. Laws thus describes the feelings of his company: 'Looking to the future with its vast possibilities, they were filled with a sense of awe, for the Nyasa horizon towards its unknown north end was but a symbol of the work before them.' The rising sun was then gilding with his radiance the western mountains, and they hailed this as an emblem of the speedy rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon that long-benighted region, with healing in his wings.

CHAPTER XIV

AT LIVINGSTONIA, 1876-1877

Two Native Missionaries—At Quilimane—On the Shiré—On Lake Nyasa—A Flitting—At Blantyre—The First Lord's Supper in Nyasaland.

'If we contend, let us contend like the olive and the vine, which shall produce most fruit.'—*A Saying of the Rabbis.*

'Every great work must be born of enthusiasm and carried out with common-sense and perseverance.'

'Use temporary failure as a stepping-stone to success.'—*Dr. Stewart's Journal.*

In the summer of 1876, Stewart started for Livingstonia with a party of seventeen Europeans and four natives. Major Malan, Stewart's devoted friend and helper, had written to him, 'Think much over native agency at Nyasa. I hope you will take some labourers there—to remain. Black men will listen to black men who come with white men, and to white men who come with black.'

As many of the pupils at Lovedale speak the same language as the Ngoni on Lake Nyasa, Stewart had appealed to the senior students for volunteers. Of the fourteen who responded, four were accepted One of them was William Koyi, an ex-bullock driver, who made a wonderful impression upon both blacks and whites. He said that he could go only as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, that he had only half a talent which he wished to use for Christ.

'He was the human agent largely used by God,' Stewart said, 'in opening the way for the Gospel among the Ngoni—a tribe as cruel, as fond of bloodshed and raiding as any in Africa.' Near the end of his life, Stewart declared with deep feeling that William Koyi was one of the best men he had ever known.

Large and enthusiastic meetings were held in honour of the missionaries at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. Stewart records that one of the speakers struck the right key-note by saying that 'civilisation without Christianity was a dry stick to plant in Africa or elsewhere.' A friend then gave him a donation of £2000 for the mission. Stewart writes: 'We were going as civilisers as well as preachers, and we took Scotch cart-wheels and axles, American trucks, wheel-barrows, window-frames, and many other additional tools and implements which a sailor would describe under the one word gear. . . . A year later, Captain Elton, H.M.'s Consul at Mozambique, visited Livingstonia. As we walked up from the beach together, I saw him looking steadily down at some mark on the road which led from the beach to the station. I asked him what he was looking at. He said, "Are these wheel-marks? If they are, it is more than we have at Mozambique even after two centuries." This was true, for no wheeled vehicle of any kind was to be found there then.'

One of Stewart's children was born shortly before he started. He inserted 'Nyasa' in her name, 'because,' he said, 'I was not sure that I would see her again.'

The party safely reached Quilimane on August 8, 1876. Stewart, with deep emotion and fervent gratitude to God, visited the room in which he had

spent six weeks thirteen years before, as a fever-stricken stranger. 'Then,' he wrote, 'I had come down all alone in a canoe after a journey of four hundred miles on the Zambesi. I was very sick, very poor, very depressed. Things looked very black that night. To-day we have a strong party with a good steamer, and a force of twenty-three men. We have made a good start, and soon will come the struggle for the life of the enterprise. So strange is the contrast between the present and the past, that I can hardly think that I am the same man who was here in 1863. Patient waiters are sometimes rewarded, you see. . . . Does John remember when the word Livingstonia was first uttered? He was sitting on one side of the fire and I on the other.'

They had a fleet of seventy canoes, and 'the number of natives employed altogether was nearly one thousand men, six hundred of these being required at the Murchison Cataracts.' The efforts of the rowers drew forth his hearty admiration. He writes: 'It was a pleasant sight to see all these boats flying along under a steady breeze on the broad African river. This also relieved the wearied rowers. Those in canoes had still the same daily hard toil of punting and paddling against a swift current from dawn till dusk. . . . We speak of their indolence and laziness, but it would be more sensible to speak of their endurance, their willing loyalty to the white man, and their contentment with but the smallest share of this world's good things, either to eat or to drink or to wear. All three for him are of the roughest and poorest, the scantiest and most precarious, and yet there is a perfectly wonderful, light-hearted cheerfulness when the day is done.'

He wakes in the night, and hears one of his Love-

dale boys on watch, 'pacing his round with his rifle on his shoulder, singing low and sweetly, and apparently much to his heart's content, one of Sankey's hymns, "Jesus loves me, even me." He did not know that I was stirring.' This singing watchman was Shadrack Ngunane, one of the Lovedale volunteers, whom Stewart, by an act of grace, had allowed to remain in Lovedale after a grave offence. 'He has been as busy and useful,' Stewart adds, 'as a white man could have been, always well, always cheerful, always ready for everything. The picture of this once wild Kafir, formerly rather troublesome, now cheerfully keeping his midnight watch in this fashion and on such a venturesome journey, is one I shall not forget. It made me hope for the day when out of the regions we are now in there will be many who will prove themselves as worthy of the labour bestowed on them as this lad has done, and help to convey the Gospel still farther on. . . . Day or night I never found my Kafir friend sleeping when he ought to be waking, or elsewhere than at the post of duty. There are many such Kafirs, if all are not. There are also such men to be found in other African tribes as well—men you can trust—if there are also among them, as amongst all other sorts and conditions of men, those whom you cannot trust. Such at least has been my experience of thirty years amongst Africans. Let us not grudge to state what is true about a race whose capacity and trustworthiness so many doubt, and often speak of with needless contempt.'

Many were the anxieties of the leader. It seemed to a native much easier to run off into the forest with a bale of cotton, than to work a whole month for it under the broiling sun. One evening seventy

men deserted in the darkness, taking with them a large quantity of calico. They were brought back with difficulty. 'We have come successfully through it all,' Stewart wrote, 'by God's care and help.'

Mr. Young met the party at the Murchison Cataracts, and on October 21st the *Ilala* sailed into the bay. 'She entered the lake at six in the morning,' Stewart wrote, 'and according to our custom we had worship, the engines having stopped for a few minutes. At Mr. Young's request, we sang "From Greenland's icy mountains," all joining in with a fervour which was no doubt helped by the peculiar associations of the place and hour.'

Stewart took charge at Livingstonia for fifteen months. He and Dr. Laws made the second circumnavigation, but the first exploration, of the stormy lake, and were the first white men to set foot on its northern shores. They ran the *Ilala*, each three months at a time, 'steering, stoking, and repairing the steamer themselves.' Their chief difficulty was to secure enough of firewood. This work on the steamer caused not a little anxiety to the two landsmen, but it had to be done.[1] They found that the lake is three hundred and fifty miles long, and that its breadth varies from sixteen to fifty miles. The men were the most uncivilised they had seen anywhere in Africa. The most of

[1] Consul Elton spent some time with the Livingstonia missionaries, and he and his party were conveyed in the *Ilala* to the north end of the Lake Nyasa. In his *In Eastern and Central Africa* he warmly praises the work of the mission, and he adds (page 307): 'Dr. Stewart looks worn and anxious. He has a great deal of responsibility about the steamer, of which he—as well as Dr. Laws—should be relieved. It is not legitimate work, and it prevents him from concentrating his attention and care upon subjects of higher importance.' Again he says, 'Dr. Stewart is really ill.'

them were entirely nude, or 'go-nakeds,' to borrow the African phrase. Their only covering was a coat of red ochre and paint, which, as in our houses, served as a protection against the sun and the rain.

His Journal records careful observations about all the objects he saw. But there are many blank leaves with only the date. Each of these represented a fever-day.

The mission station was then at Cape Maclear, at the southern end of the lake, a very beautiful spot, but unhealthy, and not well watered. After prolonged and very anxious examination of many sites, Stewart recommended that the mission should be removed to Bandawe, half-way up the western side of the lake. The bay near Livingstonia he called Florence Bay, after one of his daughters. It is so named on the maps: it was the only place in Africa to which he gave a name. At Florence Bay he had so severe an attack of fever that he quietly gave instructions about his papers. In one of his letters he placed several mosquitoes, and wrote underneath: 'Our worst tormentors. We are more afraid of them than of elephants.'

'When I walked down the west side of Lake Nyasa in quest of a site for the mission,' he wrote, 'I saw nothing in the quiet lagoons and shores of that great inland sea but elephants in abundance, and buffaloes, one startled lioness, and hippopotami without number. There were the native people of course. The most of them were living in triple stockaded villages for fear of the dreaded Ngoni. There was not a single native Christian, nor a church or school-book or Bible, or printed page, nor a single native who could tell the first letter of the alphabet.'

One day, while waiting by the shore till a younger

missionary secured a dinner for them both, the idea flashed into his mind: 'How much easier it would be for all African workers, if stores were opened near to or at their principal mission stations.' This was the real origin of the 'African Lakes Corporation, Ltd.' A letter was forthwith drafted, indicating the advantages to be gained by opening up the country to wholesome trade and commerce. This letter was sent to the convener of the Livingstonia Mission Committee, and the result was the formation of the Company. All the original shareholders were members of the Livingstonia Committee, but they formed an independent Mercantile Company, which has had great success, and has rendered immense services to missions and the country. It has also had an influential share in the abolition of the slave-trade. The shareholders were content 'to take their dividends out in philanthropy,' but they now earn a dividend of ten per cent.[1]

[1] Mr. Fred. L. M. Moir, the Secretary of the Company, writes: 'At a very early stage it was found that, unless the time of the missionaries was to be unduly taken up in attending to absolutely necessary commercial affairs, a separate organisation was not only desirable but essential. In the interests of the natives themselves, and as discouraging the slave-trade, it was also obviously expedient to foster legitimate commerce and to establish steam communication with the coast. In the summer of 1878, as a result of representations made by Dr. James Stewart and others, a Company—the Livingstonia Central Africa Company, Limited (now known as the African Lakes Corporation, Limited)—was formed by gentlemen in Glasgow and Edinburgh. A steamer to ply on the Zambesi and Shiré rivers was despatched along with consignments of barter goods and, later on, the s.s. *Ilala*, brought out to Lake Nyasa by the first Livingstonia party, was taken over by the Company. Trading and transport stations were opened at Quilimane on the coast, on the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, at Blantyre, and on Lake Nyasa, the Company gradually enlarging the scope of their operations as opportunities presented themselves. From small beginnings the Company grew until now they have

Stewart spent three months at Blantyre[1] Mission, whose existence was then imperilled. He was accompanied by his cousin, James Stewart, C.E., F.R.G.S., who directed the reconstruction of the mission and the making of the roads. These services were warmly acknowledged by the Established Church. 'In 1877 Dr. Laws of the Livingstonia Mission and myself,' he wrote, 'went to assist the Blantyre men to found their station. When we marched into what is now Blantyre, it consisted of five habitable huts, and three old ones which were not habitable. As to church or school, Bible or books, no such things existed. They had never

numerous stations in Nyasaland, Portuguese Zambesia, North-Eastern and North-Western Rhodesia, and, in addition to other craft, eight steamers on the Zambesi and Shiré rivers, two on Lake Nyasa, one on Lake Tanganyika and one on Lake Mweru. The Company act as agents for various Missionary Societies, and carry on an extensive trading, transport, and banking business, besides interesting themselves in planting operations, etc.

'The original Company suffered severely at the hands of coast Arabs who, resenting attempts to introduce legitimate trade, made a determined effort to clear the white men out of the country so as to remove any obstacle to the continuance of slave-raiding operations. Fighting ensued, but eventually, after a large sum of money had been expended by the Company, the Arab slave-raiders were suppressed, and the country came under the direct control of the British Government, the Company handing over their treaty rights.

'With the moral and intellectual advancement of the natives of Central Africa, there has also been a steady development of the resources of the country, and during the comparatively short period since the formation of the Company, many changes for the better have taken place, and the conditions of life have vastly improved. Natives, who in other days would have contented themselves with lolling about in their villages, are now employed as storekeepers, carpenters, printers, telegraphists, typists, etc. In great measure the advance indicated is due to the devotion and energy displayed by the missionaries of our Scottish Churches.'

[1] Situated in the Shiré hills, and so named after Livingstone's birthplace.

been heard of.' Now, there is a famous and well-filled church, built of brick and by natives. Blantyre has now a municipality, a weekly newspaper—*The British Central African Gazette*—and some monthly sheets of a missionary kind. There are four or five out-stations, at distances of thirty to forty miles, at each of which there is a church and school and real missionary work going on. The railway now reaches Blantyre.

In the midst of all these preliminaries Stewart asks: 'Are we not in danger of forgetting our real purpose in this land? All this work, pleasant to see, and beneficial as it will be in its results, is material only. It is of the earth earthy. It begins and ends with time. A certain text kept constantly recurring to my mind as I walked about the place, "One thing is needful."'

The Lord's Supper was celebrated on Lake Nyasa for the first time on November 26, 1877. As in the Upper Room at Jerusalem, twelve gathered around the Table with the Master. They have now about four thousand native communicants, and about five thousand candidates for communion.

In the end of 1877 Stewart handed over the mission to Dr. Laws, and returned to Lovedale. He had spent nearly five of the best years of his life in the establishment of Livingstonia.

CHAPTER XV

LIVINGSTONIA, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

After Thirty-three Years—Lord Overtoun—Dr. William Black—The Heart of Livingstone—The Stevenson Road—The Sweet First Fruits—Industrialism—The Iona of Nyasaland—Report by Dr. Laws and Rev. J. Fairley Daly.

'The mission of Blantyre in its earliest days got a few coffee plants sent out. Two only survived the voyage and the inland journey. From these have come the now numerous coffee plantations of the Shiré and Manganga hills.'—*Dr. Stewart.*

(These words represent in a symbol the history of the Livingstonia and Blantyre missions.)

'The story of Livingstonia reads like a fairy tale.'—*A Glasgow Merchant.*

'Greatly do I wish the Free Church to come forward. The men they would send would adapt themselves to the work and stick to it. I would recommend the Free Church to commence operations on the healthy heights near Lake Nyasa.'—*Livingstone in 1874.*

YOU, sympathetic reader, will want to know what harvest has been reaped from the good seed cast into this seemingly unpromising soil. It will be best to tell you at once. It is fitting to do so here as Stewart wished to live in, for, and by his mission-work.

It is now thirty-three years since the natives gazed upon the superhuman prodigy of the *Ilala*, and fled in terror with their cattle into the tall grass. After 1877 Stewart had no direct connection with the mission. Since then it has been under the very

wise and successful leadership of Robert Laws, D.D., M.D.,[1] the only survivor in Africa of those who sang the 100th Psalm as the *Ilala* entered the lake. All along he has been supported by remarkably gifted and devoted helpers in every department of the work.

The mission was planned on the model of Lovedale, and the change it has wrought in a generation is one of the very greatest surprises and marvels recorded in history.[2] These thirty years have witnessed improvements which are usually the slow growth of centuries. The war-dresses of the wild Angoni have long ago rotted on the village trees, or been sold as curios to travellers. These bloody men are now, as messengers of the Prince of Peace, evangelising the villages they used to raid. The dreaded foragers are to-day foraging only for the great Captain. Livingstonia is now a rudimentary city and a station on the Cape-to-Cairo line of Telegraph. The Blantyre Telegraph alone brings in a revenue of £200 a month, and the annual value of the export of coffee from it is over £60,000. A recent traveller says that Livingstonia looks like a large industrial centre at home,[3] and that at some services he found hundreds outside the church as

[1] Sir Harry H. Johnston has proclaimed Dr. Laws 'the greatest man in Nyasaland.'

[2] The first work of the founders was to dispossess the lions, leopards, and big game which were then the sole possessors of that district. The site chosen was on a lofty plateau, and about five miles from the Lake.

[3] Dr. Stewart expressed his belief that 'it would develop into a town, and by and by into a city, and that there would yet be a Christian Africa.' Forty years ago he predicted that 'Central Africa would some day have large cities and well-cultivated valleys, that steamers would traverse its rivers and lakes, and that native commonwealths would be established.'

there was no room for them within. The disciples of the mission observe the Christian Sabbath as a 'day of the heart.'

Livingstonia is now regarded as a health-resort for Europeans. It has also a splendid water-supply and an electric installation, each of which cost £4000, and both of which were the gift of the late Lord Overtoun, whose removal from us has brought sorrow to myriads of Africa's dusky sons and daughters. They knew him well and loved him as the great Christian chief in the far-off white man's land, who, from the love he bore them, gave them water and light and healing, and many other blessed things.[1] His name was, and will continue, a household word among them, for their 'Lovedale,' their great Institution, where they are taught the white man's wisdom and arts, is called Overtoun. Lord Overtoun's gifts to this mission were not less than £50,000, and the man was behind, and in, all his gifts. He had also in a very high degree the instinct of missionary affection, and all the missionaries found in him a genial personal friend.

An electrical engineer is on the mission staff. The station is now lighted, and the machinery in the large workshops is driven, by electricity; motors are used for flour-mills; and the natives are taught many of the arts and crafts of civilised life. Among the fourteen hundred students, 'there is no pandering to African pride or indolence. Every one has to take his turn at manual labour. On Sabbaths the scholars scatter among neighbouring villages to preach.'[2]

[1] He paid the salary of three fully qualified physicians.

[2] 'Livingstonia Mission was mentioned in the British Commissioner's Report as "first as regards the value of its contributions

Plans have been prepared for an up-to-date hospital. 'All these grand practical results of the labours of the missionaries,' as a recent traveller describes them, 'are found in a land where twenty years ago there was not a single native industrial mechanic. The native who, twenty years ago, could not be persuaded to work more than four days at a stretch, now submits himself to a five years' apprenticeship, and becomes a fairly good workman.' Men and lads are coming in crowds, some of them travelling on foot for six weeks, to be taught trades. The African is now appreciating the fact that there is industrial work for him to do, that he is needed for the work, and able to do it. The missionaries had lately to refuse over one hundred and twenty who wished to be trained as carpenters. We are told that in Ngoniland education is to-day as much prized as in Great Britain. The Ngoni lived as wolves among sheep till they were tamed by the messengers of Jesus Christ. 'Give me a Gospel for an assegai,' one of them said to the missionary, 'as the love of war has been taken out of my heart.'

In October 1900 was celebrated the semi-jubilee of the arrival of the *Ilala*. Almost in the very region where Livingstone had been lost to the world for years, they were able to send by telegraph in less

to our knowledge of African languages." Its members have been obliged to master eight languages or tongues, and to work with five others. Two and a half millions of people were able to read the Nyanja Testament as soon as they could read at all. Everything visible of civilisation or Christianity in Nyasaland has been introduced within thirty years.'—Parson's *Christus Liberator*, p. 231. Sir H. H. Johnston says of Bandawe, 'the work done here is really remarkable. . . . It is one of the most creditable and agreeable results of British missionary enterprise which ever gladdened the eyes of a traveller weary with the monotonous savagery of African wilds.'

than three hours, and by the hands of native telegraphists, a message of greeting to Glasgow, and to receive felicitations from Edinburgh.[1]

The little band of engineers who in 1900 laid the British South African Company's telegraph line up the west coast of Lake Nyasa, had not a single armed man among them. A specific instance may help to impress these facts upon the memory and imagination of the reader.

In 1875 a meeting was held to bid God-speed to Dr. William Black and three missionary artisans who were about to start for Livingstonia. One of them said something like this: 'I am to be the blacksmith of Livingstonia. I am to teach them ordinary blacksmith work, but also, by God's grace, to teach them the blacksmith work they need most, and that is to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks.'

This story was told at a missionary meeting in 1897. On leaving the meeting I met one of the Livingstonia missionaries, then home on furlough. 'You were referring to my friend, Robert Ross?' he said. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Well,' he continued, 'his hope has been fulfilled to the very letter. On my way home, I saw a field of wheat at Mwenzo, which belonged to the Mission. The Ngoni were reaping it with their spears. Not one of their assegais is now used for war. They have beat the iron of some of them into hoes, which are the native ploughshares. With other spears they cut their grain and prune their trees. These are their pruning-hooks. I took a snapshot of the Ngoni reapers, and I will send you a copy of it.' This change took place in twenty-one years.

[1] See *David Livingstone*, in the Famous Scots Series, p. 147.

Lord Salisbury had good reason for describing these and the neighbouring missions as 'splendid monuments of British energy and enthusiasm on Lake Nyasa.'

A glance at the map will show how the mission stations have spread into the hinterland. The last added to the number was Chitambo, where the heart of Livingstone is buried. It is two hundred and fifty miles west of Lake Nyasa, and one of the missionaries there is a nephew of Livingstone, and a grandson of Robert Moffat.

A stone monument has been erected recently on the spot. A still nobler monument is the work around. On the monument are the words, 'He died here.' Underneath might be written, 'And he still lives here.' The people there had never even heard of God or Christ. When the children were first enrolled for the school, the mothers were afraid that they would be eaten by the missionaries! 'The converts,' Dr. Laws reports, 'have liberality and a missionary conscience. All the adult members are expected to take part in the extension of the Church of Christ, as well as in its support.' The Rev. Donald Fraser writes: 'Last year four to seven thousand souls gathered day by day for a week to hear the truths of the Kingdom. When we go touring, we are often overwhelmed with presents of food. And when we ask for free labour to build a church or school, hundreds upon hundreds give their services without expectation of payment.'

Eight languages have already been reduced to writing by the staff in Livingstonia. There is there an educational department with a Normal School and a Theological Course. 'Did Livingstone dream that within so short a period after his death there

would be a Christian reading public on the shores of Lake Nyasa, subscribing to a native Christian periodical with such contents as a "Commentary on the Romans" and the "Imitation of Christ"?'

The rapid growth of the Mission is due, under God, to the zeal, ability, and sanctified common-sense of the missionaries. No part of the work has been arrested by the lack of suitable volunteers. Usually more have offered than could be accepted, and not a few of them have had the highest qualifications in their own departments. But it would not be easy to exaggerate the services given by the Livingstonia Mission Committee. From its origin, many of its members have been leading Glasgow merchants, who have enriched the Mission not only by their princely liberality, but also by their skill and personal influence. The map of Central Africa preserves the names of many supporters of the Mission. The road between Lake Nyasa and Tanganyika is called 'The Stevenson Road,' after Mr. James Stevenson, one of the founders of Livingstonia, who, in addition to other princely donations to the Mission, spent £4000 on this road. Mr. James White of Overtoun was Chairman of the Committee from 1874 to 1884, and his son, the late Lord Overtoun, was Chairman from 1884 to 1908. During thirty years all the meetings of the Committee were held in the office of the Chairman, and to all the details of the Mission father and son and several other members of the Committee have given as earnest attention as our most energetic merchants usually devote to their business.

Stewart rejoiced greatly that Livingstonia did so much to unite the Churches. From the first the Reformed Presbyterian Church, the United Presby-

terian Church, and the Free Church of Scotland—all now united in the United Free Church—had a share in the Mission. The Reformed Dutch Church of Cape Colony has been working for twenty years in alliance with these Churches. The Blantyre Mission of the Church of Scotland and the Livingstonia Mission will probably soon be united in one native African Church.

The Rev. J. Fairley Daly, B.D., Honorary Secretary of the Livingstonia Committee, has supplied the following statement about the present position of the Mission: 'The first ten years were largely years of exploration and pioneering, during which educational and industrial work were in their infancy. By 1885 the Mission was firmly established on the west side of Lake Nyasa, with Bandawe as its central station. But there were only nine baptisms during the first nine years.

'The second period of ten years (1885-1895) were years of upbuilding and expansion. Houses, schools, churches, and stores had to be erected, and most of the brickmaking, brick-building, and carpentry work connected with these was done by natives trained by the European artisans of the Mission. Passing years wrought many changes. Out-stations and Mission buildings multiplied. The foremost place was always given to the preaching of God's word, and the church roll rose to nearly three hundred. At the close of the decade nearly twelve thousand pupils were in daily attendance at the schools.

'The third decade (1895-1905) saw the Mission not only spreading out its branches, but pushing down its roots more deeply into the soil. As schools multiplied, better preparation for the teachers be-

came a necessity, and this led to the establishment of the Overtoun Institution at what is now the central station of Livingstonia. From places as distant as Lake Tanganyika and Lake Mweru, from Khama's town and Natal, selected pupils are being sent to the Overtoun Institution for higher training.

'The work done has a literary and industrial side, and is for both males and females. Up to 1907 about seven hundred pupils have been enrolled as boarders on the literary side, and over three hundred have been received as apprentices on the industrial side, of whom between sixty and seventy have become journeymen. Four students have completed the Theological Course, and two the Medical Course. After passing through the Elementary and Middle Schools, five courses are open to the pupils on the literary side—Normal, Commercial, Arts, Medical, and Theological. On the industrial side there are five departments—Agriculture, Building, Carpentry, Engineering and Blacksmithing, Printing and Bookbinding. The Institution is a centre of evangelisation. Over seventeen tribes are represented. On Sundays, in addition to varied services, the villages for ten or twelve miles round are visited and the Gospel of God's saving grace proclaimed. Livingstonia is the Iona of Nyasaland.

'In thirty years the Mission has spread over a district west of Lake Nyasa two hundred miles from north to south, and three hundred miles from east to west. There are now eight large central stations, the last established being at Chitambo, where David Livingstone died. The progress made may be best illustrated in tabular form :—

Agents and Agencies	1875.	1907.
European Missionaries,	4	45
Native Teachers,	None	1000
Schools,	None	480
Stations,	1	8
Out-stations,	None	500
Scholars,	None	36,419
Communicants,	None	3927
Catechumens (Candidates for Communion),	None	5219

The future is full of hope, for the fields are white to harvest. Throughout Nyasaland there is a movement towards God, which promises great things for the native church.

'Nine medical missionaries and three nurses are making widely felt the kindly influence of their healing art, and winning the trust and confidence of the people. In 1906 they treated over thirty-six thousand cases. At all the central stations are small local hospitals, and at Livingstonia a beginning has been made with the erection of a larger hospital, called the David Gordon Memorial Hospital, destined to become a training-school in medicine and nursing for Africa's sons and daughters.'

We add an extract from a letter of date October 22, 1906. It was sent by Sir Alfred Sharpe, Governor of Nyasaland, to the Secretary of State, after a second visit to Livingstonia. He writes: 'It is a most interesting place. The object of the Institution is the industrial education of the natives, the very best form of mission-work, and I cannot too highly praise the undertaking which is being carried on. It is good, sensible work, which is useful to the country now, and will be still more so in the years to come. The whole place is worked on business principles, not on sentimental lines. I have not seen

the Lovedale Institution in South Africa, which is larger than the Overtoun Institution, but, with that exception, I do not think there is any missionary institution in Central Africa of so useful and entirely satisfactory a description as that carried on by Dr. Laws. On the 1st of January of the present year he had a total number of one hundred and twenty-three apprentices.'

In this way the Livingstonia Mission, first suggested by Stewart, is a growing evangelistic, educational, medical, and industrial influence in Central Africa. The boys of its Overtoun Institution may now be met far from Lake Nyasa, bearing good testimony to Christ by word and action. Mr. Moffat, travelling to his new station by the Cape-to-Cairo Railway, wrote that a feature of his journey was the number of Livingstonia boys whom he met at various places, such as Bulawayo, Salisbury, Broken Hill, and elsewhere, and all doing well. Quite a number were church members, one had been ordained an elder, and some were holding Sunday services where they resided. Of these many will doubtless say in future years—as an old chief said to Dr. Laws regarding some of his young teachers—'God bless the day these lads came to our village.'

Thus was Livingstone's prediction fulfilled: 'Although I shall not live to see it, yet there will certainly come a day when the Gospel will be planted in this blessed land.'

Dr. Laws reports that the native congregation at Bandawe has 1348 communicants, of whom 1022 sat down together at the Lord's Table, 20 elders, 26 deacons, 768 catechumens, 40 preaching stations, 7039 at Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes, 9252 on

roll of week-day schools, with an average attendance of 4070. Last year they gave £187 for religious objects, and £73 for school fees. The Mission has covered with hundreds of schools an area equal to that of Scotland. At Overtoun they have 7 theological, 2 medical, and 4 arts students. There are 3 native licentiates, one of whom is about to be ordained. Four boys lately walked two hundred miles to be taught, and some students come from Lake Tanganyika and Garenganze in the Congo State. Some of the churches are beautiful brick buildings of native workmanship. 'Our blessings have become our burdens,' Dr. Laws says, 'so great has been the growth of the Mission.' Every communicant is expected to be a missionary. Over a hundred have already gone forth as certificated teachers and evangelists. They are creating a Christendom in the heart of darkest Africa. Dr. Laws has examined over nineteen hundred candidates for communion. The miracles of the early Church have been repeated, and they who were not a people are becoming the people of God. The Mission has founded a church and is moulding a nation.

We need not be curious about Stewart's exact share in the great work of Livingstonia, in which there have been so many willing and successful helpers. The Rev. Horace Waller, the editor of Livingstone's last Journals, in 1894 wrote to his fellow-explorer, Stewart: 'I can humbly perceive what a factor your own life has been in the regeneration of Central Africa after 1864. It wanted some one to keep hold of the thread of former experience and aspirations. . . . Meanwhile it was left to your Scots Churches to answer to the voice which you raised

among them. All honour to you all for it. You know that it has been one of the pleasures of my own life to watch your efforts as churches, and where I could, to help.'

It has been said that the best cordial for drooping spirits is to study the history of the Church in the early ages. Probably few pages in it record any more inspiring miracles of missions than the story of Livingstonia. Three thousand years ago a Jew, possessed by a spirit greater than his own, rose above the extreme limitations of his age and race and gave forth this astounding prophecy: 'There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon, and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth. His name shall endure for ever: His name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed. And blessed be His glorious name for ever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory: Amen, and Amen.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ESSENTIAL ETHIOPIAN[1]

Bishop Colenso—How to 'think black'—The African Warrior—The Sluggard—African Religion—Nature's Gentleman—The Raw Kafir—Religious Instincts—African Loyalty.

'Men are apt to be impressed by the unknown.'—*Galgacus, as reported by Tacitus.*

'A man cannot live without charms.'—*Bechuana Proverb.*

'Do you know why man is the most suffering creature in the world? It is because he stands with one foot in the finite, and the other in the infinite, and is torn asunder, not by four horses, but by two worlds.'—*Lamennais.*

'The Zulus are a wonderful people. They defeat our generals (Isandhlwana), they convert our Bishops (Colenso), and they add finis to the fortunes of a French Dynasty (the Prince Imperial).'—*Disraeli.*

IN the beginning of 1878 Stewart returned from Livingstonia to Lovedale. During the years 1878 to 1890 he was on what may be called the level tableland of his life. These years had not the

[1] Light is shed on this subject by the lives of the great African missionaries, chiefly by those of Livingstone and Coillard. Three recent very valuable books introduce us to the modern Ethiopian—Dudley Kidd's *The Essential Kafir*; *Savage Childhood: A Study of Kafir Children* (the first English book on this subject); and *Kafir Socialism and the Dawn of Individualism: An Introduction to the Study of the Native Problem* (newly published). (A. and C. Black.) The heading of this chapter has been suggested by the first of these. The adjective 'Essential' is here used, as Mr. Kidd uses it, to denote those qualities which are common to all the tribes in South Africa, and form what may be called their national Catholic religion.

same romantic incidents as the pioneering days, for they were devoted chiefly to the consolidation and expansion of Lovedale. Confusion must overtake us if our record of this period attempts to keep equal step with the growing years. We must, therefore, for the present abandon the chronological order, and describe consecutively what was contemporaneous. We shall thus devote a separate chapter to each of Stewart's many-sided activities; for he was at this time a Missionary, an Educationalist, an Agriculturalist, a Captain of Industry, a Physician, a Preacher, an Author, and a Statesman who had some share in shaping the laws. All these efforts were intertwined, but we can untwist the strands, and then reunite them. It will help us to understand him in all his capacities, if we begin by examining the human material upon which he was always working. The subject has many attractions for all students of mankind and of comparative religion, and it will reveal the environment of the African missionary, and, to some extent, of all foreign missionaries.

There are three attitudes toward the native: extravagant laudation, pagan scorn, and Christian reasonableness. The first is represented by Bishop Colenso, who petted and spoiled the Zulus. He regarded them as a glorious race, destined to guide, 'absorb and assimilate' the white man. Some at the other extreme would practically deny him the bare rights of manhood. Between these two stand all reasonable Christians, who accept him as a member of the human family and capable of elevation. No one was more reasonable in this matter than Stewart was.

Lovedale had pupils from some fifteen tribes

south of the Zambesi. Nearly all were from the parent stock of the Bantus. The Makololo, the Banyai, and the Barotsi were originally Zulus. Hence Coillard's native Basuto evangelists could at once address Lewanika's people in their mother-tongue. The wild Ngoni around Lake Nyasa were also of the Zulu stock, and so they could understand William Koyi from Lovedale.

All missionaries agree that it is very hard, some would say that it is impossible, thoroughly to explore the black mind, or to 'think black.' 'It is no disparagement to his insight into native character,' writes one of Stewart's friends, 'to say that the more he knew them, the more he recognised that inscrutable something which has puzzled the most experienced missionaries.' Selous, the hunter, says that he failed to fathom the native mind. 'The character of the Zambesians,' writes Coillard, 'is like the cataracts of Musi Oa Tunya (the Victoria Falls). One cannot sound them, or yet even see the bottom.'

It seems that the native can be many men at once: he can say one thing, think another, and do a third. The best informed often say regarding him: 'After all, one never knows.'

Many place the Kafir next to the white man, though he is prone to believe that everything needs a lie. The Ethiopian is usually a great liar, and he dearly loves superlatives, finding in big words an apparent relief from the little things that make up his life. For centuries he has had to practise such habits of concealment as weak wild beasts use when encircled by powerful and cunning beasts of prey. Then he is polite, and lies from his desire to please the white man. 'They value politeness more than

truthfulness,' Dudley Kidd says. Stewart regarded the native as a diplomatist, who, like diplomatists all the world over, is full of suspicion, and, in self-defence, studies 'an economy of truth,' and will never commit himself till he has discovered the probable consequences. Hence in his dealings with his neighbours his intellect is often his accomplice rather than his guide. Some heathen practices clave at first to the early Christians who were deeply devoted to Christ, and so the Christian native needs to have his conscience trained, especially regarding his besetting sins of lying, ingratitude, and dishonesty.

It has been said that in their native state all the roots of their nature were exhausted in the production of one sterile orchid—the warrior without a conscience. In their creed war was the chief end for which man was made, as with Homer's heroes. 'To go on plundering expeditions against other people,' an African replied, when asked for what purpose he had been made. Chaka, the Napoleon of South Africa, is said to have killed one million of people in his wars. Lo Bengula's title was 'the Eater of his People,' and his capital, the last great stronghold of African heathenism, was called Bulawayo, 'the place of slaughter.' Yet cruelty is not a distinction of the native except when specially provoked. Stewart said that, when a medical student in Edinburgh, he was more afraid of the white heathen there than he was in after years of the black heathen in Africa. I have heard him say that he found in Africa nothing so shameful as the wife-beating by drunkards at home.

These earth-children are a very sensual race, but paganism is protected from complete disclosure by

the enormity of its vices: among them is the shame that cannot be explained or even named for shame. Kidd makes exceedingly painful statements about the atrocious immorality of their celebrations when boys and girls enter on manhood and womanhood. The fountains of their life are then poisoned, and the native girls are treated as chattels, not as persons. 'The imagination of the Kafir runs to seed after puberty. It would be safer to say that it runs to sex.' (Kidd.) Educationalists believe that this is the reason why the natives keep pace with the whites till about fifteen years of age, and then fall far behind them.[1]

Stewart denies that the Ethiopian is incurably lazy, and Dudley Kidd and Sir Harry Johnston agree with him. He is not lazy as a warrior, a hunter, a carrier, or a runner in the ricksha, the man-drawn carriage. Like people nearer home, he works only when he has a sufficient motive. He greatly enjoys warm and social laziness, but he is capable of great exertion and perseverance. Stewart highly appreciated their services as carriers. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for January of this year, Sir Harry H. Johnston says that, all things being equal, the negro is as willing to work for a salary as the Asiatic or the European. This has been proved, he says, on a large scale by the construction of the Congo Railway The negro's reputed laziness, he maintains, is due to the fact that for centuries he has been regarded 'as a fit subject to be cheated.' No doubt, like people in other lands, he wishes to secure the prizes of life without paying the price.

The South African Native Affairs Commission

[1] Mr. Bryce, in his *Impressions of Africa*, says that our Government now forbids these evil rites, as well as the 'smelling out' of witches.

say: 'The theory that the South African natives are hopelessly indolent may be dismissed as being not in accordance with facts.'

The chief difficulty with the genuine Ethiopian is to get him to think. He always turns up laughing, whatever his troubles may be. Life is treated by him as a joke. His ideals are few and low, and he is not sobered by the struggle for existence. An animal programme of life contents him, and his idea of personal responsibility is very faint. 'He is the greatest optimist of all the human types.'

Like the rest of mankind, the Africans are a religious race, though they have neither temple, nor idol, nor stated worship, nor written creed. The universal heathen heart has still something of its fatherland in it: if you go deep enough, you will find the instincts of God and the life to come even among those who are at the swine troughs. Homer truly says, 'As young birds ope their mouths for food, so all men crave for the gods.' 'Religion is not a new invention,' says Max Müller, 'it is at least as old as the world we know. The earliest man was in possession of religion, or rather possessed by religion. There is no trace of the making of religion out of the rudest of materials. It grows wild and luxuriates, like wind-sown plants in the richest soil.' 'As for the inscription of a deity in their hearts,' says Fuller, 'it need not be new written, but only new scoured in them.' Among the heathen, religion needs not to be created, but to be corrected. Their hearts, like ours, require a god. There are kindred rays in all men, and from the same source, and beclouded by the same errors. Tertullian taught that religion was as old as the world, and that the soul of man was naturally Christian. When rightly

understood, every religion is, in some degree, a preparation for the teaching of Christianity. Africa wishes to worship God, but does not know how, and gropes about like a blind man. Popular superstitions are practically the same in all heathen races and have their origin in the same definite facts and experiences; and many of them survive even in nominally Christian lands. As with the wise men from the East, and as with some who met Christ in the days of His flesh, superstition may pave the way for the true faith. These world-wide facts are a striking proof of the unity of our race, and especially of the essential identity of men in moral and spiritual things. Julius Cæsar and Augustus believed in magic as thoroughly as the Africans of to-day. Child-life everywhere is essentially the same, though a white child sucks the thumb and a black the fore-finger. The life-blood in all men is red, and flows according to the same laws.

The Ethiopian believes that his life at every point touches the supernatural. He lives continually in an atmosphere of spiritual things. His use of the poison cup and other ordeals is an appeal to a spiritual and final tribunal. Such a practice was common in England in King Alfred's day, and regarded as a direct appeal to God. The African is hag-ridden by religious fears, many of which are shadows projected by his accusing conscience and by centuries of frightful oppression. 'I believe in devils,' is the first article of his creed. Feeling helpless in the presence of the unseen, he grows old in seeking imaginary relief from imaginary evils, and in vain efforts to 'square' the evil spirits with which he peoples the unseen world, and whose hearts, he believes, are full of vengeance and mischief. The

amulets he wears are to protect him against their malignity. All his customs about witchcraft are based upon a belief in a world of spirits. In him we see religion gone mad, but it is religion still, and by far the mightiest force in his life. This bewildered religion proves that the African is a man.

Some praise picturesque 'heathendom' and tell us that the man of Africa is 'nature's gentleman,' happy in his raw state, and that he should be let alone. That is an old story, for Homer describes the 'Ethiops' as an 'embrowned' people, who dwell 'most remote' from men, in a state of native virtue; and some classical writers used to locate Paradise among the blameless Ethiopians whom the gods loved to visit. The ancient and the modern views are equally fables.

This objection to Foreign Missions is also very old, for Julian said that Christian fishers take men out of the element in which they are free and happy.

But what are the facts? The traveller could hardly find in any other land more woebegone faces than in South Africa, and years imprint more wrinkles on the heart than on the face. The native child, black but comely, and as chubby as a Cupid, looks like a statue of the boy Apollo painted black; but when he passes middle life, he bears the most monstrous traces of care and fear. His face is like corrugated iron, and his 'wrinkles seem to obliterate the features and to be graven down to the very skull.' They all keenly feel the mysteries around life and death, and they are like the Greeks in Homer's day who attributed death to the arrows of Apollo or Artemis. The bow with the bowstring cut across is their touching symbol of death. They do not believe that any death comes from natural

causes. 'Death inspires them with terror,' writes Decle in his *Three Years in Savage Africa.* 'They have an unspeakable horror of a corpse. The boldest hunter when dying will call for his mother, though she has been dead for years. He knows no one else who would be minded to help him through the dark valley. It seems that the sacred writer must have known them when he wrote, "Through fear of death —all their life-time subject to bondage."'

David Livingstone knew the native, if ever man did. More than any other man, he explored both the heart of Africa and of the African. His books are a rich mine of information, illustration, and suggestion regarding this attractive subject.[1] We are sure that he sets forth there what were also the deepest convictions of Stewart. Both very generously recognised all that is good and hopeful in the native religion, as Paul did at Athens.

'Nothing,' Livingstone says, 'is more heartrending than their death wails.' He speaks of their 'dread of the strange land beyond the mountains.' 'Great Father, give us rest and peace,' was their pathetic appeal to him. 'Do people die with you?' asked two intelligent young men. 'Have you no charm against death? Where do people go after death?'

Livingstone believes as firmly as Paul did in the conscience and religious instinct of the heathen. He says: 'A belief in a supreme, the Maker or Ruler of all things, and in the continued existence of departed spirits, is universal. The fact that His Son appeared among men and left His words in a book, always awakens attention. The primitive

[1] The fullest consecutive statement of Livingstone's missionary creed is found in the last pages of *The Zambesi and its Tributaries.*

African faith seems to be that there is one Almighty maker of heaven and earth. Their idea of moral evil differs in no respect from ours. The only new addition to their moral code is, that it is wrong to have more wives than one. They believe in a Providence, a Judge, and an Almighty King. All the Africans we have met with are as firmly persuaded of their future existence as of their present life. They regard the dead as living. And we have found none in whom the belief in the Supreme Being was not rooted. . . . Some begin to pray in secret to Jesus as soon as they hear of the white man's God, and, no doubt, are heard by Him, Who, like as a Father pitieth His children. As I glance over their deeds of generosity, recorded in my Journal, my heart glows with gratitude to them, and I hope and pray that God may spare me to make some return to them. . . . If this fails to interest them (the story of the Birth, Life, and Death of Jesus Christ) nothing else will succeed. . . . Unquestionably a great amount of goodness exists in the midst of all their evil.' He tells that he had seen a mighty hunter sink to the ground, melted into tears by the story of Christ.

The Ethiopians who are not familiar with town-life among the Europeans, have a most pathetic sense of their inferiority in presence of the white men, and are therefore very apt to be influenced by missionaries who have won their confidence. 'Truly ye are gods,' they exclaim when they see some of the wonders of civilisation. 'God made the white man first, but did not love us black men.' The ambition of many is to be white. 'I really think that my face is becoming whiter,' said an Ethiopian, as he looked at the glass after several severe scourings in the hope of changing his skin. One day

King Lewanika asked Coillard, 'Where do the descendants of Japheth dwell?' 'In Europe,' was the reply. 'And where are the descendants of Shem?' 'In Asia,' Coillard answered. 'You need not tell me,' the King added, 'that Ham was the father of Africa. I knew it long ago.' 'Why so, Lewanika?' Coillard asked. 'Ah, my father, the curse.'

All the great African missionaries have proved that the Ethiopian is capable of a splendid devotion to the white man in whom he can completely believe. The world knows by heart the story of Chuma and Susi, and how, after a year's terrible march to the coast, they brought the body of their beloved chief from Ilala to London. That story stands alone in history. Facts like these justify the belief that men who can display such an earthly allegiance may also come under leal-hearted allegiance to the Saviour of mankind.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MISSIONARY

Consecration—The Salvability of the Heathen—Keen Sympathy — Evangelism — Practical Religion — Mr. D. A. Hunter's Testimony—The Missionary's Sacrifices—Love of Home.

'We seldom speak about missions: we live for them.'—*A Moravian Lady.*

'Whoever believes that a world-wide religion is possible is insane.'—*Celsus.*

'The missionary seems to me the best and purest hero this century has produced.'—*Joseph Thomson, the African Traveller.*

'The fiery tongues of Pentecost,
His symbols were that they should preach
In every form of human speech,
From continent to continent.'—*Longfellow.*

'Despairing of no man.'—*Luke* vi. 35 (*R. V. margin*).

BEFORE all things and in all things Stewart was a missionary. 'James Stewart, Missionary,' was the fitting inscription on his coffin, and also on the title-pages of many of his books. 'He completed my idea of a missionary,' writes one of his neighbours. The leading features of his missionary life are easily recognised.

He was a missionary *with his whole heart and soul.* With the consent of all within him he believed

in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in its adaptations to the needs of all men.

A happy certainty lay at the base of his faith, and gave him a message without a perhaps. He had also a full persuasion that God had called him to the work of Christ among the heathen. This missionary idea got into his heart in his teens, and circulated with his blood all through his life. It was his sacred mission-hunger that made him at once an Educationalist, an Agriculturalist, a Physician, a Captain of Industries, and a Statesman. We find many men in him, and each of them had an exuberant vitality which was intensified by his missionary zeal. He did not lay only one line of rails along which he ran every train.

A fervent apostolic Christianity was with him the one condition of missionary success. His deepest thoughts are revealed in such words as these: 'The religious life of the early Christians seems to have possessed some vitality or concentrated spiritual power that helped to spread Christianity, possibly because they believed intensely what they knew. Whatever it was, those Christians were successful as unofficial missionaries. . . . Its force and expansive power depended at first, *as it depends still on its internal condition*—that is, on its spiritual life. . . . Rightly enough we say to the Missionary—spiritual work requires a spiritual man. The Church itself may need reminding that spiritual enterprises require spiritual conditions *of the very highest force*, and while the latter are wanting, the success desired may also be wanting.'

An essential article in his creed was the *salvability of the pagan*, and the correspondence of the Gospel with the deepest needs of all men. At the worst,

the native was a debased immortal, recoverable, and worth saving,[1] as Christ had conferred a wonderful dignity upon him. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly every avowal of Stewart's faith in his numerous writings has this missionary application. For the missionary idea was not an inference from his faith, but a piece of its essence. It resided in the very marrow of his divinity: it was the whole Christian life at its best and in action among the neediest. He held with Henry Martin that 'the spirit of Christ is the spirit of missions,' and that it is the mission of the whole Church to give the Gospel to the whole world. The report of his speech at the General Assembly of 1878 runs: 'He hoped to return to Africa shortly. He went because he believed in the soundness of prosecuting missions in Africa. He went heartily, because, despite of all doubts on the part of outsiders, and despite all the discredit attempted to be thrown on the cause as not having produced results, he still believed that there were great results. He believed with all his heart in the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to raise men everywhere, and certainly to raise Africans to light and liberty, to purity and truth. In presence of the heathen he felt like a great sculptor when he said to a block of marble, "What a godlike beauty thou hidest!" He thought that the hope of the world lay in the ultimate triumph of Christ's Gospel.

[1] Dr. Moffat tells that he was once asked to conduct worship in a Boer family. He suggested that the Kafir servants should be brought in. 'Oh,' said the farmer, 'let us bring in also the baboons and the dogs.' Moffat read the words of the Syro-Phenician woman in Matthew xv. 27, 'Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table.' 'Wait,' said the farmer, 'and I'll bring in all my Kafirs.' At the close the farmer said, 'You took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard heart.'

He believed, of course, in many other forces and factors in human progress, but in that most of all, because it alone transformed the whole man. If our modern civilisation was teaching us any lesson at all, it was teaching, as plainly as experience could, that the progress of science, the advancement of the material arts, and the spread of education, were all of themselves insufficient to satisfy man's heart—restless and insatiable as the sea itself. The plainest and saddest fact of the present day, as the result of our justly boasted nineteenth-century civilisation, was this, that individual happiness was not keeping pace with modern progress. It never would, and never could, till Christ with His great peace came to take possession of the individual heart.'

We find in him that *keen and unfailing sympathy with the natives* which enables the missionary to find out the passes and avenues to the soul. One writer says that Lord Milner, after a few days spent at Lovedale, told him that Dr. Stewart was 'the biggest human in South Africa.' Probably the saying was meant to describe both Stewart's head and heart. In *Dawn in the Dark Continent* he thus reveals his attitude to the native: 'The plight, mentally and spiritually, of those living under paganism should appeal to our human as well as our Christian sympathy. Pity is not a primary missionary motive of the highest class, but it can well be joined to the highest motive, loyalty and love to Jesus Christ. Let me speak of the pagan rather than of paganism, so that we may pity rather than despise, condemn, or neglect him in his misery. The pagan is a man like ourselves. He has a conscience, and recognises, though on a lower plane and a narrower area and with much more confusion of

thought, many distinctions between right and wrong which are acknowledged by us. He has a strong impression of an unseen and supernatural world close by. He has also impressions of the mystery of life, and the belief that there is something amiss both with the world and with himself, though he may not shape his thought into the words we use. He has also the belief in, and fear of, some power that is neither the power of man nor of nature, but something greater than either or both.

'We mistake altogether if we suppose that our fellow-men, whom we roughly classify by the hundred million as pagans or heathens, have no such impressions. As life advances such thoughts come. When young, these thoughts did not trouble him; but later, he who was born in paganism, and has lived all his days in it, having nowhere else to go, becomes a melancholy man, and an object deserving our profoundest pity. He is in darkness; wants light and cannot get it; and tries to kindle a light of his own, even if it be the baleful light of paganism. He feels that wrong has been done, that propitiation must be made; and the transition to sacrifices of the most revolting kind is inevitable, easily explicable, and so far logical.'

Like Paul at Athens, Stewart admitted their good, and offered them better, the best of all. 'There is a way,' he writes, 'of approaching false religions without raising needless antagonism. Paul knew this when he spoke to the men at Athens.'

'For the coloured men and women of Africa,' writes one of his colleagues, 'he had a warmth of regard that no disappointments, big or little, sharp or lasting, could lessen.' Another writes: 'It may be safely said that in native eyes Lovedale stands

alone, and that Dr. Stewart in his old age is regarded with an affectionate awe which no other personality in South Africa commands. Their hearts went out to him in simple faith and trust as they have never gone to another man. He was their "father" in all the profound and gracious meanings of the word.'

He was an *evangelistic missionary*. Though naturally conservative, he was unconventional, and he warmly welcomed all the new methods of evangelism. He was careful not to be occupied too much with the instrument—truth—and too little with the end—conversion. Special evangelistic missions had a prominent place in his programme.

Lovedale has witnessed several revivals among the pupils, and no one rejoiced in them more than the Principal. Many of his best native helpers were the *Fils du Reveil*. After conducting two or three services on the Lord's Day, he would gladly spend a half-hour with some poor Kafir boy or girl, pointing out to them the way of life and praying with them. I well remember the eagerness with which near his end he inquired about the Welsh revival, and expressed his regret that he could not attend an address upon it.

In an address in London on Lovedale he said: 'No year passes without some giving signs of having been the subjects of the great change, but the year 1874 was the most remarkable in the whole history of Lovedale; and though some went back, many or most remained firm to their profession. About that time a hundred professed anxiety, though it would be unwise to say there were as many conversions.' Concerning this work he wrote to Mrs. Stewart: 'I cannot tell you how delighted I am

with the news from Lovedale about the revival there. That is the crown of all success. There is no reason why this movement should not go on, and *the simplest means is always the best.* Why should a revival stop so long as there are unconverted souls about Lovedale? We must seek for more blessing still. Our old ideas on the subject are that, after a very short time, the meetings and other means should be discontinued. At home this time they have followed a different plan, and I think with good success.'

When the call was made for native agents for Central Africa, fourteen volunteered; and on this becoming known, a somewhat shrewd missionary living at a distance remarked: 'I now believe in the Lovedale revival. I did not before.'

He disliked everything sensational in revivals, and that craving for confident spiritual statistics which seems to anticipate the decisions of the great day. He agreed with Moody, who, when asked how many converts he had made, replied: 'The *Lord* will count up the people. The Lamb's book of life is not in my keeping.'

An evangelistic atmosphere pervaded Lovedale, and all in it felt that the chief end of the Institution was to bring the pupils to a known and whole-hearted decision for Christ. 'Hence,' one of his colleagues writes, 'his feeling of responsibility for ensuring that no student should drift through Lovedale without having the claims of Christ definitely and personally brought before him. The earnest words he spoke to individual students on these subjects were sometimes few, but they left a deep impression.'

He was well aware that the native's religious

feelings were apt to be a reflection of the teacher's personality in the mirror of the native mind, and that, as in the early Church, sincere converts might easily carry remnants of their heathen ideas and habits into their Christian life. He never forgot that the African convert is often strong on the emotional, and weak on the ethical side.

Their rightful place was always given to the everyday duties of life, and the pupils were warned against outbursts of barren emotion with their consequent relapses into indifference or disgust. They all knew that the supreme place was given to moral and spiritual character as the only guarantee to any real progress, and that the chief aim of the Institution was to be a nursery for the evangelisation of Interior Africa. It was his theory that all missions are really one, and that all home and foreign missions are *home* to the Christian mind, while both are foreign to the secular; and that interest in the heathen quickens the sense of need nearer home. He wrote: 'If I were not at work abroad, I should work among the neglected poor in the lanes of Glasgow. I often said so when I was at home two years ago.' He identified himself closely with the Wynd Mission in Glasgow, regarding it as an example of what he wished to do with Lovedale, and many of the agents, especially for Livingstonia, were drawn from the Wynd churches.

Mr. D. A. Hunter, who has been for many years an honorary missionary at Lovedale, writes:—

'*March* 1908.

'Those who were accustomed to meet Dr. Stewart only during business hours may have been tempted to conclude that the business management of Love-

dale bulked so largely with him as to relegate its more directly spiritual aims to a secondary place in his thoughts and endeavour. The daily correspondence of Lovedale is alone almost one man's work, and Dr. Stewart was never one to devolve on others that or any other portion of his work.

'With superficial evangelism, which appealed to transient emotions and ended in profession without a corresponding practice, he had little patience. Experience had shown him how hurtful it might be to true religion. But he believed most firmly in sound conversion; he was eager that spiritual impressions should be followed up; and he rejoiced when souls were being born again, and were beginning to show signs of the growth of the divine life within.

'Very early in the history of Lovedale, the senior pupils were taught to go out to the surrounding villages and kraals and pass on to others the truths they were themselves receiving.[1] Reports of such work appear at least as early as 1873.

'It has been a custom to have twice in the year a week of evangelistic services at which an effort was made to bring to decision those who had been under systematic instruction in the truths of our faith. Dr. Stewart was eager that any impressions made at such services should be followed up by wise personal dealing.

'One of the hardest workers of his time, to whom it had been given to accomplish much towards the uplift of Africa and the establishment of God's kingdom on this continent, his entire confidence

[1] Dr. Stewart used to meet with them on the Saturday evenings and study with them the subject for their addresses.

seemed to rest on the work of Another. His attitude of faith and heart was:

> '"Nothing in my hands I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling."'

In a letter to Mr. Hunter in 1902, Stewart writes regarding a special mission in the Institution:—

'Mrs. Stewart mentions that about one hundred and twenty of the lads, and as many girls, have been influenced by the movement. It is the best news that has come from Lovedale for twenty years, and I sincerely hope that a steady effort will be made to follow up what has been done, and that the spiritual atmosphere of the place will be greatly improved thereby.

'When I turn over the pages of *Lovedale, Past and Present*, my hands sometimes tremble, but only with this thought—whether with all these human souls that have passed through our hands, we have done all we should have done for their spiritual welfare, and whether many, by more individual dealing and more direct effort, might not have gone out from the place with an intenser spiritual life, to be a blessing to their countrymen whether as evangelists and missionaries or in some other capacity.

'Like the man recorded in the Book of Kings who was busy with this and that, and let his prisoner escape, we may have been busy with many things and let souls escape with less good than God meant they should have got, by sending them in His providence to us.

'I think you could find a splendid field of work at Lovedale. It may not be exactly what you thought of, but I have noticed that when we take tasks or duties of an ordinary kind which God in

His providence seems to offer us, He very soon after begins to widen these into spheres of work of which we little dreamt.'

His zeal seems *never to have been chilled* by the secularities and distractions inseparable from the management of so great an institution. There were always alongside of him the grossest and earthliest types of humanity, but he could see the beautiful statue in the unhewn block, and recognise God's image as readily in ebony as in ivory. It was natural for him to honour all men, and he bestowed upon the natives the highest possible honour by devoting his life to them. Everything about Lovedale was fitted to rescue the pupils from their self-despisings, and from the despisings of others, and to inspire them with great hopes. In his later years he had many things fitted to chill his zeal, but, like the great Apostle, his spirit was not soured by unhappy experiences. Men can do well only what they can do with joy, and this rule finds its supreme illustration in missions.

He could not endure the idea that missionaries were to be pitied for the sacrifices they made. A member of his staff says: 'One incident will live in my memory for all time. It occurred in the course of a brief address he gave once at the weekly staff prayer-meeting in the large hall at Lovedale. Something that he had heard or read moved him to speak of the so-called sacrifices which men made when entering the mission-field. He flamed up at the idea, and spoke with a burning torrent of words which showed us—just for a moment—the liquid fires of devotion which he hid behind his reserve. As I write I can see, as though it were yesterday, that tall form swaying with noble passion. Sacri-

fice! What man or woman could speak of sacrifice in the face of Calvary? What happiness or ambition or refinement had any one "given up" in the service of humanity to compare with the great sacrifice of Him who "emptied Himself and . . . took upon Himself the form of a servant?" It made some of us feel rather ashamed of our heroics, for we knew that if ever a man since Livingstone had a right to speak like that, it was Dr. Stewart.'

In the same spirit James Chalmers of New Guinea said: 'I do hope that we shall for ever wipe the word sacrifice as concerning what we do, from the missionary speech of New Guinea. Wherever there are men the missionaries are bound to go.'

On a great occasion at Washington, Stewart said: 'The present problem of missions is how to rouse the Christian Church, ministers, members, and adherents to a sense of the magnitude of the work on hand, and of the individual responsibility of each and all within the Church in connection therewith. The means by which this better condition of the Church for its work abroad may be reached, seem to be in the direction of a deepened individual spiritual interest in the state of the heathen world. That means for ourselves individually more spiritual life, with further organisation and more ample support morally, if not materially at first, to the toiling Secretaries and Boards who do the administrative work; and a greater unity of action among the churches of any one denomination, so as to save money, prevent dissipation of effort and strength, and secure the power and momentum of combined effort.'

It would be a mistake to suppose that he loved to roam. In a letter from Scotland to Mrs. Stewart

he says: 'Perhaps I am yielding to my weakness of settling down, as you know I am apt to do when I get a chance. If so, this should give you a further revelation as to my real disposition, and that it is not with my will entirely that I have moved about so much or may move about more. I require to be shot out like a shell from a mortar.'

In a letter from Livingstonia to Mrs. Stewart, who had not heard from him for several weeks, he says: 'It is part of all true missionary work that it shall stir and dig and turn the spirit's soil, and out of all this comes more power for endurance, and wider ideas of work and effort. Still, for all that, I am truly sorry lest your health may have suffered.'

Here is an extract of a Minute of the Kafrarian Synod, of which Dr. Stewart was a member:—

'*July* 1906.

'Great in heart and mind, it was not possible for him to confine his energy to one Church or one Institution. Accordingly he became associated with mission-work generally, and did much to bring about friendly relations between the representatives of different denominations, and to exhibit mission-work in the eyes of the natives as one work. He came to be regarded by statesmen and missionaries, as well as by the native people, as the chief representative of the Mission Cause in South Africa.

'Gifted with rare foresight, caution, and daring, he gave stability and solidity to all he undertook, and assisted largely in moulding the policy of the Church on wise and sound lines.'

CHAPTER XVIII

PREACHER AND PASTOR

At Alice—The Preacher's Matter—Style—Spirit—The Fruits —The Rev. J. Knox Bokwe—The Soul-Friend.

'*Theologus nascitur in Scripturis*' (The theologian is born in the Scriptures).—*Francke's Motto.*

'A true sermon has the heaven for its father, and the earth for its mother.'—*Tholuck.*

PREACHING bulked so largely in Stewart's life, that it deserves a chapter for itself, in addition to what has been said about his probationership in Chapter IV.

Some men have regarded their ordination for the foreign field as a reason why they should devote their energies only or chiefly to the heathen. To Stewart all Christian work was mission-work, and all mission-work was one. He was always ready to preach when able to do so. His genuine love of preaching was very remarkable in a man who was so overburdened with other duties. Several contributors to the memorial number of the *Christian Express* describe his services in the pulpit.

'For nearly twenty years he was minister of the Alice Presbyterian church, when that congregation was not able to call a minister of their own. This work he did without remuneration of any kind, and he preached regularly without a single break.'

'The preparation of two sermons for each Sabbath day must have cost the already over-burdened missionary no small labour, yet no one ever heard him complain of the task he had undertaken. He preached in Alice in the forenoon and in Lovedale in the evening.

'For years he preached three sermons a week. In the seventies and eighties his pulpit ministrations were very impressive, and large congregations gathered whenever it was known that he was to preach.

'If you saw the men from the outlying farms muster in force, you might be sure the doctor was going to preach, for he was pre-eminently the kind of virile preacher that men as men gladly listen to.'

We may get a little nearer the preacher by noting some of the leading features of his preaching. His *matter* was thoroughly Biblical. An Evangelical of the Evangelicals, he kept close to the central doctrines and the great roots of the Christian faith, and he never grew tired of the simplicity that is in Christ. So far as we can learn, he was not one of those who win faith out of doubt. Even in his student days he seems not to have cultivated bridge-building between faith and unbelief. As he felt called to spend his life in the white harvest-field, not in the arena of controversy, his intensely practical turn of mind disposed him to husband all his energies for his chosen work. His study of the Bible and his spiritual experience gave him a full assurance of the truth of our religion, and he deemed him an effective defender of the faith who was an extender of it among the heathen. In this he agreed with Livingstone, who said shortly before

his death, 'The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master, the very genius of His religion. A diffusive philanthropy is Christianity itself. It requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness.' Both Livingstone and Stewart would have agreed with a learned Hindoo, who said to one of our missionaries, 'If I were a missionary I would not argue. I would give them the New Testament and say "Read that."'

Many great Christians have ignored religious controversies as Stewart did. The first Earl Cairns, once fully assured of the truth of Christianity, never afterwards handled it critically. Faraday says, 'There is no philosophy in my religion. I hope none of my hearers will in these matters listen to the thing called philosophy. That which is religious and that which is philosophical have ever been two distinct things.' His biographer adds, 'When he opened the door of his oratory, he closed the door of his laboratory.' And John Morley says of Gladstone, 'The fundamentals of Christian dogma are the only region in which Mr. Gladstone's opinions have no history' (i. 207). He had applied the closure to the discussion of the fundamentals. These great thinkers, if cross-questioned, would, no doubt, have fully acknowledged the claims of true philosophy and the value of reasoned defences of the faith, while they also believed that their individuality and God-given work had beckoned them into other spheres of Christian activity. Their example reminds us that the Christian faith reposes upon an adequate foundation of its own, and that it does not need to borrow support from science or philosophy.

Happy they who in an age like this can preserve

unclouded serenity of mind, and invest at once in fruitful work all their capital of faith.

Stewart skirted without crossing the Karoo and great Thirst-Land of unbelief. We may be sure that this was not due to sloth of mind, and that his orthodoxy was not truth at second-hand. Few intellects were more alert than his. But he converted doctrine into action, and action is usually the death-warrant of doubt about the fundamentals. From the first he wished his conviction to be attached to the great driving-wheels of modern life.

His belief was that 'life and religion are one thing, or neither is anything.' He had thus scanty respect for those who are chiefly interested in the intellectual side of Christianity. One evening a friend was speaking of this class. 'Have you ever seen a pig eating plums?' Stewart asked (an African experience, we suppose). 'You know, it takes the plum into its mouth, and squeezes it. The juice squirts out on each side, and the pig crunches the stone.'

The Style.—It was simple, direct, and very plain, and in entire harmony with the man behind the sermons. He was unconventional—never wearing clerical dress, except in the pulpit and on special occasions. 'His reading of Scripture was very striking, and many are of opinion that he was most powerful and original in the brief remarks he often made on the passage read.' His voice had a fine musical timbre, unlike that of any other man, and in his best moods he was a master of accent in speech. It was always the accent of deep conviction. The texts were short and very practical, and he was free from mannerisms and a pulpit tone. He was not eloquent in the ordinary sense. He had passion in his thoughts, but not the passion that creates a gush

and flow of exciting words, and thus he seldom 'let himself go.' Sometimes his speech was disjointed. Now and again his sentences were like pistol-shots, after which he paused as if to see whether they had reached the mark. His temperament and style were those of a teacher rather than of a preacher.

'My first meeting with Dr. Stewart,' writes one of his colleagues, 'was at Port Elizabeth in 1878. He had just arrived from Central Africa, and was on his way to Lovedale. Though suffering from the effects of fever, he was able to preach in the Presbyterian church next day. His presence in the pulpit was always very striking, and to us on this occasion it was so in a remarkable degree. With an impressive manner, and in his deep and rich voice, he read the first chapter of Genesis, with an effect on some of us that was almost overwhelming. Two, at any rate, of that audience will never forget it. He took as his text the words from the same chapter, "And God created man in His own image." The sermon was equally impressive, clear, deliberate, and telling.'

His Spirit.—That is revealed in a letter written in his student days when he began to address meetings. 'I have learnt this at least, that to preach as we ought will require a much greater cultivation of acquaintance with Jesus Christ as a living Person, than I, at least, have been in the habit of doing.'

From the first the instinct for souls was strong in him. No matter how busy he was, he had always a pastoral heart at leisure for the humblest. As God and his own conscience were theatre and spectators enough, he knew how to value obscure and unnoticed services. He delighted in that art of arts, the management of solitary individuals seeking spiritual guidance. The weal of a single soul seemed to

interest him as deeply as the boldest of his enterprises. In this he imitated his Master, nineteen of whose reported addresses were delivered to an audience of one. We add a few testimonies from the *Christian Express*:—

'His ministry to the sick and poor during those years is still spoken of. No matter what work he had on hand, the moment he heard of distress, or sickness, or death, he was there to comfort and to help. It was at such times that one seemed to get nearest to Dr. Stewart's heart. Suffering of all kinds found in him a willing and waiting helper.'

'During the last twenty years his ministrations to all who were in need—the sick, the troubled, the forlorn—never failed in regularity or in helpfulness.'

'Even after he was relieved of the duties of pastor, he continued to visit the sick and the bereaved. Those visits were always welcome, and on such occasions the tenderness and sympathy of the man percolated through.'

The kirk-session of the Presbyterian church at Alice adopted the following resolution after his death. 'For almost twenty years, as sole or chief pastor, he gave to it all that a faithful minister could give of thought, teaching, and sympathy, and for twenty subsequent years, under the pressure of many and various labours and anxieties, his care of its people never ceased, so that down to his last day of strength he never failed to visit or succour the sick, the dying, or the bereaved. His memory, his wisdom, his loving ministry, are esteemed in many hearts, and can never be forgotten.'

The Fruits.—These must have been numerous, for often his arrow found its mark. The power of his

sermons was largely in his unique personality. One who heard him often, wrote: 'It is to be hoped that some of his sermons will take to themselves a permanent form. Nay, they have already a permanent and abiding form in the hearts of many hearers. His were the words that remained; time seemed to be powerless to deal with them. We have met men who thus speak of Dr. Stewart: "I first saw him in ——. He preached then from the text ——. I shall never forget, so long as life lasts, his sermons." These are not single instances. Neither was the effect of his preaching confined to any particular class of men. He reached all classes, all conditions, for he preached the pure Gospel of our Lord. And thus to the unlettered native his message was as acceptable and as helpful as it was to the most learned of men.'

The Rev. John Knox Bokwe, who was his private secretary for twenty years, writes: 'One day in the Alice Presbyterian church, Dr. Stewart preached on the text, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." I was the only native African in the congregation. The words were so simple as to be understood by an uncouth Kafir lad of twelve, and they pierced through my heart. I was overcome, and felt that there and then I must seek the way of salvation. The matter did not end with the service. Conversations with Dr. Stewart led me to an understanding of the way of life, and I was admitted to the membership of the church. No Christian worker at Lovedale took more pains in winning souls to Jesus Christ, or less credit for his help in such cases. I can testify that many an African youth at Lovedale was awakened by the power of Dr. Stewart's preaching, encouraged by his

prayers and advices in private, and guided by him into the way of salvation.'

His legal adviser, in view of these facts, says: 'No wonder that he fitted my highest conception of what a man and a Christian should be.'

A real soul-friend, he knew how to carry the oil of gladness into the house of mourning. Very touching testimony is borne to his deep sympathy with, and affectionate devotion to, the dying. He was gentle among them, 'even as a nurse cherisheth her children,' and he convoyed them far in their journey through the final valley.

LOVEDALE PUPIL-TEACHERS AT DRILL

CHAPTER XIX

THE EDUCATIONALIST

Pioneer — A Great Programme — Catholicity — Respect for Woman — Handmaids to Education — A Teacher of Teachers—The Chief End—The Rev. James Scott—H. C. Sloley, Esq.—Sir Godfrey Lagden—E. B. Sargent, Esq.

'The most potent force in the religious life of the South African native has, perhaps, been the Scotch Presbyterian Mission, which has always been educational in its character.'—*Colquhoun's 'The Africander Land.'*

'Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, and a life.'—*Matthew Arnold.*

'The main point in education is to get a relish of knowledge.'—*Osler's 'Æquanimitas.'*

'He who is master of education is able to change the face of the world.' —*Leibnitz.*

'Education without religion is the world's expedient for converting farthings into guineas by scouring.'—*The Rev. J. Murker.*

STEWART was an enthusiastic pioneer of native education. To have a hand in fashioning young lives, was exceedingly attractive to him. He would not despair of teaching young barbarians among whom education was unknown and despised, and who cared only for their animal wants. Living in a transition period between the old and the new, he adapted his methods to both, and of the new he might justly have said, 'Quorum pars magna fui.'

He had a sun-clear idea of his educational aims. He was intensely practical. For cram and goose-

quill learning he never had any respect. The problem with him was how the whole pupil could be trained for the whole of life, for God and man, for earth and heaven. In an address to the Lovedale Literary Society he thus defines the end of education. 'What is this long, costly process to produce as a result? This may be answered in one brief word—*Action*. . . . A man is educated when he is fitted for the position he is intended by the Providence of God to fill. . . . Any education which is not practical in its character is of no real value to you at your present stage of civilisation.'

His intense desire to serve Christ and his fellows rescued him from that 'malady of the ideal' which has made many cultured men martyrs of disgust, and spoiled them for the humble tasks of daily life. It seemed to him worth his while to take the greatest pains with the rudest pupils, and study all the details of school life. He had received no training as a teacher, but enthusiasm and experience soon made him an expert. He was a good teacher because he was a learner to the very end, and took pains to give his pupils water from a running stream, and not from a stagnant pool. He carefully examined all methods of teaching, and he visited and sampled more than twenty educational establishments in America among the Indians and freed negroes. The result was that he 'preferred the African material to work upon.'

John Knox Bokwe thus describes Stewart's aims: 'He had a favourite maxim which he oft repeated—"The receiving of education should not be of the nature of a *sponge* which sucked everything for itself, but gave nothing out, nor should it resemble a

VILLAGE SCHOOL AT LOVEDALE

bottomless bucket which kept nothing in." The sponge, he explained, represented selfishness, the opposite of which was self-denial and self-sacrifice. He was so fond of using these terms that his pupils nicknamed them "the doctor's jaw-breakers." To the native mind these ideas were new, and caused much discussion in the dormitories.'

The education at Lovedale was *very liberal*, for it ranged from the alphabet to theological classes. The aim was to equip the boys and girls for every sphere of civilised life. The programme embraced 'the rudiments of education for all, industrial training for the many, and a higher education for the talented few.' In 1905, I found at Lovedale twenty-five Europeans on the Staff, among whom were four Masters of Arts, who represented the Universities of Edinburgh, Cambridge, and Dublin. I said to the pupils that they had better opportunities of education than I had had, and both Dr. Stewart and Dr. Roberts made a similar statement regarding themselves. Many white pupils have been educated at Lovedale, and not a few of them now occupy very important posts in South Africa. The natives and the whites have the same education within their reach. One could scarcely imagine a more impressive proof of respect for the natives and faith in their elevation. It is fitted to deliver them from their self-despisings, and from the despisings of the whites. I saw Stewart's grandson in a class alongside of Kafir boys.

The musical demonstrations of the pupils are a surprise to the visitor. Some of the better-off pupils go to Alice for lessons in music at their own cost, and some can play well on the piano. Dudley Kidd heard one of the pupils playing his own musical

compositions on the piano. 'They were,' he adds, 'quite up to the level of our drawing-room songs. My race-prejudice certainly received a well-merited rebuff by the experience.' He admits that his severe criticisms of the Mission Schools do not apply to Lovedale. Had he been as prone to commend as to criticise, he might have said that all the methods he advocates have been employed at Lovedale during the last forty years. 'The African,' Stewart writes, 'is fond beyond measure of music, and seems to have an instinctive knowledge of harmony, and an extraordinary power of keeping time.' The Ethiopians are apt to be smit with the love of sacred song. Among them music is a potent means of civilisation, and even of grace. 'Music has great influence on those who have musical ears, and often leads to conversion' (*Livingstone's Last Journals*, ii. 201).

In his estimate of the educational power of music, Stewart agreed with Plato, who said, 'The movement of sound, so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue (we know not how), we call music, under which the soul becomes gentle and pliable as metal in the fire.' 'Next to theology, I place sacred music,' wrote Luther; and in his day the people sang themselves into the Lutheran doctrine.

Among missions, Lovedale was distinguished by its *Catholicity*. The pupils were of all colours, white and black, brown and yellow, with numberless intermediate hues. 'The education at Lovedale is open to Europeans,' Stewart writes. 'There is an average of twenty-five or thirty who come from a distance and board in the place. The education given is the attraction, as no difference is made in the classes. All colours mingle freely there, as force

of brain rather than colour of skin determines the position. The natives carry off their own share of the prizes. The Europeans sit in the same dining-hall, but at different tables, and they sleep in different dormitories. The objects gained by thus mixing the two races are these:—The natives have the advantage of contact with Europeans for the language and general competition. And many of the Europeans, I might say nearly all, gain a lasting sympathy with the natives and acquire an interest in missions. This is important, as prejudices between missionaries and colonists are unhappily too strong in some cases. . . . I only know of one lad, among more than a thousand, who ever complained of having "Presbyterianism thrust down his throat." To succeed in doing even that would have been a feat, as it was extremely difficult to thrust or insinuate anything of a satisfactory kind into his head.'

The visitor at Lovedale had many proofs of this catholicity. In one of the senior classes the Principal would say, 'Will the boys from Rhodesia stand up?' Two or three would rise. He would then call up the boys from Bechuanaland, Fingoland, Pondoland, Transvaal, Basutoland, Cape Colony, etc. When I was there, the question was asked, 'Are there any boys here who have not yet stood up?' Two responded. 'Where do you come from?' 'From Madagascar,' was the reply. Lovedale has had pupils from Lake Nyasa. King Lewanika sent two of his sons to Lovedale (with their attendants) last year, and wished to send also several of his young men, but there was no room for them. Cobden was called 'the international man'; Stewart was the international missionary.

Respect for women was one of the greatest lessons

in the Institution. Miss (now Dr.) Jane Waterston accompanied Stewart in 1867, as the first lady Principal of the Girls' Department. 'One special point of value about her work was that she succeeded in inspiring the girls with a spirit of unselfishness and activity, and of attachment to the place and the work.' She began with ten girls. Last year there were two hundred and four girls at Lovedale, and they paid in fees £1235.

Stewart thus describes his aims: 'We have not taken these young women from their smoky hovels to spoil them with over-indulgence, or nurse them into fastidious dislike of their future fates. In the matter of food they abide generally by the simplicity of their native fare. . . . And as regards their training, we may fairly believe that great good will come out of the establishment of this training-school for young women. Cleanliness, industry, and application are some of the lower ends of the Institution, and the more common virtues which the inmates practise while they remain there, the training of their hearts and the conversion of their souls to God, are the higher and real aims of the place.'

Miss Waterston adds: 'The aim with which I started was not to turn out school-girls but *women*, and with that aim in view I tried to give the Institution not so much the air of a school as of a pleasant home. I reasoned after this manner, that *homes* are what are wanted in Africa, and that the young women will never be able to make homes unless they understand and see what a home is. Another principle that I set out with was, that nothing was to be done for the girls that they could do for themselves, and that there was to be as little hired help as possible.'

GROUPS OF NATIVE GIRLS AT LOVEDALE

The girls learn more quickly than the boys, they work harder, do better work, and take more kindly to civilised ways. The visitor can scarcely believe that they are of the same race as their sisters at the Kraals.

The boys had ever before their eyes a splendid object-lesson on the difference Christ has made in the position of woman, and in man's attitude to her. They daily saw girls who were as carefully educated as themselves, and by cultured European ladies who loved them and wished, in the spirit of Christ, to reinstate the native woman on her equal throne with the man. The climate round the boys was fitted to melt away their savage contempt for woman, as Arctic icebergs floating south are dissolved in spring.

Many were the handmaids to education created and employed at the Institution. The first Kafir newspaper was printed there in 1871. The *Christian Express*, originally the *Kafir Express*, was printed in English at Lovedale, and entirely by the pupils under European supervision. It powerfully pled the cause of natives and of missions. There was also another newspaper called *The Lovedale News*. The Lovedale Literary Society was very popular, and a welcome relaxation from school tasks. One of its aims was to create a healthy native public opinion on all important questions. The addresses of Dr. Stewart as President were great events among the pupils. They were carefully prepared and usually published in the *Christian Express*. The senior students had a Botanical class, and occasional Botanical excursions. They were taught Chemistry, and a lecture on Electricity led to the establishment of a Telegraph Office at Lovedale, which was entirely

manipulated by natives. They had also a good Library, Reading-room, and Book-store, a Missionary Society, a Christian Association, a Temperance Society, and a Society of Christian Endeavour.

The garden and grounds had also an educative value for those who had come from the squalid surroundings of the native beehive hut. It was Stewart's hope that these would help to train what he defined 'the taste, or the imagination, or the sense of what is called Beauty.' The whole of Lovedale was meant to be an object-lesson to the native, and a real contribution to his liberal education.

Speusippus, an old-world teacher, had the walls of his school covered with pictures suggesting gladness. Lovedale, within and without, was amply supplied with such pictures, most of them living. The educative value of play was also fully recognised.

The Principal was a *Teacher of Teachers*, and a *Leader of Leaders*. His enthusiasm gave liveliness and persuasiveness to his ideas and instructions. Some thought that his pupils were over-educated, petted, and spoiled. But they were taught to do solid work, and many of them were trained to be pioneers of civilisation, pastors, missionaries, evangelists, teachers, and Government servants. All these were needed for the work among the natives, and the demand has always been greater than the supply. If native Christians are to be leaders of the people, they must have the best education they are capable of. The Normal School has sent forth native teachers to all parts of the land. The proportion of teachers trained at Lovedale may be from one-half to two-thirds of the whole in South Africa.

It is admitted that education usually makes the

native very conceited.[1] The first shallow draughts of that spring intoxicate his brain, but drinking more deeply will by and by sober him as it sobers ourselves. No education can at once add all those subtle influences which are a priceless bequest from our centuries of civilised life.

What was said of Jowett might have been said of Stewart, 'Once a man's tutor, always his tutor.' He captured several of his pupils and held them as willing captives. He was their standard of excellence, and in many respects they retained his impress as the wax retains the impress of the seal. I have received well-written letters from several of them, and in some cases I thought at the first glance that they were old letters of Stewart's.

The Discipline appears to visitors to be excellent. It is not that enforced discipline which rouses the instinct of youthful contrariness and rebellion, and secures only an outward and forced obedience. The 'tawse' and the sjambok are not permitted. The pupils have a court of their own at which offenders are tried by their peers under European guidance, and according to the rules of justice. Every year many applicants have to be turned away, and the fear of expulsion is a powerful motive. The appeal is made to their self-respect and gratitude. Dis-

[1] 'Do you not know me?' an educated native said to Coillard. 'I am the Zulu who converted Bishop Colenso.' The Kafirs describe a conceited scholar as 'big in the mouth,' and the whites speak of this conceit as 'educational measles.' When Stewart was asked whether such training did not tend to beget conceit, he replied, 'We live in a dangerous world. We can give the education, but not the guarantee.' This rude uprising of unbalanced manhood should not surprise us. The native cannot be hustled through centuries of growth. Stewart most faithfully warned his students against the dangers which beset them. He was always afraid that some of them might improve the mind at the expense of the heart.

cipline thus becomes largely a matter of self-government, and their behaviour compares very favourably with that of our students at university functions. The pupils seem very happy and contented, as well they may, and the place has an air of seeming unconstraint.

Education at Lovedale approached closely to Matthew Arnold's ideal; it was 'an atmosphere, a discipline, and a life.' The education there was largely atmospheric, and it entered into every part of the pupil's life. They lived every day in the climate of a genial Christian humanity. Around them was the kindling influence of their hero, the Founder, and his like-minded colleagues. The best truth and culture had become flesh and blood in their teachers. The atmosphere taught more than mere words could; and they received the highest truths by genial infection and absorption. The soul of the teacher was in daily contact with the soul of the pupil.

Stewart thus describes this peculiarity of Lovedale: 'Africans at first, and indeed at all stages, learn, as we all do, by what they see as well as by what they hear. Abstract truth, however comprehensive, does not tell on them. At first it is little better to them than the higher mathematics to a child. But the life and activity of the missionary agents tell wonderfully without much formal speech. And the mission station should be to them an object-lesson in order, progress, cleanliness, and industry as well as religious teaching; and be also a place where they may be always sure of kind treatment.'

The Principal had great patience with the erring, and often exercised his prerogative of mercy in

THE LOVEDALE STAFF AND THEIR WIVES

admitting some applicants who could not comply with the rules, and preventing the dismissal of others who had broken them. He hated putting away. He thus secured two pupils—William Koyi and Shadrach Mgunana—who ultimately volunteered for Livingstonia, and rendered very great services there. Stewart's generous kindness to the scholars, especially when sick, was one reason why so many flocked to Lovedale, and why the discipline was so good. To be reported to him for misconduct was considered a very great disgrace. 'I am a father,' he sometimes said, 'and I wish to treat these children entrusted to me as I should like my own children to be treated if they were under the care of strangers.' No wonder that he had the faculty of governing the young, and succeeded so thoroughly in gaining the confidence and affection of all his pupils.

Lovedale has been widely accepted as *a model.* It is Stewart's judgment of the best method of civilising and Christianising the native, and it is one of the greatest educational missions in the world. Mackay of Uganda warmly commended it for adoption at Uganda. 'Lovedale and Blythswood in South Africa,' he says, 'I would mention as types already successful in no ordinary degree.' He pled for the planting of a similar institution at Uganda, 'which should train the most capable youths from Mengo to Khartoum.'

Lovedale has found favour among those most devoted to spiritual work. This was secured by Stewart's zeal and wisdom. He always made it perfectly plain that the chief end of the Institution was to win souls to Christ. He says: 'The opposition that once existed to educational methods did some mischief. It distracted attention, lessened the

sympathies of many, and led others to believe that non-missionary and half-secular methods were being adopted. On this one of the presidents of Robert College stated: "These attacks, though not without excuse, were undoubtedly a mistake, and put back missionary work in the East a quarter of a century." . . . Scottish missions rather led the way than followed, for Dr. Duff was the first in India to advocate this educational method as an addition to the evangelistic.'

Stewart thus formulates his missionary creed and confession: 'We declare plainly that this Institute exists to teach the natives of Africa the religion of Jesus Christ. We care for books and tools, workshops and class-rooms and field-work, only as means to open the mind and develop the character by discipline and industry, and as aids not merely to the more ready acceptance of the truths of the Bible, but to the practical exhibition of these truths in daily life. We try to fit young men and women to become useful and industrious citizens, and to become also missionaries of Christianity and civilisation to other natives of Africa whom they may reach. We believe in conversion, and regard that as the best and highest result of our work. We believe in loyalty to Jesus Christ as the highest and the most inspiring missionary belief. We often fall below it, but we always begin again. Not all our work is fruitful or encouraging; it is occasionally, if not frequently, disappointing. But we hold on, thankful to God for the opportunity, and we leave the final results in His hands. We are responsible for the performance of duty, not for results.' Of industrial training he says: 'It will only do good, so long as the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the life and soul

of all the teaching given, the inspiration of the entire effort, and is retained as the keystone of the arch to give stability, permanence, and utility to the whole.' Speaking elsewhere of the essential aim of Lovedale, he says: 'The conversion of the individual soul to God is the result of highest value, is our greatest anxiety, and is regarded as the aim most worthy of effort, and to which all other efforts are properly and justifiably subordinate. We cannot say that, as regards all who come to the place, this end is secured, but it is steadily kept in view as that without which all others are necessarily temporary, and comparatively limited and fruitless.' And again: 'The most clamant necessity is a revived spiritual life. The presence of the spirit of God among us, awakening for the first time from the deadness of the natural state, or giving us that renewed quickening without which the work of grace in all is ever apt to languish, this would give us a fresh start, and be as the rain and dew of heaven on the parched earth. Could we but see this influence to any considerable and undoubted extent, it would make us thank God and take courage.' Our statesmen are now telling us that our troubles in India are due to an education which 'sharpens the intellect without forming the character,' and that education without sobriety readily becomes the handmaid of sedition. Stewart always declared that education without religion—such is the education in the Government Colleges in India—would produce bitter fruits. The Christian natives of India and Africa have, almost to a man, been on the side of order and peace when their heathen neighbours were in revolt.

As an educationalist, Stewart lived thirty years before his time, and was a true prophet. The closing

clause in the programme he drew up in 1867 contained the germ of the idea of a Native University. Thirty years ago he foretold such a growth of native education as we now witness. At the General Missionary Conference in London in 1878, he thus concluded his speech :—

'The ultimate aim of Lovedale, or that to which it might grow, has not yet been stated. That aim is, that the place may become a Christian College, largely for missionary purposes at first, but afterwards to expand into something broader. The proposal has never been uttered before; it may as well be uttered now in this Missionary Conference. It is this, that Lovedale or some such place may gradually develop into a Native University—Christian in its spirit, aims, and teaching. I wish it were possible to secure that by some great united effort of the different missionary bodies labouring in that country.

'The relation of Christian education to the general evangelisation of the world is utterly misunderstood by a large portion of the Christian public at home, who are the staunch supporters of missions. I do not say it is misunderstood by all, but by a large number. We shall never educate a native ministry by merely selecting a few for education. We shall never leave behind us Christian churches—self-supporting, and able to aid in the further advance of Christianity—if the bulk of their members is allowed to remain ignorant, unintelligent, and poor. And without education this must be the result even after a generation of missionary labour, in any part of Africa at least. The relation of Christian education to the permanence of missionary work is a problem requiring much consideration.'

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Many of the white pupils of Lovedale now occupy very influential positions, and have had a large share in the government of the country, into which they have carried Lovedale ideas. One of them, the Rev. James Scott of Impolweni, Natal, thus recalls his student days:—'Though a master in different departments, it was in the class-room that to me Dr. Stewart seemed to shine. The enthusiasm which he could arouse was a revelation; I have never seen any approach to it elsewhere. His treatment of his students was perfect. To him, no matter how ignorant they were, they were gentlemen whose feelings and opinions were worthy of due consideration. Speaking on any debateable subject, he would state his own views clearly and then ask the students to express theirs. He was never above being put right, and if he did not feel able to answer a question, he would frankly say so, and at a later time would refer to the matter. Well do I remember when he opened the Chemistry class. The book we were to use was new to him, there having been a change in the Chemical notation. "Gentlemen," he said, "the book is new to me as well as to you. I dare say we will flounder through it together, and understand it before we are done with it." Certainly the "floundering through" opened up a new world to me, and put me in a position to look forward to, and expect, the wonderful advances which that subject is now making. . . . One of Dr. Stewart's peculiarities was his delight to see two or more men in earnest conversation or argument. "That is the way," he would say, "to spread light. Free interchange of opinions is the finest thing in the world, to bring out truth and make men tolerant."'

H. C. Sloley, Esq., a Member of the Native Affairs

Commission and Resident Commissioner in Basutoland, writes :—'For the past twenty-five years there have been a number of boys from this Territory at Lovedale, availing themselves of the educational advantages of that Institution. Some of these scholars are partly supported by bursaries and grants from the Basutoland Government, and some are entirely supported by their parents. There is an excellent native training college for teachers in Basutoland, but to "go to Lovedale" has for many years seemed to the Basuto the thing to be desired in the way of education.

'The consequence is that there are in Basutoland a considerable number of young men who have been under Dr. Stewart's hands, who have always regarded him with respect and affection, and by whom his memory will ever be cherished and venerated.'

Here is the testimony of Sir Godfrey Lagden, formerly Commissioner for Native Affairs in Basutoland, and Chairman of the Native Affairs Commission. He writes (April 2, 1908):—'Many years before I became personally acquainted with Dr. Stewart, I had learnt to honour and respect his name by reason of the fine tribute paid to him and to his labours by many admiring friends of his, both black and white, who were gratified to speak of him, and were always anxious to do so. Subsequently I came into closer association with him when we were arranging for some of our Basuto boys to go to the Institute, and at intervals I visited Lovedale. The impressions upon my mind are, that the broad and generous instincts of the late Dr. Stewart were responsible in large measure for the formation of public opinion upon the subject of native education,

which made extraordinary advance during his career at Lovedale. It was not only that many thousands of natives received at his hands a practical training, but that the public was made to feel that the training was sound, and that the results would be beneficial to the community at large.

'I had the opportunity of watching the careers of many boys who went to Lovedale in a raw condition, and who, after schooling there, turned out to be efficient workmen, intelligent clerks, and above all, good reliable fellows. And they always spoke with affectionate remembrance of Dr. Stewart.

'I consider that the life, and example, and work of Dr. Stewart in South Africa should be regarded as of a monumental character.'

E. B. Sargant, Esq., formerly Director of Education in the Transvaal, writes :—'The late Dr. Stewart was one of the most uncommon and interesting personalities I have ever met. The first and immediate impression was that of a man of real courtesy and distinction, with the tastes of a scholar and a gentleman. In the second place, I felt myself in the presence of an administrator with an autocratic, somewhat imperious, habit of work. And finally, the impression which pervaded and dominated all the earlier impressions was of one who knew himself to be merely a servant, and whose one business in life it was to discharge that service in the most complete and self-forgetful manner.

'His attitude towards others and their conceptions was no less interesting. He began by trying to ascertain their real motives. If satisfied on this head, he next seemed anxious about their degree of authority, their powers and status. Only in the third place did he seek to ascertain individual ideas. In

fact, one of the earliest impressions he gave me was of an extraordinary impersonality in regard to ideas. This I take to be due to two causes. In the first place, he probably thought that ideas were mostly furnished to us from without, and that in the fullest sense they were due to inspiration. In the second place, all, or nearly all, the ideas in regard to native education which possessed those of us who had become recently interested in the subject, were already familiar to him, and his concern was chiefly as to the degree of precedence which should be given to each.

'His was a solitary, even a hawk-like nature, swooping with almost inconceivable rapidity upon wilful conceit or disingenuousness or intrigue, but quick to recognise unavoidable ignorance, and such faults as were merely faults of education. With these he dealt gently, as the teachers of men ever choose to deal. To want of faith, and to the attribution of unworthy motives to others, he showed himself an implacable judge.

'The first impression he made upon those who approached him was, therefore, probably not an impression of gentleness, patience, and benevolent neutrality. His quick penetration of motives, and dislike of all subterfuge, produced among the students, and not only among the students, a feeling akin to awe. It was only by degrees that one came to perceive that he recognised and valued every genuine expression of feeling in others, and that then when he was once convinced of the sincerity of motives, there was nothing more to fear. Those who loved him most loved him so, because they had most experience of him.'

After the war Stewart was asked by the Board of Education in London to supply an account of the

systems of education among the natives of South Africa. His statement was published in the Blue Book of the Board.

By placing the great Headmaster of Lovedale alongside of Dr. Arnold and Dr. Temple, the great Headmasters of Rugby, the contrast will help us rightly to estimate his contribution to the education of our race. He was a creator; they were administrators and improvers: his pupils were savages; theirs were highly educated, to begin with: he civilised the rudest; they civilised a little more those who were already civilised: he was the creator and providence of his school, and had to find all the money for it; they had very ample endowments: he had many other exacting duties; they, while at Rugby, were only educators: he taught most of the arts and crafts of civilised life; they were occupied solely with academic studies.

CHAPTER XX

THE AGRICULTURALIST

The Best Farmhouse—The African Ideals—A Genius for Farming — Manual Labour — A Friend of Nature—An Avenue worthy of the Mansion.

'It is the practical Christian tutor—who can teach people to become Christians, can cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—that is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa.'—*H. M. Stanley.*

'How much a missionary must know! How one must be Jack-of-all trades in a country where no trades are known, it is difficult to imagine unless on the spot.'—*Mackay of Uganda.*

'Fear God and work hard.'—*Livingstone's last Advice to the Scholars of Scotland.*

'The best place in which to bring up a child is an honest farmhouse.'—*John Locke, the Philosopher.*

'If any one has a choice of birth and training, let him fix upon a farmhouse.'—*President M'Cosh of Princeton College.*

To the words of Locke and M'Cosh experience would add: provided the farm be not rack-rented, and the farmer's lot be midway between crushing poverty and enervating superfluity; provided also that the family live in a genial Christian atmosphere, and cherish a due appreciation of education.

Such homes have been the chief nurseries and storehouses of Scotland's intellectual and spiritual

THE MAIN AVENUE AT LOVEDALE

power, and in such a home James Stewart spent his youth. It was the best university in the world for the work of his life. It developed his powers of endurance, which were to be so severely tested, and it gave him a knowledge of farming, without which Lovedale and his life must have been the poorer. He was then girded for his tasks, though he knew it not.

He was a moral engineer and constructor of works for the uplift of the native. The aim was to raise his whole life, and to raise it very high. It was plain that this could not be done so long as the native scorned work. Stewart reverenced industry as the mother, nurse, and guardian of many virtues, while sloth converts the soul into the devil's forge. His creed on its earthward side was after Carlyle's heart. He believed thoroughly that work is the portion of every son of Adam ; that the best of it is, not the wages, but the work itself well done ; that honest work makes a man, and scamped work a scamp. It was part of his creed that true religion should secure the best use of a man's whole self, and the taking out of the human stuff and providential opportunities all that is in them.

'Africa is the land of the unemployed,' Henry Drummond says in his *Tropical Africa*. This saying is true only regarding the men. 'What is the first commandment?' a Lovedale boy was asked. 'Thou shalt do no work,' was the reply.

It was not only that agriculture is the stable base of a nation's prosperity, but there could be no true manhood or Christianity without cheerful and steady toil. The Africans of all tribes used to believe that all the manual labour should be done by the women, and that fighting, raiding, and hunting were the

only manly occupations. Many of them still believe that. It is said that a magistrate once presented to Cetewayo, in the name of the Queen, a number of barrows. 'Why does the Queen send me those things?' he asked. 'Does she not know that I have plenty of women?' The native's wealth consisted of cattle and women. All the cultivation of the fields was done by the women—many of them with infants on their backs—with heavy-headed, long-handled hoes. Trained to it almost from infancy, a woman can carry nearly twice as heavy a load as a man. One of the traveller's surprises in Africa is to see a woman carrying on her head, with ease and gracefulness, a pile of wood larger than her own body, and with which he dare not test his own physical powers.

As the men could not hunt, or raid, or fight, their manhood was rapidly decaying. It was plain that they must exchange a pastoral for an agricultural life. These children of the Earth, the Sun, and the open air then greatly disliked mining. 'Why should a man be put under the ground,' they asked, 'before he is dead?' They regarded the mines with trembling and superstitious awe. At first they were horror-stricken and fled, as every noise underground echoed and reverberated in a most unearthly fashion.

The natives have no word for peace; but under the *Pax Britannica* the natives were rapidly increasing, and the lands reserved for them were well occupied. Slavery had taught the lesson of labour to the African in America, but the Africans in Africa still kept aloof from it. Stewart believed that Christianity touched nothing effectually unless it touched everything, and that sloth was a deadly sin. He was as hard on it as the writer of the Book

of Proverbs, holding that the idler is the devil's plaything. He thus resolved to press the attack on heathenism along the whole line, and especially to assail their hereditary scorn of manual labour. So long as that remained, the elevation of the race, and especially of woman, was impossible. In the Fingoes, to the east of Lovedale, he saw a tribe that had outstripped all their neighbours, because slavery had compelled them to toil for their masters. All these considerations urged him to do his best to fill the vacant native mind with the love of Christ and of honest work. 'The reason and object of our industrial training,' Stewart wrote, 'are not the value of the labour, but the principle that Christianity and idleness are incompatible.'

The farm-bred missionary was splendidly equipped for this task. A healthy, vigorous-minded boy on a farm gains a perfect knowledge of farming without tuition, effort, or even consciousness. This knowledge seems to come to him by nature, and to get into his very blood. He absorbs it as he absorbs sunshine, and it is never lost. He is amused and surprised that any youth should need to be taught farming, and suspects that the young apprentice-farmer must be deficient in intellect.

There was a wonderful peculiarity about Stewart's interest in farming and kindred work. It seems to have yielded him the joys of creating, and it proved that he had a genius for agriculture. Like Antæus, he got fresh vigour from the touch of mother-earth, and he had a deep delight in all the bounties she yields to man. He was mindful of the fact that God first planted a garden, and charged man to 'subdue the earth, and dress it.' Probably Scotland has never had more than one probationer who,

supplying a country pulpit for a few weeks, went into the neglected manse garden at 6 A.M. on Monday, and, coat off, with his own hands brought it back to cultivation and beauty after the toil of several days. With him, as with some of the ancients, husbandry seemed to be clothed with a certain sacredness. When praising a man, Stewart used to say: 'He knows how to take his coat off, and set to, himself.'

The native's ignorance of agriculture was beyond belief. Even a man felt helpless in presence of that wonderful and complicated invention of the white man—a spade. He knew not how to grasp its handle, to put it into the ground, to turn over the soil. He turned it upside down, and seized the iron, as it was most likely not to give way under pressure. In the life of Schmidt, the first Protestant missionary to South Africa, there is a picture of him delving. The natives, with mouths agape and eyes enlarged, are holding up their hands in wonder, in presence of the white man's new witchcraft.

In the early days, their Lovedale chief was the very man to train the pupils in manual labour, and change it from a shame into an honour. The Armada failed because its leader was not a seaman, and Lovedale would probably have failed on one of its sides if its leader had not been a wonderful agriculturalist. He showed them how to do work by doing it with them. One day an influential party entered the Lovedale grounds, and found a white man and some black boys delving. 'Is Dr. Stewart at home?' one of the visitors asked the white delver. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Could you tell us where we could find him?' Drawing himself up, and leaning on his spade, he said, 'I am Dr. Stewart.' Nothing was

AFTERNOON WORK-PARTIES AT LOVEDALE

small in his eyes, if it had any relation to the chief end of his mission. His was the spirit of Gareth, who wrought all kind of service with the noble ease that graced the lowliest act in doing it, because it was done in Arthur's kitchen, and for Arthur's sake. The end ennobled the deed.

The plough has been a great educator in teaching the men to work. The women never plough, and they consider it a disgrace to milk a cow. But they build the huts with great skill and speed, while the men attend to the cattle.

It pained him to see a Kafir making an uneven furrow. He would throw off his coat and show him how to make it straight. He could not endure bungling work in any department. His practical thoroughness abhorred the leaving of a ragged edge. Major Malan, in recording a visit to Lovedale, says: 'Dr. Stewart tells me that in early life he studied farming, and could never understand why till he came here. Now he finds his knowledge invaluable. . . . Nothing but the best management, and his knowledge of farming and unusual capacity for superintendence, could keep it going on its present scale.'

The Principal was a genuine friend of nature, and kept very close to it. It was a relief to him to escape from the works of man and delight himself with the patterns and colours of 'the visible vesture of God.' His were the eye and the heart of the naturalist and the poet. What God had thought worth making, he thought worthy of loving study. His sympathy with nature and early love of botany remained with him through life. Believing also that God has made the world double, he prized these scriptures of earth, because they afforded a rich and

never-failing harvest of beautiful and instructive figures. The poet's creed was his:

> 'For all that meets the bodily sense I deem
> Symbolical, one mighty alphabet
> For infant minds, and we in this low world
> Placed with our backs to bright reality,
> That we may learn with one unwounded ken
> The substance from its shadow.'

His pupils were thus taught to keep near God in nature and trace His footprints in the objects around them.

The savage looks on the world with the eyes of an ox. Though he can admire things made by man, he has no sense of nature, no appreciation of the wonders and beauties with which the world is stored. Even when converted, he often remains for some time blind to the glories of creation and dead to the pleasures they yield. In that state he cannot make much progress in knowledge, as it depends largely on curiosity and habits of observation. It was one of Stewart's avowed aims to foster taste, imagination, and a sense of the beautiful. He thus hoped to foster in the rudest curiosity, observation, attention, and admiration, these instructresses of the opening mind. Dr. Mackay had a similar appreciation of the refining influence of a keen love of nature. In his *From Far Formosa* (pp. 145, 176, 209) he tells that after the spiritual birth of his converts came the birth-hour of the sense of the beautiful. It was as if cataract had been removed from their eyes. They then had an eye and an ear for God's message in creation. Their faith in Christ touched to life their hitherto dormant senses. Even they could be taught that untidiness is unchristian, and that æsthetics is next to ethics.

DOMIRA FARM AT LOVEDALE

The Lovedale grounds with their stately trees were an impressive object-lesson on the fruits of well-directed industry. The dale of the beautiful river Tyumie was a perfect wilderness when it was acquired by the mission. It is now one of the most beautiful spots in South Africa, a paradise won from the veldt, and a fitting symbol of the spiritual husbandry which aims at making the barren and desolate soil a very garden of the Lord. The pupil thus enters the Temple of Learning through the gate called Beautiful.

All the Lovedale boys have to do thirteen hours of manual labour every week, chiefly in agriculture, but also in tree-planting, road-making, gardening, etc. A gold medal is given for the best spade-work. The garden was meant to be an educational model. Part of the mission farm had 2000 acres, of which 400 were arable. It is called Domira, from the name of the Glasgow residence of Mr. John Stephen, Stewart's brother-in-law, the donor of the land and for forty years a very generous supporter of the mission.

The girls were daily trained in all the ordinary housewiferies. They also helped to keep the walks and grounds in good order. They had little gardens of their own, and prizes were given to those who kept them best. They were taught that they could not be Christians unless they were also workers and found delight in the exercise of their God-given powers. By all these means a fruitful love of labour was infused into the whole institution.

The mission thus sought to slope and smooth at every step the incline by which young Ethiopia might rise to a nobler destiny, the Principal luring them on and leading the way.

The Lovedale husbandman could claim fellowship with the Apostle who said, 'And we beseech you, brethren . . . that ye study (make it a point of honour, or the height of your ambition) to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands as we commanded you' (1 Thess. iv. 10, 11).

INSIDE THE PRINTERS' SHOP, LOVEDALE

CHAPTER XXI

THE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRIES[1]

Sir George Grey—Squaring the Circle—A Hive of Industries — Printing and Bookbinding — Telegraphy — The Rev. Horace Waller—No Scamping.

'The great secret of life is work.'—*Cecil Rhodes.*

'As a man, Coillard had lived close to earth; as a Christian, close to heaven.'—*Coillard of the Zambesi.*

'Africa may be for the Africans, but Africa will never be saved by the Africans only.'—*Mackay of Uganda.*

'Since it (Lovedale) is a fair type, almost an ideal type, of the industrial mission, it repays special study.'—*Dr. Noble's 'Redemption of Africa'* (*p.* 565).

STEWART fully recognised that man cannot live by bread alone, and that he cannot live without bread. His ceaseless aim was to make Lovedale a real Alma Mater, a more bountiful mother than the average university is or can be. It was his high ambition to provide for all the needs of the native in body, mind, and soul. He did not wish him to be a learner for learning's sake, but to be a learner that he might be a doer, a maker, a lover of labour, and a man. Some hold that in undertaking work of this kind the Church has gone off the rails, and cannot

[1] *African Wastes Reclaimed*, by Mr. Robert Young, gives valuable information on the subject.

expect to make satisfactory progress. But the early Church relieved the poor by alms-giving, and surely the modern Church may relieve them by helping them to earn their own living.

Sir George Grey, the great South African Pro-Consul,[1] helped him to realise some of his aspirations. On his recommendation £3000 was given by Government to Lovedale for industrial training, while various sums were given to other missions for the same purpose. After a few years' experiment the time came for the investigation of results. 'The consequence was that at several places these industrial departments disappeared in a day, like ships foundered at sea. Lovedale, however, was able to hold steadily on its course.' In grateful recognition of his help, Stewart dedicated his *Lovedale* to Sir George Grey, 'Under whose administration and by whose aid the first steps were taken to teach the arts of civilised life to the native races of South Africa.'

Stewart threw himself heart and soul into these efforts. He felt that head-work would do little for the native unless it were wedded to hand-work. In this the missionary was imitating the Carpenter of Nazareth, whose eighteen silent years in the workshop have taught the world more than all its other teachers have done or could have done, the dignity of labour, and provided eternal inspiration for all who earn their bread in the sweat of the brow.

He thus defined his secular gospel in the *Christian Express*: 'The gospel of work does not save souls, but it saves peoples. It is not a Christian maxim

[1] He was a true friend of the missionaries. In 1890 he wrote: 'My heart is filled with gratitude to the missionaries who worked out so great and noble a success. I earnestly pray that God may still prosper the labours of such true friends of mankind.'

TECHNICAL BUILDING AT LOVEDALE

only, that they who do not work should not eat; it is also in the end a law of nature and of nations. Lazy races die or decay. Races that work prosper on the earth. The British race, in all its greatest branches, is noted for its restless activity. Its life's motto is WORK! WORK! WORK! And its deepest contempt is reserved for those who will not thus exert themselves.'

The natives then had no knowledge of either the making or the handling of tools, and they could almost as easily fly as draw a straight line. Their chief achievement was to build a beehive hut, and that was the work of the women. It was the easiest and cheapest way of building a house, for it gave a maximum of space for a minimum of toil, and it avoided the difficulty of managing corners.

Ruskin says that the circle is the symbol of rest. In South Africa it certainly is the symbol of utter laziness and savagery. To the question, 'What are you doing?' the familiar answer of the native is: 'Oh, I am just staying, I am just sitting.' That has been his physical and intellectual attitude for untold ages. His favourite occupation is 'just sitting.' Like Voltaire's trees, he grows because he has nothing else to do.

The Principal did his best to induce them to 'square the circle,' a feat which he found 'almost as difficult as the mathematical problem of similar designation.' The native pointed to the patterns in the heavens and asked: 'Are not the sun and moon circles? Are they broken up into many pieces?' 'The Kafir hut is a hotbed of iniquity, and as long as such dwellings exist, such evils will continue to check the progress of the gospel'—so wrote the Rev. Tiyo Soga, who had been reared in

one of these huts. Hence the necessity for, and moral value of, training in the handicrafts. Wagon-making was introduced and prospered. Lovedale wagons fetched the highest price in the market and bore the name in conspicuous letters. The introduction of steam power and machinery in other places injured this and some other branches of the industrial work. Stewart had arranged to remedy this defect, but the Church crisis in Scotland laid an arresting hand upon his plans. He did not indeed expect the industrial department to pay: his chief end in it, as in everything else, was to make men. He was dealing with a race as unprogressive as any known to us. They had developed no art of any kind, no writing, no philosophy, no money currency, no initiative, and they had lived very much like animals. Industrial training was essential to their uplifting.

A technical building was erected, and the workshops, with equipment, cost over two thousand pounds. It was then the best-equipped workshop in South Africa, and it had bench accommodation for seventy-two apprentices. Those admitted have now, after passing an examination, to serve a three years' apprenticeship under competent European teachers.

Lengthened description of each department is not needful, as the beautiful pictorial illustrations will at once give an idea of the nature and extent of the work.

After some delays, printing and bookbinding were begun. It was not easy to induce the natives to join this department, Kafir experience not showing how a man could live and be useful by arranging bits of lead in a row. Many tracts, pamphlets,

newspapers, and books have been issued by the mission press. Among these are the first edition of Dr. Theal's *History of South Africa*; Dr. Kropt's *Kafir-English Dictionary*, the standard authority on the Kafir language; the Kafir *Hymn-book*, of which many thousands have been sold; Tiyo Soga's Kafir translation of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; a series of Kafir Readers; and the *Christian Express*.

There is also a Book-store which has supplied the needs of the neighbourhood and the mission-field. A lady writes that this Book-store was one of the fairylands of her childhood, and that she spent her pocket-money in buying books there. Great was her delight to find out there how books were made.

Dr. Theal, the Historiographer of Cape Colony, formerly a teacher at Lovedale, had charge of this department in its early days. He writes: 'There was no part of the mechanical work that Dr. Stewart had not made himself master of, little time as he had to devote to it. If it had been necessary, he could have set in type his own articles, imposed them, and worked them off on the press. He had not to do this, but the knowledge that he could have done it, if necessary, gave him additional power over the workers. . . . To even such humble work as this did Dr. Stewart give his attention, and he was more than once seen with a composing-stick in his hand, patiently showing a big black boy how the spacing ought to be done, and explaining to him the reason why. The result of such patient care was that many really good plain compositors were trained at Lovedale, though very few followed that calling after they left the Institution. Some of them became interpreters in the Government service, and so turned their knowledge to good account; others

directed their attention to different objects, and two of them are now ordained clergymen.

'In just the same way Stewart showed young men how to plough a straight furrow across a field, for he was offended with a crooked one; and of the teaching staff at Lovedale, he was probably alone in his ability to do this.

'The time will come when volumes on history and many other subjects will be needed by the black people of South Africa in their own tongue, but that time is not yet. When it comes, the readers of the day may look back with gratitude to Dr. Stewart, for no other man has done so much to prepare their race for it.'

In 1872 a branch office of the Electric Telegraph Company was opened at Lovedale, and it has proved self-supporting. Two native operators, the first probably of their race who had been trained to the use of the instrument, were placed in charge. Many native boys trained there have been employed at Kimberley, East London, and other towns. After three years' trial, the Government General Manager reported: 'It affords me pleasure to be able to state that from the day on which they entered on their duties up to the present, not so much as the shadow of a complaint has been urged against them.'

A complete Post and Telegraph Office, with Money Order and Savings Bank, was established at Lovedale thirteen years ago. It is a recognised office of the Government.

The industrial side of the mission embraces carpentry, wagon-making, blacksmith work, brick-making, poultry-farming, bee-keeping, shoe-making, and the planting of trees. A good deal of work is also done by the lads in keeping in good order the

INTERIOR OF TECHNICAL BUILDING AT LOVEDALE

THE BRICKFIELD

buildings, the woods, the gardens, the rooms, and the farms. Stewart's ever-active mind sometimes contemplated new industries, such as artesian wells, the growth of osiers, and basket-making.

In the various Industrial Exhibitions in South Africa, the work done by the Lovedale boys and girls has received a very large number of medals and certificates of merit. The girls excel in all kinds of needlework, and many interesting specimens of it are found in almost every native Christian home.

In 1886 the Rev. Horace Waller wrote to Stewart: 'I was very much delighted with the Lovedale exhibit in the Colonies' Exhibition (in London). I confess I chuckled in my trousers when I noticed how thoroughly you had carried out your theories of clothing the natives. Ah! for the days of one-half fathom of blue cloth, and one string of red beads. I am afraid that Mrs. Stewart and you will relegate them into a very dim and distant past. The carpentering seemed splendid, and is really a prodigious feat.'

Stewart insisted that whatever was done at Lovedale must be done thoroughly, and that every pupil must put heart and conscience into his work and cherish a passion for excellence in all its details. In him the earthly and heavenly evangels were wedded, and he was himself the incarnation of all he taught. Upon every remembrance of him his pupils will be reminded of the necessity for, and the moral dignity of, labour. It is no wonder that the demand for Lovedale's trained artisans has been greater than the supply, and that some of them are capable of maintaining their ground alongside of Europeans.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

Medical Skill—The 'Cor Medicum'—Promptness—Grateful Patients—The Medical College—The Victoria Hospital—Africa's Noblest Womanhood—The Reverend D. Doig Young.

'A good doctor should be at once a genius, a saint, and a man of God.'—*Amiel.*

'I am a missionary, heart and soul. God had only one Son, and he was a missionary and a physician. A poor imitation of him I am or wish to be. In this service I hope to live, and in it I hope to die. It is something to be a follower, however feeble, in the wake of the great Teacher and only model Missionary that ever appeared among men. May we venture to invite young men of education, when laying down the plan of their lives, to take a glance at that of missionary? We will magnify the office.'—*David Livingstone.*

'A good surgeon must have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.'—*Old Proverb.*

'Let me be sick myself, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease unto me. I desire rather to cure his infirmities than my own necessities.'—*Sir Thomas Browne's 'Religio Medici.'*

DR. STEWART was a pioneer in medical missions as in other enterprises. Dr. Vanderkemp and Dr. Livingstone had preceded him in South Africa, but neither of them had done much for medical missions. Dr. Dalziel, of the Gordon Memorial Mission, was a thoroughly qualified medical missionary, and nearly all the missionaries dispensed medicines to the natives for ordinary ailments. Stewart was the first to found a hospital, begin the instruction of native

HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR'S HOUSE

nurses and hospital assistants, and lay the foundation of a medical school. It is remarkable that before his day so little had been done for healing in South Africa, although twenty-three of Christ's miracles, two-thirds of the whole, were miracles of healing.

His *skill* is guaranteed by his high estimate of medicine as an ally to the Gospel; by the zeal with which he pursued his medical studies; by the large practice which, during the first twenty years, he somehow managed to crowd in among many other strenuous enterprises; and by his reputation, which was probably increased by the fact that he would receive no fee or reward. The self-respect of the natives, however, was fostered by charging a small sum for medicines at the Lovedale dispensary.

His skill found the amplest scope, for the natives are more liable to sickness than the whites, and they suffer from many ailments which their doctors cannot cure and ours can. One of the names for a native doctor means, 'Something fearful to look at,' and his appearance usually justifies his title. Witch-doctors and rain-makers used to hold the lives of the people in their hands. The aid the native needs most is deliverance from the cruel and deep-rooted superstitions which have caused numberless miseries and still lead to social persecution. These evils must perish in presence of the most elementary medical knowledge. The Native Affairs Commissioners say: 'The multiplying of District Surgeons and the establishment of Dispensaries and Hospitals in connection with Magistracies in Native areas, would have a beneficial effect, not only for the restoration or preservation of health, but also for weaning the Natives from faith in witch-doctors,

diviners, or soothsayers, or men who profess to have supernatural power or knowledge whether as medicine men or otherwise.' Africa's murdered millions supply the most powerful plea for medical missions.

Dr. Stewart's *spirit* added greatly to his success as a physician and a missionary. The 'mens medica' and the 'cor medicum' were his. He had a very large share of the spirit of the Great Healer, of whom we often read that He was 'moved with compassion,' *i.e.* with a yearning pity which filled the heart, and sent an answering thrill through the whole body. Stewart had what Sir J. Y. Simpson earnestly commended to his students, 'that sympathy which is one of the most potent agencies of cure, that gentle womanliness of heart which the sick in depression and pain so often look for, long for, and profit by.' His heart went out at once to any sufferer, black or white, especially to the aged, the humble, the weak, the lunatic, and semi-lunatic. His ready sympathy overflowed even upon animals. His poorest patients saw him at his very best, and were deeply impressed by some qualities which were not suspected by those who saw him in his other capacities. Dr. Laws writes: 'For the sick and the suffering his sympathy and help were ever ready, and he had the gentlest of hands for the patients under his care. To watch by a sick-bed along with him for a night was a lesson to be remembered for life.'

His self-sacrificing *diligence* and *promptness* were highly appreciated. During many years he had the sole medical charge of all the boys and girls in the Institution. To his ministerial work in Alice he also added that of medical adviser for the town when there was no resident doctor in the district.' The inhabitants presented him with a sum of money 'to

obtain an oil-painting of himself.' In the address accompanying it, special reference was made to 'the extreme kindness always manifested by Dr. Stewart to those who were sick or in trouble.' In the early years, by day and night, he was at the call of the needy. Once he travelled one hundred and fifty miles over a rough road to visit a poor black woman. Her life was saved, and the father afterwards visited him, wished to kiss his feet in token of gratitude, and offered him two sovereigns. Here are some extracts from the *Christian Express*:—

'What a full life was Dr. Stewart's in the summer of his strength. Oftentimes the dawn of a new day saw him busy overtaking the work of that which had gone before. He was ever a strenuous worker, but twenty to thirty years ago, when Lovedale was shaking itself out to its ampler manhood, he deemed fourteen, sixteen, or even eighteen hours of incessant toil a common daily task.

'He taught in the Institution, he edited this paper, he had medical charge of the Mission, in addition to week-day services he preached two sermons every Sabbath, he saw to every detail of the work, he guided every distinct department, he examined the classes, he superintended the field companies; he was here, there, and everywhere, tireless, commanding, inspiring.

'At a period when medical aid was difficult to obtain in the district, many were the calls made on Dr. Stewart's time and strength. Yet he gave both ungrudgingly, and no home was too far, no road too difficult, no night too stormy, to hinder the great missionary in his errands of mercy. In these days he was the beloved physician in many a home.'

Here are some testimonials from his grateful

patients and their friends. 'He had an almost unerring instinct in detecting the seat of disease. . . . He himself saw to the well-being and nourishment of his patients, often bringing them the food they needed to restore them to health.'

Of one case it is told: 'He came—saw it to be a very bad case. He got a nurse to be there during the night. We found him hatless at the door one night, with a saucepan in one hand and his slippers in the other, and thus he entered the sick-room. With much care and attention he was able to master the case and to get the patient on her feet again.'

'It seemed the most natural thing that he should be told when sickness occurred. If it seemed urgent, his response was immediate. And he was there more as a friend than as a doctor. How often has his presence in the sick-room lightened and lifted the load of anxiety that weighed heavy on troubled hearts. I can remember the case of a child seriously ill with croup. The anxious parents sent for Dr. Stewart. He stayed the whole night, applying the necessary remedies until the immediate danger was over. . . . Many a poor old native will miss the new warm blanket when the cold weather sets in, and many an invalid will miss the jug of rich soup or other "comfort" which was sure to be sent, or more often carried by his own hand. . . . He had infinite patience and consummate tact. He could be as tender as a woman with the sick, the ignorant, the wayward, but wrong ever roused in him a fierce and fervid anger.'

'A distinct mental picture of him still remains—that of his stealing into a house one evening, boots in one hand and a pan containing soup in the other. He had saved two lives in that house that day, and

DR. MACVICAR AND HIS NATIVE ASSISTANTS AT LOVEDALE HOSPITAL

in this style, so like the man, he paid his evening visit.'

The Medical College.—An up-to-date Hospital at Lovedale was one of Stewart's many ambitions. In the nineties there were only five legally qualified medical missionaries south of the Zambesi. Though that district was considerably larger than British India, it had no properly equipped mission hospital where natives could be trained to help their own people. Even the Christian natives were afraid to go near the sick, and invalids were often left to die without medicine or nursing, or—a still sadder fate —were handed over to the witch-doctor.

Stewart's first efforts to remedy this defect were unsuccessful. But in 1895, by the generous aid of Mr. D. A. Hunter, a large sum was collected, and the Colonial Government aided on the pound-for-pound system. The beautiful Victoria Hospital was opened in 1898, and additions have since been made to it. Its dual aim is to relieve the sick and to train native young men as hospital assistants and native young women as nurses. Dr. James M'Cash and Miss Wallace took charge of the hospital as unsalaried agents. The prejudices and distrust of the natives were gradually overcome, and last year there were about five thousand attendances at the hospital, and patients are now coming to it from great distances.

Two native nurses have completed their three years' course, and one of them is in charge of a Mines' hospital, and has a salary of £12 a month, with board and quarters. Three young men have been fully qualified as hospital assistants, and have found useful spheres.

But this is only the beginning. 'Instead of twos and threes,' Mr. Hunter writes, 'we should be turning

out these trained natives in scores and hundreds if the great need of their vast land is to be met.'

The present superintendent of the hospital is Dr. Neil MacVicar, 'an ideal medical missionary.'

Dr. Stewart even dared to dream that Lovedale in the fulness of time might become a Medical College where the sons and daughters of Ethiopia might receive a complete medical education, and that this hospital might do for it what the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh does for the University. This bold dream of his will probably be realised as his other dreams have been. When the native M.D. has a degree conferred by a Native University, some may remember that James Stewart was the first on the mountain-top to hail and herald the Dawn on the southern side of the Dark Continent. Meanwhile this hospital is giving a death-blow to the miserable superstitions which sometimes cleave to those who have accepted Jesus Christ as their Great Physician. The lancet has proved mightier than the sword in opening closed doors among heathen nations, and it is far mightier than the sword in destroying some of the worst foes to human happiness.

The Victoria Hospital, with 'its clinical Christianity,' is the parable of the Good Samaritan done in stone, a concrete gospel which reveals love by deeds. In contrast with their squalid huts, the sweetness and cleanness of this beautiful building, its pervading atmosphere of Christian love in a loveless land, its power to bless and its abundance, may well seem to them scarcely to belong to this poor world. It is an impressive monument to the Great Physician and a memorial of the Christian faith. The medical missionary effectually illustrates Christ's

mission by reviving it. Among rude heathens our religion is never so intelligible or winsome as when presented in such deeds of ministering love. It is the only exhibition of our holy religion which some of them can comprehend. In the ceiling of one of Rome's chapels is a splendid painting which cannot be seen plainly at such a height, but a mirror has been placed on the table under it, and visitors see the whole picture in the glass. In the Mission Hospital the dullest may thus gain a true vision of the Great Healer, as He is mirrored in the lives of His under-healers. The Lovedale Bethesda thus becomes a fifth Gospel and an appendix to the Acts of the Apostles.

A member of his staff writes:—'We of Lovedale in the past know what Dr. Stewart was in the sick-room. Skilful, gentle, and sympathetic to a degree, his presence inspired confidence, and his words gave wonderful comfort. Memory carries one back to days of sickness and bereavement in the house. I can see him now, sitting with the little suffering one in his arms, watching every symptom and change, and with us he watched until he laid the little one on the bed, and said, "Your child is with Jesus."'

The warm words of the Rev. D. Doig Young, one of Stewart's colleagues and patients, are worth recording:—'*Dr. Stewart as an Angel of Comfort.*—That Dr. Stewart was a strong man, a keen debater, and knew how to demolish an opponent, was well known. Many thought him hard, dictatorial, and void of consideration for the feelings of others. They saw a mighty man, consumed with jealousy for his beloved Lovedale, and determined that nothing, no man even, should stand in the way of what he

conceived to be necessary for the truest progress of that noble institution.

'But it was given to some to meet with another Dr. Stewart, the gentle, Christian physician. When one was ill or in trouble, then Dr. Stewart was manifested as a true Angel of Comfort. Sometimes he would have the invalid taken to his house to be not only nursed and doctored, but given those hundred-and-one little attentions that are so comforting to the sick one. Though he was an extremely busy man, he would nevertheless find time to sit by the bedside, conversing with and even reading to the patient in that low, gentle, attractive voice, that was peculiarly his.

'When one of the staff was seized with brain fever and pneumonia, though the Alice medical doctor was in charge of the case, Dr. Stewart would at all hours of the night, as well as of the day, walk down the avenue and enter the house so silently that the one watching by the bedside would only become aware of his presence by hearing a gentle voice asking, "How is he now?" One at that time wondered when he himself found his much-needed rest. Wherever there was sickness or trouble in any house in Lovedale, one was always sure to find Dr. Stewart a constant visitor there, doing all he could to give relief and comfort. He had a very large, sympathetic heart, and was spoken of as the "Angel of Comfort." In all such deeds of kindness, he was backed by her who was a true helpmeet. She would send hour after hour some delicacy to tempt the appetite and keep up the strength of the invalid.'

CHAPTER XXIII[1]

THE PIONEER OF THE EAST AFRICAN MISSION, 1891-1892

Again Pioneering—In the Jungle—No Water—Kibwesi—An Infant Lovedale—Stewart's Methods—The Rev. D. C. Ruffell Scott, D.D.—The Rev. J. Robertson, D.D.

'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.' The Bishop of Sierra Leone says that these words on Livingstone's tomb in Westminster Abbey made him a missionary.

'Is it right to keep the Gospel to ourselves?'—*Welz.*

'We are in great danger, the greater therefore should our courage be.'—*Mazzini.*

In May, 1890, Stewart left Lovedale on what was really his first furlough, though he had spent twenty-four years in arduous toil. His time and strength during his previous visits to Scotland had been devoted chiefly to the interests of Lovedale, Blythswood, and Livingstonia.

In 1891 he was in his sixty-first year, but still as active and vigorous as most men are at thirty.

Sir William Mackinnon and his friends had subscribed a large sum of money for establishing a new mission in the territories of the Imperial British East African Company, now the East African Protectorate. They requested Stewart to organise and

[1] The facts in this chapter have been gleaned from two reports by Dr. Stewart on the establishment of this mission.

lead the expedition, select the site for the mission, and lay its foundation after the pattern and spirit of Lovedale. The proposal was after his own heart, and with the approval of his Church, he at once consented.[1]

On his way out he a second time visited the house at Quilimane in which he had stayed when he returned from the Zambesi, all forlorn, in 1863. These words then came to him with great power: 'Thou shalt remember all the way by which the Lord thy God hath led thee.' He fervently thanked God and took courage.

In August, 1891, he collected at Zanzibar a hundred and fifty men as the nucleus of his force. He had many vexing African delays, for he was in a land where, as he put it, 'everything was done to-morrow.' About the middle of September he started from Mombasa with two hundred and seventy-three men, of whom six, including himself, were Europeans. There was no railway then to Uganda, and as animal transport was impossible, everything had to be carried on men's heads. 'The walk was very hot, through mangoes and jungle—something like the air of a hot palmhouse at home. The road, a native footpath merely, wound to every point of the compass through thick jungle, mostly of thorns of the "wait-a-bit" type, and thick cactus and euphorbias, which kept out every breath of air.' He had also the usual troubles with porters, several of whom were malingerers.

They had to go through the Taro Desert, at that season an inhospitable belt or 'thirst-land,' which

[1] Mackay of Uganda, in the second last message he sent home to his friends in this country, pled that a second—he might have said a fifth—Lovedale should be planted in East Central Africa.

had been fatal to many travellers. 'That dreaded Taro plain,'[1] Bishop Hannington calls it. It was the same route by which he travelled in 1885 to find an African grave. The thorny bushes tore the travellers' clothes and flesh. In some caravans as many as half a dozen lives had been lost in that waterless waste.[2]

The nearest water was two thousand feet up the mountain, and at a distance of fifteen miles. To reach it they had to plod on under a burning and blazing heat. 'The appeals for water were very touching,' Stewart wrote. 'I had to use force or threaten it, to prevent a wholesale desertion. Good water—any water is now good—and the first flowing stream we have seen for a hundred and thirty miles. Every one feasted his eyes on the glorious sight of a small river waist-deep or nearly. A small river never before looked so glorious in the morning light.' Many loads had to be left behind. But, while there was great distress, no life was lost. This trouble caused a week's delay.

It was Stewart's way to say little or nothing about his own work, and to commend the work of others. He does not tell that he was the only man in the party who was not overcome by the heat and thirst,

[1] Ruth B. Fisher writes that in this neighbourhood she found the ground 'strewn with the bleached bones and skulls of those who had died for want of water' (*On the Borders of Pigmy Land*).

[2] Stewart was greatly interested in the curious water-holes in the Taro plain. They were found in clusters near big boulders. They were only a few inches wide while they might be twenty feet deep. The narrowness of the opening and the shelter of the rock prevented evaporation, while the great depth of the hole stored a great quantity of water during the rainy season. But for these holes the great plain would have been impassable for man or beast. There are similar water-holes in the deserts of Australia, but they are never found in the neighbourhood of rivers.

and that, but for him, many in the expedition might have perished, or have been compelled to turn back. 'He never had an hour's illness.' It has been remarked that in such trying enterprises the leader often fares better than the followers. He had that keen instinct of travel which delays the consciousness of growing age by adding to the buoyancy of life, and quickening all one's powers. His boyish desire to carry a Bible in his pocket and a rifle on his shoulder was again fully realised. He had often to rely on his gun for a supply of fresh meat.

Stewart took a horse with him, and rode the greater part of the way.[1] This was the first horse that made the journey into the interior and back to the coast. Stewart was told that it would certainly never return. As the natives had never seen a horse, many came long distances to gaze on the wonderful beast. As it was believed to be 'salted' —immune from the tsetse fly and the African horse sickness—Stewart was offered a very large price for it by the British Military Expedition then about to enter the country. He declined the offer. 'His horse,' he said, 'had gone among the natives as a messenger of peace, and he did not wish it to return as a messenger of war.' He afterwards sold it to a gentleman in Mombasa on condition that he would not sell it to the Military Expedition. On his way home he learned that the horse had died. With a refinement—most people would deem it an excess—of mercantile honour, he returned the price of the horse. The purchaser then wrote to him :—

'I certainly never dreamed that you would think

[1] Since writing this chapter I have learnt that Stewart took two horses with him, and that they were at the disposal of the sick white men in his party. One of the horses died at Kibwesi.

DR. STEWART'S HORSE AT KIKUYU, AND BAOBAB TREE

BLACK AND WHITE IN HARMONY: THE LOVEDALE BAND

of refunding me the 300 Rupees (£20) I paid for him. It is really *too good* of you. Such a transaction or experience in horse-dealing I never had, nor do I expect to have such another. Allow me to return my sincere thanks to you for your princely magnanimity in this matter. I only hope I may have the chance some day of making some return for your kindness. I think I mentioned in my letter how I was pressed by Captain Nelson to sell him the horse, but I would not go back upon my promise to you. I trust that if I can be of any service to you or to the mission, you will not fail to make use of me, as I shall only be too glad to do anything I can for you.

'With kindest regards and many thanks for your great kindness,' etc.

The writer of this letter was a severe critic of missions and missionaries, but this unique horse-deal disposed him to soften his criticisms.

This is not the only proof of Stewart's high ideals about money. A gentleman left a large sum to Lovedale, and also a considerable sum to Mrs. Stewart. It turned out that there was not, in Dr. Stewart's opinion, an adequate provision for the donor's widow and children. Dr. and Mrs. Stewart at once transferred the legacy to them.

'This is to be a missionary caravan,' he wrote home, 'if I can make it so. . . . We had our service with a portion of the natives of the caravan. We got the length of the Lord's Prayer. I spoke to them on the first words, which they repeated, "Our Father which art in Heaven."'

A site was selected on the river Kibwesi, about two hundred miles from Mombasa, and about forty miles north-east from Kilimanjaro, which forms part

of what was formerly known as the 'mountains of the moon.' It is only four degrees from the equator, and rises to a height of 19,681 feet, and above 14,000 feet its great dome is covered with perpetual snow, in spite of the equatorial sunshine. The district around is very beautiful and fertile—great rolling prairie plains with beautiful green grass, and crowded with big game, zebras in hundreds, and hartebeest. The ground was thick jungle, and consequently worthless to the owner. The natives were very friendly. Stewart bought five hundred acres of land from the chief, for which he paid in calico and brass wire, then the current coin of that realm.[1]

Very soon does the presence of the missionary act as the 'wand of the magician.' Stewart at once began to plant an infant Lovedale, with its church or schoolhouse and neat little village. Roads were made and a garden was planted. He also set about

[1] Here is the closing part of the agreement with the chief. 'And it is made known that by this sale and the terms thereof, Kilundu further confirms his desire, expressed from the first, that the mission should settle in his district, and also his promise to give land for building and cultivation whenever a suitable site should be found.

'In consideration of the aforesaid payment, Kilundu, on behalf of himself and the Wa-Kamba people in his district, hereby transfers to Dr. James Stewart, on behalf of the Committee of the East African Scottish Mission, all right, title, and interest of the said land. In confirmation of the sale, we, the undersigned, do hereby attach our signatures on this the seventh day of December, 1891.

		His mark
(Signed)	KILUNDU.	X
(,,)	JAMES STEWART.	

Signed in the presence of

(Signed)	R. U. MOFFAT.	Witnessed by us
	GEORGE WILSON.	7th December, 1891.
	MUTI YA NTATU.	X
	NGEZU WA KILUNDU.'	X

training a number of oxen. He gives his reasons for this novel experiment, and they reveal his life-long and generous sympathy with the downtrodden. He says: 'This work, unimportant as it may seem, will have widespread effects on the condition of the Wa-Kamba women. All the transport between the villages, as well as all the cultivation, is done by them, and it is rare to meet the Wa-Kamba woman who is not either carrying a load or returning from doing so.' This breaking-in of oxen he regarded as part of the 'true missionary view of the situation,' for he 'considered nothing that would be helpful to the success of the mission as outside of his duty.'

'There is a marvellous transformation already,' he wrote; 'you have no idea how pleasant the place looks even now.' He was very hopeful about the field, and it might have tempted him, but for Lovedale. 'I am very sorry,' he wrote, 'to go and leave so promising a beginning, which has in it almost boundless possibilities of good.'

Four natives and one European died on the expedition. When the first native died, he wrote: 'He had a mother, and was once the joy of his mother's heart. Poor fellow, but it was "only a native who was dead." That is the common view that is taken in this caravan work.' Stewart was the only one in the party 'untouched by sickness, and unmarked by fatigue.' At sixty his body and mind were still a well-matched pair.

As this country was then in a disturbed state, the party was supplied with sixty rifles. 'But it is pleasant to be able to state that not a single hostile shot was fired; that nothing but the kindest and pleasantest relations existed between ourselves and the native people, not only at the station but at all

the different points on the route to Machakos and back; and that probably no caravan has passed into the country against which there have been so small a number of complaints made. . . . The mission has already won the confidence of the people, and the most friendly relations exist between us and them. They are being taught by what they see, as well as by what they hear, and by what they are taught to do, as well as what they are asked to believe. The gospel of kindness and of honest work —both new ideas to them—are helping to open their minds and their hearts for the reception of the chief message—the Gospel of God's love and the news of His forgiveness to men. People do not readily receive a message if they are suspicious of the messengers, and unable satisfactorily to account for their presence among them. Many of these people think, and will continue for some time to think, that we have come for some reason totally different from the professed one. Time and their own conclusions as to what they see will efface that idea. . . . The formation of strong educational and evangelistic centres in contradistinction to solitary and scattered stations, or rather in addition to them, was the conclusion reached by Mackay of Uganda after fourteen years of toil, sorrow, and disappointment, and was the new plan he had resolved to begin. This was his last utterance to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society as to the method he desired to be followed. It seemed to him to afford some hope of dealing with what he calls "the gigantic problem of how to Christianise Africa," and a full statement of his views will be found in one of the closing chapters of his life. It is also the method that has been followed for some time in

South Africa, and has been found to answer. On these lines the present mission was at first organised, and there is nothing further to offer in the way of general recommendation than to fill in the details, and the result will come if we are not in too great a hurry.'

The organising of this East African Mission occupied Stewart for fully fourteen months, and was a bywork, or an 'aside' in his career, important though it was. It was the last of his picturesque missionary enterprises. But he was ready if his Church asked him, to play the pioneer again, even in his sixty-eighth year. In his address to the General Assembly of his Church, when he was pleading for a great forward movement in Foreign Missions, he said, 'If the Free Church public and the Committee approve, and after full consideration agree to launch out on this new course, *I am willing to go* and see such points taken possession of and the work commenced.'

This mission was offered first to the Free Church of Scotland, but they did not see their way to accept it on the conditions proposed. It was then offered to, and adopted by, the Established Church of Scotland. Owing to a mysterious subsidence of the soil, caused by an earthquake, the headquarters were removed in 1898 further inland to Kikuyu, which is about half-way between Mombasa and Lake Victoria Nyanza.[1] The Rev. D. C. Ruffell Scott, D.D., laboured with fervent zeal as the head of the mission. His death last year was a great loss to the Church of Christ in Central Africa.

[1] Stewart went up as far as Kikuyu, and would have chosen it as the best site. But the villages there had been recently burnt down, and the inhabitants had fled.

The district around this mission is one of the most fertile in East Africa, and is well fitted for the rearing of sheep and cattle. It also abounds with game. The railway to Victoria Nyanza passes through it. The lions carried off twenty-two of the men who were working on the railway; indeed, they even carried off a railway official out of his carriage. One can now travel there as luxuriously and safely as at home. The climate suits Europeans, many of whom are now settling in the country.

Dr. Robertson of Whittinghame, writes:—'I send you a few extracts from the Diary kept by the late Rev. Thomas Watson, M.A., who was one of the staff of the mission from the first.

'*6th March.*—Dr. Stewart preached this forenoon from "Thou shalt remember all the way by which the Lord thy God hath led thee." His last Sunday with us.

'*8th March.*—General meeting at 10 A.M. Dr. Stewart's parting address. He frankly expressed regret for any mistakes he might have made—gave thanks to God for blessings of health and guidance and freedom from accident, and expressed hopes for future success. He gave me good advice for the future, the sum of which might be generalised thus: Work humbly, patiently, perseveringly, mindful of what it is that alone will appear valuable and give satisfaction at the close of life. Strive to be a trusted man rather than a popular man. Keep up the forms of a religious life, even if you do it alone. In teaching and preaching be brief, be simple; remember that in the mind of the native there are but few ideas and very little power of sustaining attention. In your relations to your fellow-workers be sincere and frank; if trouble arises, calmly and fully give and

seek such explanation as will in all likelihood clear it away.

'10*th March*.—We held our last prayer-meeting with Dr. Stewart about dusk. About 1 P.M. we held a farewell meeting in which both Dr. Stewart and I took part.'

Dr. Robertson adds: 'I remember once being struck, in conversation with Dr. Stewart, by the strong belief he showed that the *motive* in founding a mission is decisive of its ultimate success. Nobility and purity of motive, he had evidently found in the experience of life, a sure prophecy of the Divine blessing. . . . It will be understood then that we of the Church of Scotland to whom that mission has been transferred, cherish the memory of those who endowed it, and of those who, in the course of their hard labour, suffered and died for it. Earliest among these names of honour we place that of Dr. Stewart of Lovedale. He and those who followed after—most of them now gone to their reward—laid the spiritual foundation on which we now build.'

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CHAMPION OF MISSIONS

A Skilful Advocate — Concessions and Distinctions—The Finality of Facts—The African Native Affairs Commission—A Remarkable Testimony—The Evidence of Experts—Charles Darwin on Missions.

'In these (Christian) Islands they will cook for us; in the others they would cook us.'—*Henry Drummond on his Visit to the South Sea Islands.*

'Moderator, rax me that Bible.'—*Dr. Erskine, when the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1796 was about to vote against Foreign Missions.*

'He that has bread is debtor to him that has none.'—*Arab Proverb.*

'We are like a rich family at whose door a foundling has been laid. The foundling is heathendom. It is laid at the door of those believed to be generous.'—*From a Missionary Address.*

'"Talk of Little Englanders"! Are they not "Little Christians" who vote against carrying Christianity to other races?'—*Welsh's 'The Challenge to Christian Missions.'*

In the winter of 1892-93 Stewart gave a course of lectures on Evangelistic Theology to the Divinity students of the Free Church of Scotland in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. In April 1893 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Glasgow. The following statement was then made: 'Dr. Stewart is prominently associated with various perilous enterprises of African travel, and with the establishment of other missionary and civilising agencies in that continent;

LOVEDALE STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AND MISSION BAND

but it is with special reference to the great work which he has pursued at Lovedale so long with steadfast faith and unfailing energy, and of which he has prepared some years ago a modest record in *Lovedale, Past and Present*, that the Senatus welcome the opportunity afforded by his presence in this country of offering him this honorary degree.'

The years from 1893 to 1899 take us across another level stretch in his life, where no prominent historic milestones arrest the eye. We may therefore now consider some of the great public questions apart from which we cannot understand him, and which cannot be understood apart from him. These questions, though all closely related, yet lend themselves to a separate treatment.

It is surprising that it is necessary to defend missions to the heathen, but South Africa still supplies some of the most determined opponents of missions in the world. As Lovedale was the largest and best-known missionary centre in the land, it offered a broad target to the arrows of adverse criticism. It thus fell to Stewart to champion missions by speech and pen, as well as by his very successful efforts. One wonders greatly how he found time to employ the Press as much as he did. An eager, watchful student of public opinion, he seized every opportunity of commending his cause when it was assailed. He utilised passing phases of native and missionary questions for the enforcement of permanent principles. Practice had taught him how to turn the remnant of the hurricane of opposition into a favouring gale that sped him on to the harbour.

His wisdom appeared in *what he did not do*. He did not flash his light in the eyes of others, but he

practised great self-restraint, though the common objections he had to combat were extremely ignorant and provoking. You meet many in South Africa who tell you with a parrot-like poverty of language, 'that missions spoil the native; that the heathen are best left alone; that the raw Kafir is far better than the Christian; that Lovedale boys are a bad lot; I have been many years in the country, I know all about it.' The mission Kafir is spoiled for those who wish to exploit him. He has now a notion of his rights, and of the laws which protect him. He cannot be sjamboked with impunity. Some say that a raw Kafir is better than a Christian Kafir. But the raw Kafir is better than many white men. Yet because of that fact no one proposes to teach white men the Kafir creed.

South of the Zambesi there are about 500,000 adult whites, every one of whom is a missionary and a teacher of good or evil. There are also about 1000 missionaries. You have thus one professional missionary for every five hundred non-professional missionaries. Is it reasonable to suppose that the one missionary is more responsible for the anti-white feeling and evil habits of the natives than are the five hundred whites by his side, many of whom do not set a good example? The raw Kafir in his native state is very courteous and polite, but he loses these good qualities when he goes to the towns and the mines. Why? When under the exclusive influence of the missionary, his politeness often develops into a complete devotion to the white man. This was the experience of Livingstone, Moffat, Mackenzie, Coillard, and many others. How can we account for these facts? May it not be that the harsh critics of missions are angry because they cannot use the

educated native as a cheap tool, and then discharge their anger upon the missionaries?

Many blame the missionaries for over-educating the natives, forgetting that nearly all mission-schools are aided by the Government, which has fixed by law the standard of education. 'Education,' says a South African journalist, 'is the greatest curse that could have overtaken the native.' For that curse the Government is responsible.

Stewart might have cut the controversy short by quoting Christ's last command, and intimating that to oppose missions is flatly to deny the faith: that objections to missions are objections to Christ and His apostles. The Bible tells us hundreds of times that our faith is, as the hymn puts it, 'to spread from pole to pole.' Or he might have pointed out that the evil lives of many white men, whose Christianity could not endure exportation from home, disqualified them as judges, and robbed their objections of all force. When I mentioned that he had not done so in any of his books, he smiled and said that he had purposely refrained from such home-thrusts. He might have said that geographical neighbourhood did not necessarily imply any knowledge of facts, as one might be as ignorant of things around him as if he had spent all his life in a lighthouse or on another planet.[1]

Aware that truth often suffers more by the heat of its exponents than from the arguments of its opposers, and that intemperate truth is often as harmful as error, he gained his case by his modera-

[1] In a Scottish fishing-village, there was a conversation lately about whales appearing in the Bay. A visitor said that he had been afraid that his boat would be upset by one that came very near him. A fisherman added that his sails had often been drenched by the spouting of the whales. The brother of that fisherman, a landsman, said that he had lived in the village all his life, and that he had never once seen a whale.

tion, tone, and concessions. He did not resent even unreasonable criticism, and frankly admitted all real failures and mistakes. He often saw, he said, many defects which his critics did not see: his standard and penetration were greater than theirs. He was careful not to lose his temper or give advice scalding hot. His aim was not to silence but to satisfy, and, if possible, to win the objector. As a wise advocate, he often entered in at his opponent's door and brought him out at his own. And when he did succeed, he was careful not to degrade his victory into a triumph. He might have made his own the fine French saying, 'I love victory, but I do not love triumph.'

Having thus created the proper atmosphere for the discussion of the question, he *quietly made the needful distinctions.* To attend the mission and wear European clothes did not make the Kafir a Christian. To associate with Christian men, and take on a veneer or top-dressing of civilisation, cannot make a man a Christian. Do white men always apply to themselves the very high standard by which they judge and condemn the natives? Then, what about the youths who come out of the best schools and colleges in Christian lands? Are they all genuine Christians, or the majority of them? What has been written by the friends of these favoured institutions —for example, by Benson in his *Upton Letters*— should silence the severe critics of mission scholars. It should not surprise us that many trousered natives represent the 'blotting-paper of civilisation,' having received only an external, blurred, and blackened outline of our religion.

Moreover, he was a profound believer in the *finality of facts.* His plan was not directly to con-

tradict or to oppose opinion to opinion, but to give the facts and ask people to draw their own inferences. Our Antæus conquered because the anti-missionary Hercules could not lift him from the ground of fact.

In *Lovedale, Past and Present*, published in 1887, he used his favourite method with great success. A more remarkable and effective defence of missions has probably never been published. It is on a grand scale and thorough.

The introduction is written in a tone fitted to propitiate the sceptic. A great effort is made to be perfectly fair to objectors. Here is a simple register of nearly all the pupils of Lovedale up to date. 'This register is offered as our reply. It is a simple record of facts'—'a veritable fact heap,' as one called it.

The register contains the names and brief biographical notices of 400 male pupils on the Europeans' Roll, and 2058 on the Native Roll. The analysis of the Native Roll shows—

16 Ministers or Missionaries.
20 Evangelists.
251 Male Teachers.
158 Female Teachers.
6 Law Agents.
3 Journalists.
202 Agricultural Workers on their own land.
26 Telegraphists.
15 who have relapsed into open heathenism.

He used to tell that only three per cent. of his pupils had been brought before a magistrate for breaking the law. He would then ask—'Can Oxford do better than that?'

The crowning reply to antagonists was *Lovedale*. There it was, and its most liberal supporters were shrewd and successful business men in South Africa, who had carefully examined Lovedale on the spot. Several of them were not Presbyterians. They supported the Institution with donations which reached four figures, and in one case £5000. Of the whole sum spent on Lovedale, 75 per cent. was provided by South Africa.

These 2058 native pupils were not all who had been in Lovedale up till 1887. They were only those who had been traced. During these twenty-one years the numbers have been growing. It must be remembered that the great majority of these pupils occupy the most influential positions among the natives, and that they become the leaders in their several tribes. Lovedale means all that. In view of these facts Major Malan wrote in his farewell letter to Stewart, 'The attacks that Satan and man make upon you are only mosquito bites in comparison with the blessing which the Lord sends you in His service. Faint not.'

We can now understand why an eminent South African missionary has said: 'Dr. Stewart is the only man of his generation who has made the colonists realise the value of mission-work as worthy of the best talents, and a force to be reckoned with by men of all parties. . . . There was a time—quite recent—in Africa when missions and missionaries were held in slight esteem, not only by natives for whom men were sacrificing themselves, but by Europeans who looked more upon the economic and political issues than upon the moral and religious aims of missionary labour. There was a time also in South Africa when the idea of Christianising and

civilising the native tribes was regarded as a delusion of weak philanthropists and visionaries. The man who overthrew these notions was Dr. Stewart. He made mission-work a force to be reckoned with in the political and religious as well as in the economic sphere, and what of status and respect missions and missionary labour have in Africa among statesmen, politicians, publicists, and the official class, is largely the creation of his work, his policy, and his courageous determination.'

South Africa itself has supplied the most unanswerable reply to the African adversaries of missions. When Lord Milner left South Africa, he generously expressed his regret that he had not done more for the native races. But he did much. In view of the proposed federation of the six South African colonies, he secured the appointment of the *African Native Affairs Commission.* It was the most competent tribunal that has ever examined this great question. It consisted of eleven statesmen of repute who represented all the six divisions of South Africa. They were all men of great colonial experience—administrators, teachers, traders, and farmers. Not one missionary was on the Commission. They spent nearly two and a half years in collecting evidence from all quarters. They summoned many witnesses and welcomed all who wished to be examined. They asked no less than 45,578 questions, and all the questions and answers have been printed in full in four enormous Blue Books. In their Report, published in 1905, they unanimously declared that the natives must be educated and civilised ; that the only people who have tried to elevate them are the missionaries and some Christian families ; and that 'hope for the elevation of the native races must

depend mainly on their acceptance of Christian faith and morals. The weight of evidence is in favour of the improved morals of the Christian section of the population, and to the effect that there appears to be in the native mind no inherent incapacity to apprehend the truths of Christian teaching or to adopt Christian morals as a standard.' And it is added, 'The Commission is of opinion that regular moral and religious instruction should be given in all native schools.'

'We have here the strongest justification of the missionary attitude that could be uttered, and it is the more striking, because it is probably at variance with the large majority of (uninstructed) colonial opinion' (Colquhoun's *The Africander Land*).

It is understood that the facts were a revelation to some of the Commissioners, and that their attitude to missions has thereby been entirely changed. The colonist hostility to the education of the natives gave way before the facts. It is now generally admitted that if the whites are to make men out of the blacks, and a Europe out of Africa, it must be by such methods as Lovedale employs.

One of the Commissioners has very frankly avowed the impression made upon him by the facts presented to him. Here is an extract from the newspapers:—

The Durban correspondent of the *Cape Times* writes to that paper on 10th November, 1905:—

'A remarkable address on missions was given at Verulam this week by the Hon. Marshall Campbell, whose presence at a missionary meeting was in itself significant. Two years ago, he said, he would have refused to attend. He was one of a commission sent throughout South Africa to study the native

question, and he had been impressed that it was his duty to do all he could to acknowledge the good and noble work done by missionaries. He made special personal inquiries of individuals, went through schools and workshops, hospitals, the Kimberley mines, and at all was impressed with the excellent effect on the natives. Asking an overseer at Kimberley mines how he liked these, "Kolwas," he replied, "They are the finest men we have—more intelligent and useful all-round men than the others." Mr. Campbell made surprise visits, and learned that these educated boys were the best-behaved boys in the camp. He made a point during the visit of the British Association of throwing into contrast raw natives with educated ones, and he had since repeatedly received letters stating that the writers were so impressed that their attitude regarding missionary work would be altered, and they would do all they could to help it. Mr. Campbell closed his address with reference to the apathy of Government officials in relation to the best interests of the natives, showing that Natal was far behind the Cape in this respect, and that unless we did something more for them, a reaping time would come for our children or theirs terrible to contemplate.'

The friends and foes of missions alike need naked facts, for these overthrow scepticism and supply the fuel that feeds the sacred fires of zeal. 'I went to Africa,' says Stanley, the African traveller, 'as prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel in London—but I was converted by him (Livingstone), although he had not tried to do it.'

Alongside of Stewart's moderate and restrained tone in dealing with assaults on missions, we may place some of the methods adopted by other eminent men.

Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, says: 'I have examined the matter carefully in all parts of India, and I rejoice in the results of mission-work. The unfavourable view of the results of missions I do tell you solemnly is, I believe, due to want of interest, or want of knowledge, and the first is the greatest defect of all.'

W. S. Caine, M.P., in his *Picturesque India*, says that he found the East swarming with half-castes, and also many unfriendly critics of missions, and that he could not help laying these two facts alongside of each other.

Dr. Warneck says: 'A great part of the opposition among men of degraded character arises from the check which missions put upon the indulgence of their baser passions.'

The Earl of Selborne, the first Lord of the Admiralty, speaking at a recent meeting in Oxford, said: 'I wish to give you my testimony as to the general value of mission-work after eight years in the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. I have no difficulty in stating the impression left on my mind, and that is the *profound contempt, which I have no desire to disguise, for those who sneer at missions.* If a man professes to be a Christian it is absolutely impossible for him to deny the necessity of the existence of missions.'

Captain Alfred Bertrand, the famous Swiss explorer and hunter, and author of the magnificent book, *Au Pays des Barotsi*, came upon the French missionaries in Zambesiland. Till then he had taken no interest in missions. He was surprised and delighted with what he saw, and he has since devoted his time and talents to the furtherance of the French mission. He says: 'Christian missions

constitute a power which escapes man's intelligence and analysis; they are the continuation of the apostles' work; and apart from the subtleties of theology, they avail to bring us back to the true faith.'

'I had conceived,' writes R. L. Stevenson, 'a great prejudice against missions in the South Seas, and I had no sooner come there than that prejudice was at first reduced and then annihilated. Those who deblatterate against missions have only one thing to do, to come and see them on the spot.' He adds: 'The missionary is hampered, he is restricted, he is negated by the attitude of his fellow-countrymen, and his fellow-Christians, in the same island.'

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop writes: 'I am a convert to missions through seeing missions and the need for them.'

Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India, testifies: 'Notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit that country, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined.'

Darwin, of the *Origin of Species* fame, is the boldest of them all. In his youth he went round the world in H.M.S. *Beagle*, and he has told the story of it in his *Journal of Researches*. He studied missions as a man of science. 'I assured them,' he writes, 'that I was a sort of a Christian.' He liked to place side by side a heathen and a Christian Fuegian. 'It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilised man. It seems yet wonderful to me when I think over all his (a Fuegian convert's) many good qualities, that he should have been of the same race, and doubtless have partaken of the same character, with the miserable,

degraded savages whom we first met here. Viewing such men, one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world. The success of the mission is most wonderful, and charms me, as I always prophesied utter failure. I could not have believed that all the missionaries in the world could have made the Fuegians honest. The mission is a grand success. . . . The march of improvement consequent on the introduction of Christianity throughout the South Seas probably stands by itself in the records of history.'

Having expressed his admiration for many of the converts with whom he spent some time, he adds: 'But it is useless to argue against such reasoners (who object to missions). I believe that, disappointed in not finding the field of licentiousness so open as formerly, they will not give credit to a morality which they do not wish to practise, or to a religion which they undervalue if not despise' (tenth edition, p. 393). He adds: 'The lesson of the missionary is the enchanter's wand' (p. 403). 'I never saw a nicer or more merry group (of mission children in New Zealand), and to think that this was in the centre of the land of cannibalism, murder, and all atrocious crimes. . . . I took leave of the missionaries with thankfulness for their kind welcome, and with feelings of high respect for their gentleman-like, useful, and upright characters. I think it would be difficult to find a body of men better adapted for the high office they fill.'[1]

In order to appreciate the changed attitude of

[1] Those who wish to see this subject effectively handled, should consult Dr. Welsh's *The Challenge to Christian Missions*, and *The Missionary and his Critics*, by the Rev. J. L. Barton.

official authorities to foreign missions we should recall the words of William Ward, the colleague of Carey. After an intense struggle during thirteen years, the British missionaries in India were granted passports in 1812. 'We shall now be tolerated like toads,' Ward wrote, 'and not hunted down like wild beasts.'

As such a theme may dispose some to exaggerate the difference between themselves and the heathen, we should remember that there are no sadder sights in the world to-day than those which are found in the great cities in nominally Christian lands; and we may fittingly close this chapter with the prayer: 'Save us, O God, from our pagan selves. Smite the heathen in us, and exalt the Christ.'

CHAPTER XXV

THE APOSTLE OF CIVILISATION

Stewart's Creed—Civilise First?—Christ's Methods of Civilising — Bishop Colenso's Experiment — The Elevation of Woman — Mr. Winston Churchill — A Great Object-lesson—Some Testimonies.

'This is a very large subject, and requires a very large heart to grapple with it.'—*Dr. Cust in 'Africa Rediviva.'*

'Civilisation perfected is nothing but fully-developed Christianity.'—*Mrs. Browning.*

'There is but one question of the day, and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction.'—*W. E. Gladstone.*

'Our work at the centre can easily reach the circumference; but if at the circumference, it could not so easily reach the centre.'—*Vinet.*

'When a man is Christianised, he is clothed in the very best suit of the best civilisation which the world has yet seen.'—*Dr. Stewart.*

THE true method of civilisation was one of the questions Stewart had to consider and expound during the whole of his missionary life. People were always saying to the missionaries: 'You go about your work in the wrong way; give the natives time; you are in too great a hurry; civilise first and then Christianise.' Upon no other subject did Stewart speak with greater reiteration, plainness, and earnestness. It received special attention in his opening address as Moderator of the General Assembly, and, I believe, in every one of his books. He knew that it lay at the very heart of missionary

THE PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE, WITH GROUP OF LOVEDALE STUDENTS AND STAFF ON EMPIRE DAY

work and methods, and also of a man's conception of the religion of Christ. His guiding idea was that Christianity is the universal educator and civiliser of heathen races, and that civilisation without Christianity never civilises. His creed is found in the following passages:—'As a missionary place, it (Lovedale) seeks spiritual results as its highest and most permanent result, and as its primary aim. If the will and conscience is right, the man will be right. Its aim, therefore, is not to civilise, but to Christianise. Merely to civilise can never be the primary aim of the missionary. Civilisation without Christianity among a savage people is a mere matter of clothes and whitewash. But among barbarous races a sound missionary method will in every way endeavour to promote civilisation by education and industry, resting on the solid foundation of religious instruction. Hence there is a variety of teaching. . . . To the question often put: "Do you civilise or Christianise first? With a people in the entirely uncivilised state, we should think the civilising process ought to come first." Our answer is always this: "If possible we avoid doing things twice. When a man is Christianised—that is, when the great change has really taken place in him—he is generally civilised as well; or he will become more so day by day. He will appear clothed, and in his right mind, and the change will continue." The theory of improving the African anywhere through all the wide area in which he dwells, by commerce or civilisation only, is a very surprising one. What is there in either the one or the other, by itself, to morally improve a savage, except to sharpen his wits and make him more cunning and overbearing, and supply him

more abundantly with materials for a more animal kind of life? Civilisation, that "complex entity," so difficult to define, has to do with the present life. It is a gift of God as well as a result of man's activity, and, like all his other gifts, may be used for good or evil, to rise higher or sink lower, according as it is accompanied or not by moral influence. But by itself for moral purposes, as every missionary knows, it is pointless and powerless; and to primitive races by itself is a dangerous gift. The one hope for a better and happier future for Africa, and for its progress in true civilisation, is *viâ* Christianity. If there is no hope this way, there is no hope any way, for the African continent. The same is equally true of the rest of the world, whether civilised or not. It is the moral element and not the material which forms the chief part of man's happiness and well-being, whatever be the colour of skin or the clime in which he dwells.

'The evolutionist wants æons for his process. The missionary can do with less. In morals, as in mechanics, the intensity of the factor diminishes the necessity for time. The tremendous chasm between fetishism and Christianity is seen to be passed at a single bound in the lifetime of an individual.

'The coming King of this earth is Jesus Christ. He is the world's larger hope. The hope of a better and happier day does not lie in social panaceas, or in dreams about equality in a world where no two men are, or remain, equal for a single day, nor in wholesale distribution of the hard-won fruits of honest industry among the lazy and dishonest. These are the remedies of a well-intentioned, but badly instructed, and sometimes slightly crazy, benevolence. These ill-regulated remedies only make matters

GROUP OF HOUSE BOYS AT LOVEDALE

worse. They are the falsehood of extremes, and the exaggerations of human thinking applied to those everlasting truths which fell from the lips of the Greatest Human Teacher. The little grain of truth they contain has been stolen from Christianity itself. A saner spirit, and a more robust common-sense, and a sounder interpretation of what Christ has taught, and above all, the practice and the spirit of these teachings, must come first.

'There is no denying the fact that the Christian missionary has been the real pioneer of civilisation in Africa.

'What is needed for that vast continent is a Christian civilisation, not a non-Christian one with the seven devils of the vices of modern civilisation entering the house, and making the latter end worse than the beginning. Of that great problem the question is: How is the change from African barbarism to modern civilisation to be safely brought about? The answer is, just as with all permanent moral changes in the individual—by changing him within; and for this, so far as Africa's fate and future are concerned, there is no power in the world except the religion of Jesus Christ. Commerce cannot do it; civilisation cannot do it; science cannot do it; none of these powers want to do it even if they could. That is not in their line. Islam cannot do it. The chief feature and the invariable and inevitable results of Islam are despotic government, the degradation of woman, and the sanctioning of slavery.'

This was one of the subjects which he had thoroughly studied and about which he had read extensively. The treatment of it in Benjamin Kidd's *Social Evolution* commended itself to him. Japan,

he is aware, may be quoted in opposition to his contention that Christianity is the universal civiliser. 'Japan may seem to be an exception,' he writes. 'Its progress during fifty years has perhaps been unparalleled; but that has been gained by borrowing the products of a civilisation that is Western and Christian.' The gospel of work and the gospel of commerce, he admits, are both excellent and necessary, and where humanely and lawfully tried, they have produced very beneficial results, but by themselves they cannot supply what is needed. Everywhere missionaries have been the advance agents of true civilisation.

All will admit that heathen races can be rescued from their degradation only by the aid of the more favoured nations. Niebuhr says that all the immense and varied research of our age with respect to the origins of civilisation, has discovered no single savage race which has risen to civilisation apart from help from without.

The theory that we must civilise the rudest nations before we can hope to Christianise them seems very reasonable in some moods of the mind. 'First that which is natural and then that which is spiritual,' looks like a self-evident truth. But there are two objections to this theory: it cuts the sinews of missionary endeavour, and it is in conflict with all the essential facts of the case. During the last nineteen centuries countless experiments have been made in every land and class, and the ample pages of sacred and secular history record the results. The endeavour to produce supernatural results by natural means is a complete failure. Civilisation without Christianity only teaches the black man to add the white man's vices to his own. 'Darkest Africa,' says

FINGO WOMEN

Captain Hore, R.N., of Tanganyika, 'is where the white man has longest been.'

Christ's public ministry was less than three years, and the social conditions around Him were extremely unfavourable. The masses of the people were incredibly poor, and under an alien and cruel tyranny. Did He delay His spiritual work till these conditions had been improved? No: He began at once in the worst possible social conditions. He began with the individual and with the soul, and wrought from within outwards. Did He send forth His apostles to civilise first and then to evangelise? Students know that the condition of the heathen cities then was so bad that the whole truth about them cannot be told. Did Paul and his comrades delay their spiritual work on that account? Did they believe that the ground had to be prepared before they could teach a spiritual creed? Of all the degraded and seemingly hopeless people in that degraded age, the slaves were the very worst. What method did Paul adopt with the slave and the criminal Onesimus?

How did civilisation come to the heathen nations of Europe? Consider what Europe was two thousand years ago. Great Britain then was probably as savage as Africa is to-day. Consult, for instance, Montalembert's *Monks of the West.* How were Stewart's forefathers civilised by Columba and his monks? Is not civilisation in the modern world demonstrably a part of the Gesta Christi? Heat is not more an effect of the sun than modern humanity is the creation of Christ. Civilisation is only a secular name for Christianity.

But have the critics of missions ever attempted to civilise the heathen? Have they ever shown the missionary what they believe to be the right way?

Is there any spot on earth's surface where civilisation came first, and gradually developed into Christianity? The South African Native Affairs Commission spent two years of very diligent search, and in all South Africa they did not find one such spot. All the civilising influences they discovered came from the missionaries and Christian households. 'I have had twenty-one years of experience among natives. I have lived with the Christian native, and dined, and slept with cannibals. But I have never yet met with a single man or woman, or with a single people, that civilisation without Christianity has civilised.' All missionaries would endorse this testimony of James Chalmers of New Guinea.

This quest for a civilisation before, and as a preparation for, Christianity, was made with wonderful thoroughness by Dr. F. Percy Noble, the author of the *Redemption of Africa.* Dr. Noble, a Government official in Washington, desired to write a book on civilisation in Africa. He soon found, to his surprise, that everywhere civilisation was the undoubted product of Christian missions. He seems to have read every book on the subject. He consulted no less than 343 authorities, of which 283 are missionary. Thus, while wishing to trace the progress of civilisation, his book became a history of African missions.[1]

We have asked, Has any man seriously attempted to civilise savages with a view to their ultimate Christianisation? Yes: one man has made the experiment in a very thorough and scientific fashion. Dr. Noble records the result in *The Redemption of*

[1] Dr. Noble says that the American ploughs sold in 1899 in Zululand brought more money than it cost to sustain the Zulu Mission (p. 712). It is said that for every £1 that goes over the Kei for missions, £100 comes back to benefit colonial commerce.

Africa (p. 576). 'Bishop Colenso selected twelve boys from the superior race of the Zulus. He pledged himself that he would give them no religious education. He conscientiously and persistently devoted himself to their intellectual education and industrial training. He had them indentured as apprentices for several years.' Here we have all the conditions demanded for a thorough scientific experiment. The susceptible Africans made rapid progress. At last, when the Bishop thought they were civilised, he set them free. He told them that all their training was preliminary and incomplete without their acceptance of Jesus Christ as their personal saviour, and of His Gospel as the rule of their lives. He appealed to them to receive his religious instruction. Next morning every man had gone back to the red blanket and to native life. Their only gratitude was to leave behind the European clothes with which they had been furnished. Colenso went to the American missionaries in his neighbourhood who wished to reach civilisation *viâ* Christianity, gave them a donation of £50, and said, 'You are right. I was wrong.' This experiment was made at a station, the native name of which means the 'Palace of Light.' Without Christianity no advance is possible on the path of true civilisation. The improvement of the soul is the soul of all real improvement. Is it not one of the greatest historical facts that religion has usually blazed its own way heedless of economic conditions? 'Build in the spirit first, then from that to the flesh. This is, I believe, the spirit of every true missionary.' So says Mackay, the 'St. Paul of Uganda.'

'The raising of the Bantu races to a higher level can only be done very gradually—it will take

generations,' writes a friend of native education. If he means all the Bantu race, he is right. But what of the Basutos? What of Uganda? What of Livingstonia? What of men like King Khama, the Rev. Tiyo Soga, and many others, who in less than one generation have, through the divine dynamics of the Gospel, risen to as noble a civilisation as is found in the most cultured races of Europe and America? The Gospel that turned into Christians our Celtic and Saxon forebears, has no new thing to do in elevating the Africans. Here is Livingstone's opinion: 'We do not believe in any incapacity of the African in either mind or heart. We have seen nothing to justify the notion that they are of a different breed or species from the most civilised. The African is a man with every attribute of humankind. I have no fears as to the mental and moral capacity of the Africans for civilisation and upward progress. . . . I believe them to be capable of holding an honourable rank in the family of man.'

If the results are disappointing in many quarters, we should remember how long it took to civilise our own race, and how many in it are not civilised yet. A working hope of the civilisation of the native races is found only in alliance with a living apostolic faith. Other interpretations of Christianity do not succeed in this work, and usually do not even attempt it. A living faith pours the healing salt into the spring of the waters, while other agencies seek to purify only the streams.

The test of civilisation is the condition of woman in a land where she has been regarded as a thing rather than a person, a chattel, an instrument, and, along with cattle, the chief wealth of the tribe. 'There is growing up' (as the fruit of missions), the

Native Affairs Commission reports, 'an ever increasing number of self-respecting native women who are learning to understand the freedom which has come to them and are careful not to abuse its privileges. Improvement in the position and treatment of women has been brought about by the influence of Christian and civilised views on the marriage question, and the labour of women has been much lightened by the introduction of the plough and other appliances.' 'The Gospel is written on the land by the plough,' says a visitor, 'and in the faces of the women and children. The very dogs know the benefits of Christianity.'

On his recent return from Uganda, Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., said at a men's meeting in London: 'All the way up the Uganda Railway there are to be seen naked pagan savages, people living their tribal life in the darkness of ignorance and savagery, but on landing in Uganda we found ourselves in a new world, one of clothed, well-mannered, well-organised, and polite people. About 200,000 of them, so I was told, are able to read and write, and nearly 100,000, perhaps more, have embraced one form or another of Christianity. And in embracing it they made what to them was a complete reversal of their former habits of life. They abandoned polygamy and adopted Christian marriage. That is a great and marvellous thing, and coming to that community in the heart of Africa it seemed to me as if I had come to a centre of peace and illumination in the middle of barbarism and darkness, a new world where all the hopes and dreams of the negrophile and philanthropist have at last been fulfilled. . . . A great many cheap sneers have been poured out on Exeter Hall by people with hot heads and, I

am inclined to think, with rather cold hearts. . . . And yet it was Exeter Hall that won Uganda.' In another address he said: 'The material services which missionary work renders to the British Empire are immense; but they can be appreciated. The moral services which it renders are far greater, and can never be measured.'

One day a missionary in alliance with Lovedale wished to give his visitor an object-lesson on the civilising effects of the Gospel. He began with the witch-doctor, a perfect heathen with two huts and two wives, and wearing the head ring, the distinguishing mark of the responsible warrior. They visited in all some twelve houses, each of which was a little better than the other, and indicated the stage which the inhabitants had reached along the Christward path. We found a house and a hut within a stone's-throw of each other. They might have been built about the same time, but it seemed as if a whole century divided them. The Christian faith had made all that difference. At last we came to a house of five apartments, each of which was scrupulously clean. Many articles of furniture were adorned with native needlework; gleeful children were playing at the door; and a neat garden and well-cultivated fields lay around, in some of which cattle were grazing. The native farmer and his wife gave us a most friendly welcome. A Bible, hymn-book, and a copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* were lying on the table at the entrance. Over all within and around that comfortable homestead might have been written 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' It was only twenty-five years since that mission had begun its blessed work among

GIRLS AND BOYS ON PARADE, WITH NATIVE TEACHERS, AT LOVEDALE

a people without an alphabet, or a history, or any trace of civilisation. Lives there a man with soul so dead that he cannot rejoice in such achievements among those who were lately the least favoured of humankind? It was the pale Galilean who had conquered in that African village. Through His heralds He had not only taught them virtue, but had brought among them a virtue-making power. Civilisation may give the native everything about virtue except the power to live it.

It is only a few years ago since Sir George Leigh Hunt said, speaking of British New Guinea: 'The Government owe everything to the missions. I wish I could make you fully realise what missions mean to the Administration. It would have to be doubled, perhaps quadrupled, in strength if it were not for the little whitewashed houses along the coast where missionaries live. So every penny contributed to these missions is a help to the King's Government; every penny spent on missionaries saves a pound to the Administration, for the missions bring peace and law and order.'

The importance of this question, and the amazing ignorance regarding it among many who are otherwise intelligent, may justify the addition of a few testimonies from experts in the science of civilisation.

'That the African is capable of Christianisation and of rising to take his place among the foremost races of men, I regard as an indisputable fact. Let it be remembered what Europe was at the beginning of our era. There we find fetishism, polygamy, slavery, absolute savagery, in many instances worse than anything to be found in Africa to-day. The problem to be solved and the conditions of the case

were pretty much the same in Europe once as they are now in Africa.'—Mackay of Uganda.

'The missionary is the mainspring of Africa's modern evolution, the hope for the betterment of her hapless people.'—Dr. Cust in *Africa Rediviva.*

'Through these alone (English and Scottish missions around Lake Nyasa) is growing up such civilisation as exists in Nyasaland. Christianity is the only hope of the people. When the history of the African States of the future comes to be written, the arrival of the first missionary will, with many of these new nations, be the first historical event. This pioneering propagandist will assume somewhat of the character of a Quetzalcoatl—of those strange, half-mythical personalities that figure in the legend of old American empires, the beneficent being who introduces arts, manufactures, implements of husbandry, edible fruits, medicinal drugs, cereals, and domestic animals.'—Sir H. H. Johnston.

At the beginning of the ninth chapter of the second volume of his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century,* Lecky says that the policy of the elder Pitt, the splendid victories by land and sea, and the dazzling episodes in the reign of George II., must yield in real importance to the religious revival begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitfield. Green, in his *Short History of the English People*, makes a similar statement.

'In eastern as in other parts of the great dark continent, civilisation without Christianity has intensified the moral and physical evils arising from native vice.'—Archdeacon Walker of Uganda.

'Evangelisation must precede civilisation. Nothing less than the power of divine grace can reform the hearts of savages. After this the mind is suscept-

ible.'—Robert Moffat, after twenty-six years' experience.

Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere prized and used the missions as civilising agencies.

Lord Shaftesbury records how he heard Lord Macaulay, in the House of Commons, declare that 'the man who speaks or writes a syllable against Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilisation of mankind'; and Froude, in his essay on Calvinism, expresses the same thought when he says, 'All that we call modern civilisation in a sense which deserves the name, is the visible expression of the transforming power of the Gospel.'

'Itself missionary in spirit from the beginning, the Wesleyan Methodist Church gratefully acknowledges the surpassing worth of the vast work performed by the late Dr. Stewart, not only at Lovedale, but through that Institution in every part of the land, and regards his work as a leading factor in the Christian civilisation of the many native peoples of South Africa.'

'It is not by the State that man can be regenerated and the terrible woes of this darkened world effectually dealt with.'—Gladstone.

'The religious idea at the bottom of our civilisation is the missionary idea.'—W. T. Harris.

'We have a well-founded right to say that the most certain and effectual agent of civilisation is the missionary.'—Professor Gaston Bonet-Maury.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE NATIVES AND THE EUROPEANS

Table Mountain—The Native Problem—The Land Problem—Dr. Stewart as a Daysman—Native Criminal Law—Race Enmity—The Scorners of the Natives—Hopeful Facts.

'It is the aim of Christianity to blot out the word alien and barbarian and put the word brother in its place.'—*Max Müller.*

'British justice, if not blind, should be colour-blind.'—*Conan Doyle in 'The Great Boer War.'*

'Contempt of men is the ground-feature of heathenism.'—*Martensen's 'Ethics.'*

'*Mega anthropos*' (A man is a great thing).—*A Church Father.*

'The great ones honoured us, the believers showed us affection, but the people of the world despised us because our skins were black.'—*Gambella, the Christian Prime Minister of King Lewanika of Barotsiland, on his return from the Coronation of King Edward VII.*

THE first object that fixes the gaze of the stranger at Cape Town is Table Mountain, that dark gigantic rock of perpendicular granite, nearly 4000 feet high and 12 miles long. It besets him, monopolises attention, shuts out all objects behind and dwarfs all in front, and looks menacingly upon him through the windows of the house where he is sojourning. When the white chilling mist lies upon it, that dark mass seems to shut out heaven and overhang the whole city.

Since old Africa came to an end in 1900, and

Boer and Briton are now at peace, the native problem confronts all thoughtful men in South Africa after the fashion of Table Mount. It is the 'black cloud' which overshadows the patriot, and for him there is from it no escape. It is the storm-centre of African discussion and politics. And it had a large place in Stewart's whole life, and remained a permanent part of the horizon of his mind.

The native problem in South Africa is the greatest of its kind in history, and one of the heaviest burdens ever laid upon the white man. It will probably be the supreme test of modern statesmanship. It may be fairly defined by using the words in which a statesman recently described the kindred problem in India: 'It is not a phase but a development, not a sickness but a birth which our own Government has created.' The new wine is bursting the old bottles.

The essential facts are these: Between the Cape and the Zambesi there were, according to the census of 1904, 1,142,563 whites and 9,163,021 natives and coloured people. Dudley Kidd, in his *Kafir Socialism* (p. 284), says that the native population in Natal has increased seventy-five fold in seventy years—from about 10,000 in 1838 to 700,000 in 1906. The natives have an unconquerable vitality. The vices of the white men have failed to reduce their numbers as they have done in other lands. They are still 'fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth.' The Basutos, the most prosperous and intelligent of the African races, have, it is said, increased fivefold during the last thirty years. In Natal, in twenty years, the Zulus have doubled. Bryce, in his *Impressions of South Africa* (p. 346),

tells us that 'the number of the Fingoes to-day is ten times as great as it was fifty or sixty years ago. The blacks are increasing twice as fast as the whites, as all the checks that formerly kept the population in bounds have been removed.' Dr. Carnegie says that the negroes in America in 1880 were 6,580,793, and in 1890, 8,840,789. The coloured races are multiplying with a rapidity which many deem alarming. The problem is how to develop the native into a citizen. Every year it grows graver, and the penalty of failure is appalling. And it is very urgent, for the natives do not move now as by the measured pace of oxen, but as by steam and electricity.[1]

There will soon be, if there is not already, a pressing land problem. The territories allotted to the natives are now almost fully occupied. While there are immense stretches of unoccupied lands, the greater part of these is almost waterless, covered with scrub, and incapable of cultivation. Our Empire in South Africa has now reached its territorial limits. Africa now contains no more unparcelled earth of any agricultural value.

It is not surprising that the natives should be discontented when they see the land which belonged to

[1] In his recently published *Kafir Socialism and The Dawn of Individualism: An Introduction to the Study of the Native Problem*, Dudley Kidd endeavours to set forth all the essential facts in the problem, and to suggest practical remedies. It is a very interesting book, but it is fitted to make the reader feel giddy in presence of the enormous complexities, varieties, and hindrances which belong to the native question. Mr. Kidd says that we are building up our structure at the foot of a volcano, but that, like all Pompeians, we have grown used to it, and do not worry much about our Vesuvius. 'The problems ahead,' he says, 'make one almost afraid to think.'

their tribes from time immemorial, now occupied by white men, some of whom, they believe, are coveting the poor black man's vineyard, and wishing to 'eat up' his land. Some one has said that formerly Europeans used to steal Africans from Africa, and now they are trying to steal Africa from the Africans. The recent Boer war and the war in German territory have tended to foster elements of discontent. And their rulers admit that they have real grievances which should be remedied.

Many have written upon this perplexing subject. A perusal of their writings leaves two impressions: all admit the extreme gravity of the problem, and no one suggests a practical and hopeful solution. The Native Affairs Commission left this question untouched. We are in presence of the growing pains of a new and vast Empire. This spectacle has drawn the eyes of the world to South Africa. We may hope that there will never be any serious war of races, though some students of the problem have grave fears. There is a history of Lobengula which has as its frontispiece a white and a black soldier fully armed. It is plain to the eye that the black man has no better chance in battle than the crow has with the eagle. Besides, the various races know not how to unite, though they are now beginning to realise their race unity and their common interests.

Stewart was well fitted to be a Daysman between the conflicting parties. The 'Great White Father' of the natives, he could lay a hand on both. The word 'Lovedale' had a charm for them. It offered a fair field to all and no favour. There their children ate, studied, worked, and played together with the white children. They all knew that he had

devoted his life to them.[1] The chiefless native, without a land or a home, formerly a man, but now a child in his new surroundings, and bewildered with the white man's strange ways, appealed strongly to his knightly chivalry, and made him 'think furiously' as the French say. At the same time Stewart's attitude to the colonists had always been respectful and propitiatory. Like them, he was a zealous imperialist, and vehemently opposed to Kruger's policy. Largely dowered with the God-given instinct of revolt against oppression and wrong, he could express his noble rage in the style of an Old Testament prophet. With flashing eye and quivering voice he described scenes of wanton cruelty towards natives which he had witnessed. The Grondwet (constitution) of the Transvaal, which

[1] The Reverend Doig Young writes: 'Once when Dr. Stewart and Mr. Mzimba were travelling together to attend a meeting of Presbytery, they had to spend a night at a wayside inn. Knowing that hotel-keepers as a rule do not give up a bedroom to a native, Dr. Stewart, after being shown his room, asked the landlady what accommodation Mr. Mzimba was to have. "Oh," she said, "I will let him sleep in the loft outside." "Well, well," was the quiet rejoinder, "just let me see the place." They were taken to the loft above the stable. Dr. Stewart turned to Mr. Mzimba and said, in presence of the landlady, "You go and occupy my room, and I will sleep here." "Oh no," was her reply, "I cannot allow that." "But I insist upon it," continued Dr. Stewart; "if you have no bedroom in the house to give my friend, he must take my room." The upshot was that Mr. Mzimba was shown into a comfortable room. During many years this landlady told this wonderful story to her guests. It seems to have been the only experience of the kind she had known.

'Dr. Stewart was all through his long missionary life the loyal and sympathetic friend of the native people. He never forgot the old students either. Should he, even when hurrying through the streets of a town to catch a train, notice an old Lovedale lad on the other side of the street, across he would run at once, shake hands, and ask after his welfare.

'He lived, he worked, he prayed for the advancement of the natives.'

declared that 'no equality between black and white was to be recognised in Church and State,' roused his intensest opposition. He was thus persuaded that only under British supremacy could the natives receive justice and consideration.[1] At the same time he had no romantic or sentimental views about the natives. No man spoke more boldly about their failings, and the exertions by which alone they could improve their position. 'It is not too much to say,' writes Dr. M'Clure of Cape Town, 'that Dr. Stewart's influence did much to ensure the adoption by Cape Colony of the policy of equal rights for civilised men as citizens independent of colour.' This policy embraced the Glen Grey Act (so called from the district to which it was first applied in 1894) by which the sale of drink was forbidden to the natives. Cecil Rhodes was the chief advocate of this policy, and he secured its application to Rhodesia. Many are of opinion that in these questions he was largely influenced by Stewart. They do wrong to Rhodes who represent him as a heartless exploiter of the natives. He was 'simply worshipped' by his black servants, and he thus defined his attitude to them: 'The natives are children, and we ought to do something for the minds and the brains that the Almighty has given them. I do not believe that they are different from ourselves.'

In 1888 Stewart had an influential share in introducing a new era for the natives. Along with a

[1] A friend who is perfectly familiar with the subject writes: 'Under the new constitution of the Transvaal, which is supposed to be British, and certainly has the approval of the Home Government, the natives are said to be no better off than when under Kruger. They have no political rights, and they cannot own property.

leading judge he was appointed to draw up a Bill codifying the native criminal law. Their report extended to some seven hundred pages. A German had slain a native, and for some time he was not called to account for his crime. The Rev. J. D. Don, of King William's Town, then boldly espoused the cause of the natives, and Stewart was one of his chief supporters. The community was deeply stirred by the agitation, and the principle was then for the first time fully established that in the eye of the law the native had the same rights as the white man. This successful agitation achieved for the natives of Africa what Burke, by his action in the case of Warren Hastings, achieved for the natives of India. Since then our nation has rejected the idea of geographical morality and humanity, and has demanded that all the subject races within our Empire shall be governed on British principles. That demand was made effective in South Africa by the action of Mr. Don, Stewart, and their friends.

Stewart was a leading authority in all matters affecting the natives, and he was often consulted by statesmen.

Both Cecil Rhodes and Lord Milner adopted the 'Lovedale' attitude to the natives. The following letter from Lord Milner reveals his relation to Dr. Stewart and his matured convictions regarding the natives:—

'HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
'JOHANNESBURG, *Oct.* 17, 1904.

'DEAR DR. STEWART,—Many thanks for your letter of October 6th, and for kindly sending me your book. The contrasted maps on page 11 are

THE NATIVE LAWS COMMISSION, OF WHICH DR. STEWART WAS A MEMBER

striking indeed. I have so far read the first and fifteenth chapters with much interest. You know that I am in agreement with your *temperate* hopefulness about the African, or at least the African that I know. The Commission have been here the last ten days. I am glad to find that the leading men on it seem to me to be inclining to a very sound view; they are decidedly not anti-native, and are anxious to give the natives both a chance and incitement to gradually rise individually, and also to give them collectively some representation, though they are dead against whites and blacks voting together. I think it is going to come to native representation in a white assembly through separate members elected by the natives, voting separately—not, perhaps, an ideal solution, but better either than the present Cape system or the total exclusion of the natives from all representation. The latter system will no doubt continue to prevail for some time in the new colonies. One cannot rush these things. But if the Cape, which has on the whole most civilised natives, leads the way, and the experiment is a success, the other colonies will doubtless follow suit in time. I hope you have by now received the minutes of the evidence already given. You will be the best judge whether you should appear before the Commission in person. There is no man whose views on the native question would be of greater authority. But, of course, you may think, on looking through the evidence, that the considerations you would like to urge have already been sufficiently presented by others. You alone can judge whether this is so or not.—Believe me, dear Dr. Stewart, with affectionate respect, yours very truly, MILNER.'

In 1897, at Bulawayo, Rhodes made his celebrated declaration about 'equal rights for all civilised men south of the Zambesi, whatever their colour.' The policy adopted in Lovedale forty years ago has been adopted in all the States in South Africa except Natal, Transvaal, and Orange River Colony. 'It has been given to few men to make and mould a whole race'—we quote from the Memorial Number of the *Christian Express*. 'Such nation-builders God sends seldom. But Dr. James Stewart, missionary, was thus honoured. It is to him, to his largeness of soul, to his tenderness of heart all consecrated, enriched, and purified by the spirit of God, that the native people of South Africa owe in great measure the position of advantage and promise which they hold to-day.'

Stewart was fully alive to all the essential facts of the race-problem, which divides the English as well as the Dutch. The attitude of many British colonials to the native was one of the sorrows of his life. South Africa is, and has always been, a land of extremes, contradictions, and surprises. To both Herodotus and Aristotle is the saying attributed, 'Out of Africa comes ever some new thing.' To the British traveller one of the greatest of African surprises is the number of men of British birth who have no real sympathy with the native. 'The traveller in South Africa,' says Bryce, 'is astonished at the strong feeling of dislike and contempt—one might almost say of hostility—which the bulk of the whites show to their black neighbours. The tendency to race-enmity lies very deep in human nature.'

The whites in South Africa are much more outspoken and unconventional than their kinsfolk at

home. Their real opinions are soon disclosed to the traveller. Some seem to regard the black man as their haltered milch cow, and scarcely a man. Their philosophy is that Ham has no business to do anything but serve Japheth as in duty bound. They forget that he has human feelings and rights. They expect him to work for their profit with intelligence, while he is not to use that intelligence for his own advancement. They claim to speak for a large number of their neighbours. It is here offered as personal testimony that many intelligent Britons in South Africa say what no man would venture to say in public at home. They value the black man only in so far as he can be of service to them. One soon discovers in South Africa that inhumanity may also have its bigots. Froude in his *Oceana* says: 'A black man is a better conductor of lightning than a white, and so a white has always a black by his side in a thunderstorm.' In his *Last Journal* Livingstone says: 'We must never lose sight of the fact that though the majority perhaps are on the side of freedom, large numbers of Englishmen are not slave-holders only because the law forbids the practice. In this proclivity we see a great part of the reason of the frantic sympathy of thousands with the rebels in the great Black war in America.'

It is true that the white man has many provoking experiences with the natives, but has he none with his fellow-whites?

In his evidence before the Native Affairs Commission Stewart said: 'The white man has contributed to race antagonisms quite as much as the black perhaps. Many white people would not worship in a church where the natives are. That is the general feeling in the colonies.'

J. S. M'Arthur, Esq., the discoverer of the Cyanide process of extracting gold, thus describes the scorn with which some regard the native Christian: 'As I began to mix more with the people in South Africa, I got to understand the prejudice against the Kafir Christian. Those who reviled him often knew nothing about him, and those who really did know about him were, in most cases, a low type of European who considered that every nigger requires to be kicked, beaten, thrashed, and sworn at. The Christian Kafir had been taught that he was a man, and he resented the continual ill-treatment. To the consternation of the bully the "converted nigger" showed himself a man. The bully did not like it, and then blamed Christianity for spoiling niggers.'

Sir R. Jebb, of the British Association, reports that 'the education of the native was spoken of by some with scorn, or even with something like panic.' They dislike native education as much as the slave-holders did in the Southern States of America. Surely he who opposes education cannot be regarded as an educated man.

I met some whites in South Africa who were deeply grieved that Lord Milner had heartily shaken hands with native chiefs, and that statesmen and noblemen had entertained in their houses in London the African chiefs who were at the Coronation. Though the subject had a very sad side, the naïveté of the distressed objectors was highly amusing. These people would deny to the natives the common courtesies of life. Several representatives of the Press treat the whole subject with heartless cynicism. In view of these facts, Britons should not upbraid the Boers, as a class, for their treatment of the natives.

Some colonial objectors to missions are like the peevish children in the market-place in Christ's day. They wish the missionary to teach the Kafir not to read but to work; and when he is taught to work, they still object that the teaching heightens the price of labour. Many are afraid of the competition of the trained native, and think that he should be only a hewer of wood and drawer of water to the whites, as patient as the ox and more obedient than the mule.[1] The real trouble with them is that they cannot get cheap skilled native labour, as the education that makes it skilled, makes it also dear, and so prevents the speedy enrichment of the white man. Like many unreasonable people, they feel indignation in connection with one subject and express it in connection with another.

It must be remembered that there are two policies in South Africa, the Cape policy and the policy in Natal and Transvaal. The policy of Cape Colony is British, that in the other two States is more or less opposed to British ideals. During the Boer war many in our country could scarcely believe that natives were not allowed to walk on the pavement, and that if any attempted in Johannesburg to do so, they were rudely driven away. But this great scandal has not yet been remedied, and so Britain's fair fame as the champion and protector of the native races is imperilled.

[1] This view is very frankly stated in the *Koloniale Zeitschrift*, the organ of the German commercial company into whose hands the German Government placed the development of their West African Territory. In that newspaper we read: 'We have acquired this colony, not for the evangelisation of the Blacks, not primarily for their well-being, but for us whites. Whosoever hinders our object we must put out of the way.' Verily these men have had their reward. (*Christus Liberator*, p. 279.)

We have now come to the gravest element in this overshadowing, overawing, and omnipresent problem. It is that pride of race and contempt of others which is the unfailing mark of genuine barbarism. The low-minded scorners of the African race forget that scorn breeds scorn and abiding resentment, and that the native is a man for all that, of the same human stuff with ourselves. What can we expect from them if to race-hatred of the raw Kafir there should be added race-envy of the educated Kafir, whom some regard as a menace to the imagined rights of the whites. Dr. Livingstone says that it is a very dangerous thing to despise the manhood of the meanest savage, and that some white men he had known had lost their lives by so doing. In Dr. Blaikie's *Life of Livingstone*, p. 373, we find the following: 'The rumour of the Baron's (Van der Decken) death was subsequently confirmed. His mode of treating the natives was the very opposite of Livingstone's, who regarded the manner of his death as another proof that it was not safe to disregard the manhood of the African people.'[1]

In 1882 General Gordon, then stationed at King William's Town, wrote to Stewart: 'Do away with the unsympathetic magistrates and you would want no troops. To me the native question is a comparatively simple one, if the Government would act at once.'

The natives seem to have some mysterious power which is lost by civilisation. Dudley Kidd calls it

[1] A Brahmin was lately speaking to an Indian missionary about the persistent scorn of natives by Englishmen, which is believed to be largely responsible for the present estrangement in India. The Brahmin added: 'When you meet a real Christian the ideal is possible, and it is possible nowhere else in the world.'

telepathy. They know far better than the most intelligent whites what is going on around them. 'Among them the white man's character and reputation are as well known as if he walked in broad daylight with the whole story written on his back.' The natives now know all about the weaknesses and vices of the whites. Do any of us realise what that means, or how the terrible truth impresses them? Many are complaining that the natives do not now respect the white men. But they warmly welcomed, and kissed the hands of, the first white men who landed at Cape Town. No man should be respected because his skin is white, or because he possesses superior power. The natives respect all the whites who respect themselves, and they adore those whom they can completely trust. To those who are saying, 'We must and shall have respect from the natives,' the proper reply is, 'Deserve it, and you will get it.' Men do not gain respect by demanding it.

Marvellous beyond words is the power which the whites might easily gain over the natives if only their lives were noble. 'We perceive that you respect us, and we will be faithful for ever,' said the wild Beydurs of India to Meadows Taylor, their magistrate. The hearts of all men are fashioned alike in this respect. Many great statesmen and missionaries have shown how uncivilised men may be won. It is very plain that they can never be won by brutality, coercion, and scorn. It is the white man's foolish haughtiness that rouses the demon in the native and adds fuel to the fire over which native discontent is simmering all the world over.

This barbarous colour-madness of many of his fellow-countrymen came home to Stewart as a per-

sonal affliction or a domestic calamity. 'It is more difficult to say what will be the future of the African himself,' he says, 'but it is possible that the opinion about him will be as completely reversed as has been the opinion of the civilised world about the continent in which he dwells. For countless centuries he was regarded as only fit to be a chattel and a slave, and though that day is past, many at the present time regard him as scarcely worthy of notice among mankind, except for his muscular strength and fitness for the lowest and roughest kind of labour. Even to-day educated Englishmen speak of him as an "inferior animal, as a blend of child and beast," or a "useless and dangerous brute," scarcely possessing human rights. To those who use such language I would say, how badly we use the power and the gifts that God has given us, when we so regard the unfortunate African.'

The Rev. R. W. Barbour wrote: 'Dr. Stewart has a great deal to do and to bear in his fearless defence of their rights. He does not flatter the natives, but he does wish to see fair-play, and to give them a chance of standing on their own feet in all this hurry and press of Europeans, eager to get more land, and threatening to override the coloured people altogether. Pitiably enough, the subject is made here, just as at home, a matter of party.'

As this chapter is discouraging, it should close with some words about the hopeful features of the native problem.

1. As in India, the native Christians, with extremely few exceptions, have never taken part in any native wars, and they have often prevented bloodshed.

2. The leading statesmen and very many of the

citizens of South Africa desire to treat the natives with justice and generosity. The Report of the Native Affairs Commission is inspired by a noble desire to further the weal of all, and it will occupy a place of high honour in history. But as so many are indifferent or hostile, every question affecting the natives should be watched with unslumbering vigilance in the mother-country. South African affairs are now in a state of flux, and many are even proposing to remove the restrictions on the sale of European liquors to the natives. Britons have every right to secure that the natives shall be treated according to the British ideals.

3. There is India with its perplexing problems and its 300,000,000 split up into a hundred different races, each speaking a different dialect, and all arrayed against one another by caste, tribal and religious prejudices. The world has never seen such audacity as that of our little island in undertaking to govern there one-fifth of the whole human family, and success has attended the effort because the Government has been just and sympathetic. 'The governing of India is a wonderful thing to contemplate; wonderful to reckon by how few it is done, with what apparent ease and small parade of power; wonderful to see how difficulties have been moulded into gains, how prejudices have been turned to good account, and how strong bricks have been made from uninviting straw. Above all are to be admired those broad principles of justice, honesty, and kindness, which are at the foundation of British rule.' (Sir Frederick Treves, *On the Other Side of the Lantern.*) In spite of present disturbances, India teaches us not to despair of Africa.

'Make a man a man, and let him be,' is the British

method. The difficulties it entails are smaller than those created by tyranny, as Russia and Belgium on the Congo know right well. If there is danger in making concessions to an awakening people, is there none in refusing them? Lord Lawrence held that Christian things done in a Christian way could never be politically dangerous. He declared that these things, 'so far from being dangerous, have established British rule in India.' 'Having ascertained,' he wrote in one of his despatches, 'what is our Christian duty according to our unerring lights and conscience, he would follow it out to the uttermost, undeterred by any consideration.'

Niebuhr, the German historian, says that Britons are the Romans of to-day. But there is an essential difference: Britain desires to be, not the robber or mistress, but the mother of the subject races. We may therefore hope that the native question in South Africa will never, as in America, be settled by fire and sword.

CHAPTER XXVII

ETHIOPIANISM

Its History — Aims—Growth—Division—Fruits—Conference at Johannesburg—Mzimbaism—A Surprising Parallel—The Bishop of Kafraria.

'Trifles are the occasions but not the causes of Revolutions.'—*Aristotle.*

'The Native would need the Anglo-Saxon alongside of him for the next fifty or one hundred years.'—*Mackay of Uganda.*

I am largely indebted to an article in the *Allgemeine Missions Zeitschrift* for 1902, translated by Mrs. Stormont of Blythswood. I have also borrowed from the admirable statement about Ethiopianism in the Report of the first General Missionary Conference held at Johannesburg in 1904. That Report is based upon a series of papers in the Lovedale *Christian Express.*

THE Ethiopian Church had a great influence upon Stewart's last years. It was one of the sorest disappointments of his life, and yet it contributed to the fulfilment of one of his greatest dreams. It therefore claims a chapter in his biography.

Its History.—This movement took a definite form in the early eighties. It began with the native assistants. Their position was a trying one. In many stations they did the most of the work, but as they were not ordained, they could not celebrate marriages, or baptize, or dispense the Lord's Supper. They had also a lower salary and status than the white missionary, and they felt more or less isolated both from the blacks and the whites. Being somewhat educated, they wished to better their position, and

the more ambitious wished to make a rapid ascent of the social ladder. They had also an awakening sense of power and racial responsibility. Social and political avenues were closed against them, but the church seemed to offer a highway to increased influence. They were, no doubt, also moved by the bearing of white men, many of whom would not worship in the same building with them. Ethiopianism is the reply of the native to the unfriendly attitude of the colonist in the press, on the platform, and in private life. It was thus the product of the many subtle and complex influences which create the ferment and 'growing pains' of national adolescence.

Even the Apostle found it very difficult to weld into one society the Hebrew and the Hellene, two races with two languages. The effort to unite the Saxon and the Gael—two races with two languages—in the United Free Church of Scotland has recently led to a disruption. The corresponding difficulties in South Africa have been intensified by colour, by extreme social distinctions, by foreign domination, and by the aftermaths of war. All these smouldering embers were easily stirred into a flame.

Ethiopianism was chiefly a minister's movement. The schism began in the Wesleyan Church at Pretoria in 1892, and in 1896 the Rev. James Dwane, a Wesleyan evangelist, became the leader of the movement. Many members seceded from the Wesleyan and Episcopal churches.

Dwane had visited England in 1894, and several sums of money were then entrusted to him. On his return many questions arose. Was that money a gift to the missionary or the mission? Was it for his own mission or for the general

mission-work? Was it to be expended by himself or by the Committee? These questions were the occasion, and probably also one of the causes, of his secession.

Another element in this movement is the native's hereditary delight in fighting. As this tendency cannot now be gratified on the battlefield, it often reveals itself in politics, in church life, and especially in litigation. 'All the Kafirs are naturally lawyers,' Stewart says, 'and very sharp ones too.'

In designating their Church, the leaders wished to avoid the name 'African,' and they chose the title 'Church of Ethiopia.' It has the three recommendations of being distinctive, biblical (Acts viii. 27), and popular. It is a well-chosen rallying cry. 'Ethiopianism' is now applied to all independent, religious, and social or political societies under native management.

Its Aim.—The avowed aim was excellent. It was to plant a self-supporting, self-governing, self-propagating Native Church, which would produce a truly African type of Christianity suited to the genius and needs of the race, and not be merely a black copy of any European Church. All the home churches had from the first avowed the same aim.[1] The foreign mission was a foster-nurse for the rearing of an infant native church that should by and by be able to stand alone. All would admit that for Africa's redemption, the African must be the chosen instrument. Christianity can adapt itself to all races and individualities, and it is an historical

[1] On Stewart's appointment to Lovedale in 1866, the Committee drew up a minute as to its future management, in which this passage occurs: 'So soon as native congregations are formed, the care of them ought, as speedily as possible, to be consigned to a native pastorate . . . in time to be supported by natives themselves, while the Europeans should be free to press on to the regions beyond.'

fact that it never has taken root in any land till, as in Britain and Germany, a native church had been formed under native ministers. Stewart believed that there should be native churches composed of natives only, for he held that as soon as the natives were in a majority, the whites would separate from them. In this opinion he differed from the home church.

The avowed aim of the Ethiopian movement was good, but the missionaries believed that it was premature, and that it derived much of its strength from inferior motives, though it was a proof that the African was awakening from the slumber, not of decades, but of centuries.

The Native Affairs Commissioners say: 'The Church Separatist or Ethiopian movement has as its origin a desire on the part of a section of the Christianised natives to be freed from control by European Churches. Its ranks are recruited from every denomination carrying on extensive operations in South Africa, and there is in each case little or no doctrinal divergence from the tenets of the parent Church, though it is alleged, and the Commission fears with truth, that relaxed strictness in the moral standard maintained frequently follows. It is the outcome of a desire on the part of the natives for ecclesiastical self-support and self-control, first taking tangible form in the secession of discontented and restless spirits from religious bodies under the supervision of European missionaries without any previous external incitation thereto. Further, that upon the affiliation of certain of these seceders and their followings to the African Methodist Episcopal Church, lamentable want of discrimination was displayed by the first emissaries to South Africa in ordination to the ministry of unsuitable men.'

Stewart gave very interesting evidence about Ethiopianism before the Native Affairs Commission in the end of 1904. His opinion about it then was much more unfavourable than it had been in previous years.

Its Growth.—It was resolved to seek affiliation with the Methodist Episcopal Church of U.S.A. which has a section entirely composed of blacks. It was founded because of the 'evils arising from the unkind treatment of their white brethren, who considered them a nuisance in the house of worship, and even pulled them off their knees when in the act of prayer, and ordered them to the back seats.' The American Methodist Episcopal Church sent over Dr. Turner, a coloured bishop, who toured the country with great flourish, and gave a great impetus to Ethiopianism. In six weeks he received members into the Church by the thousand, ordained sixty ministers and deacons on their face value, and welcomed into fellowship at a few hours' notice many seceding congregations and pastors.

The Ethiopians were greatly excited. Oh, they were going to annex Rhodesia—Mr. Rhodes had given permission for that—and Egypt, and Soudan, and Abyssinia. The bishop wrote to Menelik, king of Abyssinia. He was quite ready to start and visit the king as soon as he got the money from America. They would found a negro church for all Africa, and Africa would be evangelised by genuine Africans. The hope was held out that the Africans might found a great African Republic.

In his *Kafir Socialism*, Dudley Kidd shows how an average native chief regards the pretensions of the Ethiopian. 'You are the coming men, and you are going to do without the white man?—Are you?

—Did you build your church yourself? Did you make the iron in it, the door, the glass? Did you make the books you use? Did you weave the clothes you wear?' To all these questions the Ethiopian has to answer 'No.' 'You owe all these to the white man, and how are you to get on without him?' The thoughtful natives know right well that the white missionaries are their best friends.

Its Divisions.—The coloured bishop did his best to foster race-prejudice and disloyalty to the Government, and to make Ethiopianism an anti-white crusade. But it soon began to divide and subdivide: division is the weakness of the Africans in Church and State. It was engineered, too, by men not always of good repute, some of whom were fugitives from discipline. Any and all who presented themselves were ordained, and members were drawn over from all the missions.

In 1899 Dwane, the leader, was admitted into the Anglican Church, and was made Provincial of the new 'order of Ethiopia,' which was founded to welcome his followers. The name was a great concession to the Ethiopians.

The Fruits.—Stewart wrote: 'The effect of this method is to create a Cave of Adullam for the restless and dissatisfied, and to weaken the discipline of other churches. Nominally a church movement, it contains a strong, perhaps dangerous political element. By itself it is not likely, at least for some time, to be either in government, doctrine, or practice, much of a blessing to native Christianity in South Africa. Its aim seems to be a kind of ecclesiastical Home Rule, and it has done nothing but mischief.

'The name Ethiopian Church was admirably conceived as an appeal both to race and religion, though

probably race more than religion had to do with the whole movement. There was a good deal said at first about the Ethiopians going to evangelise the heathens. If that meant to the outside or distant heathen, none as yet have gone.'

'Africa for the Africans' is the motto of the Ethiopian movement,[1] says Naylor, 'and through it the African strikes at the missionaries, the one class of foreigners upon whom he can depend for fair treatment and the highest service. The movement embitters the native, intensifies the race problem, and threatens to extend northward.' It is believed to be to some extent responsible for the uprising of the natives in German South Africa, and the ensuing bloodshed.

Ethiopianism has become very much a Home Rule movement, and it is charged with having made a compromise with heathenism. It is not doing mission-work among the natives, and it threatens to become 'the parasite of African missions.' All the elements of discord are fostered by it, and its recruits are gathered from all the missions, but it has created nothing. It is without unity or leadership. Powerful to disturb and destroy, its career has been like the torrent accompanying a thunder-shower, which loses itself in the sand, leaving only a discoloured sediment. It adds its current to the terrible undertow that makes for a carnal Christianity.

[1] A few months ago, His Highness Prince Bandele Omoniyi (a West African educated at Edinburgh University) published *A Defence of the Ethiopian Movement*. He regards it as almost entirely a political movement, and he claims social and political equality for all adult British subjects in Africa, irrespective of race, creed, or colour. He also advocates the fusion of the black and white races by intermarriage, but he advertises out of a *Black Man's Republic*. The essential difficulties of the problem are entirely ignored.

The Missionary Conference at Johannesburg in 1904 adopted the following resolution:—'This Conference deplores (1) the fact that the Ethiopian bodies should so often display an utter lack of regard for the principles of Christian comity by entering fields already occupied, and by proselytising therein; (2) the lowering of the standard of Christian morals through lax discipline, and the fostering of schism in the Church of Christ; (3) the intensification of the distrust existing between the two great races of this land by the emphasis which Ethiopianism is placing upon the colour line.

'This Conference understands Ethiopianism to be the effort in South Africa to establish churches independent of European missionary control, and on racial lines; the quickening power of the Gospel and the unavoidable contact of the native with European civilisation have produced an awakening amongst the natives throughout South Africa; Ethiopianism is largely a misdirected use of their new-born energy; for the present at least it would seem to require not so much repression as careful guidance.'

Ethiopianism has brought much sorrow to many missionaries. 'It broke Mr. Coillard's heart,' his biographer says, 'and hastened his end.' His own son in the faith, who owed everything to him, wrote a letter under the heading:—'Reply from the Reverend W. J. Mokalapa, Arch-elder, Overseer, Director of the Training Institute, President of the District Conference, Presiding Elder of Barotsiland, Central Africa.'

Mzimbaism.—Stewart closely watched the movements of Ethiopianism, and devoted to it many able articles in the *Christian Express.* But he did not then dream that it was to come to his own door.

The Rev. P. I. Mzimba had been one of the leading pupils of Lovedale, and he had acted there as ordained minister of the native congregation for twenty-two years. Stewart and his friends had bestowed upon him exceptional kindness. But in 1898, without warning, he resigned his position, drew off with him two-thirds of the congregation, and founded the 'African Presbyterian Church,' forgetting his ordination vows 'to maintain the unity of the Church against error and schism.' He persisted in retaining properties with the custody of which he had been officially entrusted. These included £1361, several buildings, and many records and documents. As representing the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church at home and the donors, the Presbytery was constrained to appeal to the law courts, and Mzimba was ordered to restore the goods he had appropriated. He is a Fingo, and nearly all in his church are Fingoes. Tribal influences have had a large share in the movements. The Fingoes were originally the slaves of the Kafirs,—their 'dogs' they called them—though they have now outstripped their former masters. All the Kafirs were loyal when the Fingoes sided with Mzimba.

The trouble began with Mzimba as with his friend Dwane. When in Scotland several people, from the very best motives, gave him sums of money for his church, and he claimed the right of using these as he thought best.[1]

[1] It is not surprising that the Moravians have adopted the following rule:—'We also disapprove of bringing converts to Europe on any pretext whatever, and think it would lead them into danger of injury to their own souls.' Some of the most distressing troubles in missions among Jews and Gentiles have been created by the liberality of good

This secession brought peculiar sorrow to Stewart, for in the early days Mzimba had been to him as his own son in the faith. This great sorrow was ever before him, for Mzimba's church and manse were on the hill-top overlooking Lovedale.

Stewart's legal adviser thus describes this episode: —'That matter aged Dr. Stewart perceptibly. How he felt it all in the inmost depths of his soul! Advice was taken from the first counsel in the Colony, the position made clear, and the remedy pointed out. The issue could not be evaded, all efforts to arrange a peaceful settlement had been repulsed. . . . Hard things were said, wrong statements made, grave reflections were cast upon him. These did not fail to wound, for underlying the deep strength of the man there lay a vein of keen sensitiveness. . . . Dr. Stewart received his justification in the Mzimba action at the hands of the Chief-Justice of this Colony, but he never was the same man afterwards. That bitter time left a scar upon his heart that I believe he felt each day until he died.'

Ethiopianism, however, gave a decisive impulse to a scheme which had been in Stewart's heart for thirty years. About one hundred Ethiopians had gone to the United States of America to receive in a Negro College a higher education than was within their reach at home. Their minds had been poisoned with hatred of the white man and his rule. This fact persuaded many leading statesmen that they must

people who have given money to converts visiting this country, instead of giving it to responsible committees. This practice is to a certain extent responsible for the origin of Ethiopianism, of which Mzimbaism is an off-shoot. An 'Independent Mission' is one dependent on foreign aid, while the missionary is independent of those whose guidance he needs. Money without the usual business control has proved a great snare to many.

provide a college for the natives. If Ethiopianism thus brought to Stewart great sorrow, it also brought him, indirectly, not a little joy.

The early history of Ethiopianism has been exactly repeated in a surprising fashion. The 'Legal' Free Church of Scotland were urging their claim for a share of the Mackinnon Bequest of £150,000 for missions in Africa. At the same time two disappointed native probationers in the neighbourhood of Lovedale were eager for ordination, and had failed to gain it by the usual methods. They claimed to be faithful adherents of the old Free Church of Scotland, and lifted up their protest against the Union. Last year two deputies from the Legal Free Church visited the African dissentients. Not in Plutarch's *Lives* can we find so close a parallel as unites the early careers of the Negro Bishop and the White Deputies. In the reports of the two deputations we observe the same royal welcome, the same display of native horsemanship, the same eagerness of native missionaries for ordination, the same readiness to accept the applicants' estimates of their own qualifications, the same forgetfulness of the Apostolic injunction to 'lay hands suddenly on no man,' the same eloquent congratulations, the same fostering of divisions and alienations. But the parallel is not perfect. The friends of the Negro Bishop understood perfectly what they wanted: it is not easy to believe that the followers of the White Deputies did so. They professed to understand the questions about which there were conflicting opinions among the Law Lords in England and Scotland. The Kafir language has no word for the establishment of the Church by the State, the dogma upon which the House of Lords based its decision. If a

passable equivalent could be found for the 'principle of Church establishment,' it would probably convey no meaning to the native mind. Many of those whom the deputies welcomed could neither read nor write. In Scotland a probationer from another Church is admitted only after a prolonged and careful process which is fixed by Church law. But the Scotch deputies refused to meet with the missionaries formerly in the same Church-communion with themselves, who could have given them reliable information about the applicants. They telegraphed home for permission to ordain the native probationers, and ordained them on the spot.

Ere long the Negro Bishop[1] was deeply disappointed with his efforts at church-making, and

[1] Here is part of a recent speech by the Bishop of Kafraria. 'He would like to say that he thought if the old Free Church at home knew how it was being exploited by designing natives, how men who had no character whatever had succeeded in using them to empty churches of old Free Church missionaries who spent their lives among the natives, he thought they would be very sorry that they had ever been so deluded. The natives were very sharp. They did not understand the subtle point of discipline which separated the Free Church from the United Free Church. He was afraid the Free Church thought they did. The natives understood that where waters were troubled it might be good to fish. They saw there was a dispute, and they were always spoiling for a fight—if it was anything of a legal fight so much the better. They were devoted litigants. When he saw this trouble was on, a native ex-Presbyterian minister saw his opportunity, and he cabled home to the Free Church more than once to say: "We have not joined the union. We are quite disposed to remain under the old status"—he had lost his status long ago—"and we are quite prepared to manage these properties for you"—to manage Lovedale—(laughter)—and other large stations. There was just a chance that they might get these stations to manage. It was a desperate delusion. To them who knew the natives it was incredible that they should have any interest in the matter at issue. It had been most pathetic to watch these good missionaries going to their churches on Sunday mornings and finding their places nearly empty simply from these intrigues.'

was disposed to admire the horsemanship more than the churchmanship of the Ethiopians. Time will show whether the parallel between the Negro and the Scottish deputies will be as close in its sequel as it was in its beginning.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE MODERATOR, 1899-1900

The Genius of Presbyterianism—Missionary Moderators—Dr. Stewart's Addresses—His Speech at Washington.

'For eschewing confusion in reasoning, the whole Assembly present named Mr. George Buchanan, Principal of St. Leonard's College in St. Andrews, Moderator during the Convention.'—*From Minute of the Appointment of the first Moderator of the Church of Scotland.*

'Of necessity it is that Generall Assemblies maun be, in the which the judgment and gravitie of many may concur to correct or to represse the folyes or errouris of a few.'—*John Knox's Works*, ii. 296, 297.

'It was a maist pleasant and comfortable thing to be present at these Assemblies, there was sic frequencie (large attendance) and reverence.'—*James Melville's Diary.*

'Presbyterianism means organised life, regulated distribution of forces, graduated recognition of gifts, freedom to discuss, authority to control, and agency to administer.'—*Principal Rainy.*

THE Presbyterian Church is at once a thorough democracy and a thorough aristocracy. In it, as in the New Testament Church, no one person is priest because all are priests, and Jesus Christ is the great High Priest. It is one of the marvels of history that the Apostles founded a perfect democracy in the heart of a military despotism, and for a society composed largely of downtrodden slaves. The Apostolic Catholic Church is thus the mother of free institutions. According to the New Testament model, all the officers of the Presbyterian Church are chosen by the members, and men and

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women have an equal right to vote. But in so far as it approaches its ideal, the Church of Christ is a perfect aristocracy, for all its members are the professed followers of Jesus Christ, and should form an aristocracy of character and service, and so secure the virtues a democracy demands. The aim of this divine democracy is to unite all classes as equal before God, in one holy fellowship and brotherhood.

Hence it follows that all ordained Presbyterian pastors are equals in respect of privilege and position. There is, however, one apparent exception to this 'Presbyterian parity.' Every year a President is chosen as the highest official of his Church. He presides over the General Assembly—its supreme Court or Parliament—which sits in Edinburgh during ten days in May, in what Mr. Gladstone pronounced to be 'the finest audience-hall he had seen or used.' This President is called a Moderator, as he is to moderate or restrain all excesses or irrelevancies in debate, and secure that all things are done decently and in order.

When the Free Church severed its connection with the State, in 1843, the then Moderator, Dr. Welsh, headed the procession in the full court dress which he was wearing in recognition of the presence of the Lord High Commissioner as the representative of the Sovereign. His example was followed regularly till 1900, and with one exception it has been followed since. The Moderator's dress, with lace and ruffles, knee-breeches, silver-buckled shoon and cocked-hat of the Middle Ages, and over all, the Geneva gown and bands, is therefore an interesting, and to some, a pathetic piece of antiquity.

The first Moderator was the famous George

Buchanan, 'a stoik philosopher, of guid religion for a poet.' He was succeeded by 'John Erskine of Dun, Knyght,' who also was not an ordained pastor. Since then all the Moderators have been pastors. During the fifty-seven years of its separate existence, the Free Church of Scotland five times called a missionary to the Moderator's chair—a remarkable proof of the Church's appreciation of her missions and her missionaries.

The first of the five was the Rev. Dr. Alexander Duff of Calcutta, who had the peculiar honour of twice occupying the highest seat in the Church. In 1851, at the unusually early age of forty-five, he was the first missionary to fill the Moderator's chair, and he was Moderator again in 1873. Dr. John Wilson of Bombay, Dr. Thomas Smith of Calcutta, and Dr. William Miller, C.I.E., of Madras, were also Moderators. Dr. Stewart was Moderator in 1899. The present Moderator of the now United Free Church, is Dr. Robert Laws of Livingstonia. In 1888, the Rev. Williamson Shoolbred, D.D., of Rajputana, was Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod, and the Rev. John Robson, D.D., formerly an Indian missionary, was Moderator in 1899.[1]

Before leaving Lovedale for Scotland, Dr. Stewart's staff presented him with an address and a sum of

[1] A learned Indian Professor of Science recently declared his conviction that the future Indian historians of India would give the first place among their British benefactors to Alexander Duff of Calcutta, John Wilson of Bombay, and William Miller of Madras. He was aware, he said, that English historians would claim the honour for some of their warriors and statesmen. The reason he gave for his assurance was, that these three missionaries have done more than any others to secure for influential Indians the education which alone can fit them for occupying their rightful position among the nations of the earth.

money to provide his Moderator's gown. The address recorded with warm appreciation his services to Lovedale and missions. We quote only the closing words: 'We desire to include Mrs. Stewart in our congratulations. She has had a very great share in the work of Lovedale, and her gracious influence has been felt throughout every department. Her wise advice and kindly sympathy have been greatly valued, and will be much missed by us all. We trust that you and your family will have a safe and pleasant voyage home, and we can assure you of a hearty welcome on your return. It is our earnest prayer that the blessing of God may attend you in the work to which you go forward, and that you may have much pleasure and success therein.'

Dr. Stewart was the first African missionary, and the second physician who had ever presided over a Scottish General Assembly. He presided with dignity, tact, alertness, and efficiency. Like the Speaker in the House of Commons, he spoke as little as possible during the deliberations, and secured as many opportunities as possible for others. He had the art of leaving off, and the still greater art of not beginning except when speech was really necessary. Except at the opening and closing of Assembly, he seems to have spoken only once during the sittings. It was when the young missionaries were presented to the Assembly.[1]

The Moderator delivers an opening and closing

[1] Harry W. Smith, Esq., W.S., Secretary of Dr. Stewart when Moderator, writes:—'It was a privilege and an education of the best and highest kind to have been associated with Dr. Stewart. His large-heartedness, his genial bearing to all, his noble simplicity, his untiring energy, never failed to attract all who came into contact with him, and his influence for good will ever remain indelibly impressed upon those of us who had the privilege of his friendship.'

address. Dr. Stewart's first theme was—'The King of the World, or Christian Imperialism.' His motto was from Browning—'We gave the Cross when we owed the Throne.' He gratefully acknowledged the honour conferred, through him, on African Missions and the medical profession. He rejoiced in the new interest in Africa, in its mysteries and magnetic attractions. His favourite convictions about missions and civilisation were earnestly expounded in a spirit of Christian optimism. He pled for a Christian interest in Africa, 'whose soil has been soaked in blood, and its sky filled with tortured cries.' 'All questions,' he said, 'as to the final success of the work may be set at rest.' In support of his hopefulness, he mentioned the astonishing fact, commented on by Lecky and Kidd, that ancient history contains only some ten or twelve scornful references to the Church during the first three centuries, and yet the new faith was all the while preparing a mine and setting a train which was soon to explode and tear up heathenism from its lowest depths. He cherished the hope that such an experience might be repeated in our day. In modern phrase, and only on their spiritual side and in the interests of missions, he expounded the great historic Scottish ideas of Christ's Crown and Covenant, the Headship of Christ over the nations, and the Crown rights of the Redeemer. He expatiated on the mission of Christianity to Christianise the whole world, and avowed his conviction that the Church which devoted itself most heartily to this imperial work would come to the front among the Churches of the world's future. This great Christian Imperialist, then in his sixty-eighth year, declared that if his Church were disposed to adopt a bold missionary policy, he was willing to

go again as a pioneer. 'Visionary it is not,' he said, 'but so far as the human eye can see, it is a vision of the world and the wonders that shall be.' . . . 'Twenty-four years ago,' he said, 'on the floor of this house, a certain proposal was made by the individual who has now the honour to address you. . . . That idea or proposal was to plant Christianity on the shores of Lake Nyasa, a region where Christianity had never been since rivers into ocean ran. Has the Free Church been any the worse for that Livingstonia Mission?'

In his closing address he discoursed on 'Things Primary and Secondary.' It was then the penultimate Assembly before the union of the two Scottish Churches. The most notable part of his address was his appeal to the protesting minority, and the last public appeal to them. His words derived fresh significance from the fact that to some extent he had sympathised with them, and they had counted on him as one of their party. He thus spoke:—

'We are on the eve of great changes. The widening of men's thoughts on the great unity of the Church has grown not only with the process of the suns, but with the progress of the Church and its advance in its true conception of the real object of its existence and its true work. This has rendered it needful to reconsider our position and to ask whether more good can not be accomplished by throwing in our lot with the majority than by holding out any longer. My appeal and earnest request is that: "We hang the trumpet in the hall, and study war no more"; in other words, that we shall now begin to practise what we preach for the sake of the unity of the Church of Christ.

'I might add many other reasons. Here is one.

It is a sign of the times. There is no more marked feature of the last half-century than the growth of association. Men believe that by association, co-operation, or union, they can accomplish a great deal more than when acting singly and alone. Everything now is done by association, with liability limited or unlimited. Let us apply this principle to our service in the Church. When the majority moves let us move with it. Let us not sulk in our tents. When the right time comes let us go in a solid body, and leave not a stick or a dirk behind. There are other battles to fight. And so, dear friends, Fathers and Brethren, whether you come or not, I am going over the valley to the other camp, and that for some further reasons I shall now state. I believe that there is daily growing amongst Christians more real regard, esteem, and recognition of other men's Christianity. This regard is modified no doubt by the influences of education, association, and other *eidola* or disturbing causes such as Bacon pointed out as affecting the human mind on all subjects. They affect the Church as well as the schools of thinking. We are like men in a mist; or like sections of an army in the darkness, mistaking each other, and attacking each other because we have not the same regimental facings on our coats, or a slightly different regimental flag. Let me not be misunderstood as throwing about self-confident blame on other Churches of the world, and freeing ourselves.

CAUSES WHICH KEEP CHURCHES APART

'Amongst the causes which keep Churches apart, it is possible or probable, I think, that mistakes have

been made by exalting to the rank of primary duties, and raising to corresponding primary places in belief, *certain things*—call them ideas, views, opinions, or deductions from Scripture—*about which Jesus Christ has said nothing*. These ideas may concern Church government, that perpetual bone of contention, Church ceremonial, or even doctrine itself, or the special duties of individuals. It is possible also, seeing the width and general freedom of Scripture statement, that some of these views may have been evolved from the Church's inner consciousness rather than from another and safer source. It is not that such things or ideas themselves are wrong or unimportant, but that they are put in wrong places, and are exalted to positions which they do not deserve, and which belong to something very much higher and greater, and that is the true spirit of Christianity itself, and the practice and exhibition of that charity which we are solemnly assured will live, long after these things have vanished away.

'In our estimation of the value of these things, and in our decisions as to what shall be regarded as primary and what as secondary in the Church's testimony and activity, it is possible that our judgments, and the judgments of those who have gone before us, may also have been affected by the inevitable narrowness and weakness which clings to the human mind. It is possible, nay, it is historical, as it is the saddest chapter in the history of religion, that at times even human bitterness and the feelings and jealousy of sect or Church have played their parts. These feelings may come to us in the guise of angels of light, though they are not that at all, but angels of darkness; and they may have told us this lie, that by the intensity, zeal, and perhaps even

bitterness with which we fight for these secondary things, we are making ourselves more really the defenders of Christ's truth. These false counsellors did not tell us that some of these things were the secondary laws of Christ's Church and kingdom; and that, the more time that is spent on lifting them up to the rank of first importance, the less time and strength the Church has for its primary duty—the care and conversion of souls at home, and the spread of the knowledge of Christ among the millions of men abroad, who hardly know they have souls at all; to whom life is great darkness and a great perplexity, and death a still deeper darkness and a more baffling mystery. These false angels did not tell us that whole centuries of the Church's existence have been spent in dealing with such controversies; and that the energies of some of the strongest minds and most loving hearts with which God has blessed the Church have been consumed in this—I will not say internecine, but inter-ecclesiastical war, with the result of leaving the hostile denominational camps more hostile than before. Our one Teacher, Master, and Commander, is Jesus Christ, and that to which He mainly directs our attention should be by us mainly attended to; and yet we have learned some of His lessons and attended to His commands so badly.

PRIMARY AND SECONDARY THINGS IN A CHURCH'S LIFE

'In this connection, and as an illustration, I wish to be allowed to quote a single sentence bearing on this great question, of what is primary and what is secondary in a Church's life. The words were spoken a few days ago to a Church Society in this

city. They were not addressed to a Free Church Society, nor to a United Presbyterian one. They bear on a question of the present hour—the question that is agitating the whole of the great historical Church of England—a controversy about which we shall all hear more and know more before very long. The sentence is this: "*Is it possible to conceive of Jesus Christ being deeply occupied with questions of 'the ceremonial use of incense,' or of lights on the altar, or of the wearing of copes, albs, and vestments, or of any other question of an ornamental rubric?*" We shall all agree, I think, that such a conception is absolutely impossible. Jesus Christ, we know, was deeply occupied with entirely different things—with human hearts and human sin, and with the sorrows of those hearts because of that sin, and mainly He tried to help those sore overburdened hearts to a better state. What Christ did is the primary work of His Church—to which all the strength and time and energy of every minister of His and every member of His Church should be mainly devoted while life's short day lasts. That a question of this kind should be at this hour convulsing the greatest and most powerful Church of the Reformation only shows how far the attention of a Church may be distracted and its energies wasted on things of secondary importance. The blame lies entirely with those who insist on making these things of primary importance. But these things have no more to do with the real work and primary duty of any Church than the coat I have now the honour to wear, and the triangular hat I wear when I go outside, have to do with my personal Christianity. These externals and secondaries may be useful, and are all right in their own places as the accidents or ornaments of

work or office; they are all wrong when they take the place of things essential and indispensable to a Church's life and efficiency.

'I hope in what I have now said I shall give no offence to a single member of the Ritualistic party who is a genuine Protestant at heart. Within that section of the Church of England I have had some of my oldest and most esteemed friends—men whom I have loved for the true and pure Christianity their lives exhibited. We always disagreed when we talked about these things, and we always agreed when we ceased talking. Some of these friends are in heaven now, and probably see differently; at least they know more about the importance or non-importance of these things than we do. The single sentence I have made use of was addressed the other day by a man whom I have the honour to call my old friend, Professor Sir William T. Gairdner, of Glasgow University, to the Church Service Society of the Church of Scotland—and it was addressed, not as a commination or denouncement, but in brotherly love and charity—the charity which our Master teaches and enjoins. If you ask why I have so occupied your time I will answer thus: Let nothing but what is of primary importance keep this, or any other Church apart from other portions of Christ's Church which are willing to work along with us. And, second, let us be perfectly sure that what we class as of primary importance is really so. There is so much to do of the real primary kind—the care and conversion of souls at home, the finding of souls without number abroad. In the face of this work, awful in magnitude and in its consequences, I don't think it matters very much whether we have or have not already settled every question, which

might become a subject of pretty warm controversy if once we started on that work.'

In the fall of 1899, Stewart attended the seventh General Council of the alliance of Reformed Churches at Washington, D.C. He was a commanding personality there. He gave a very striking address on 'Yesterday and To-day in Africa.' His chief plea was for union in the mission-field, union of all Presbyterian Churches, and the rousing of the Christian Church, ministers, members, and adherents, to a sense of the magnitude of the work on hand, and of the individual responsibility of each and all within the Church in connection therewith. He closed his address in these words: 'Your flag has had a marvellous history—short though the past has been, and as the lifetime of nations is measured. And the future—the future of the Stars and Stripes—what living man is able to predict what that great and not very distant future shall be? There is also the other—the old Union Jack—which, with all its faults, is still the flag that has waved a thousand years in the breeze and battle of the world's freedom. My prayer to God is, that those two flags—emblems of two nations that God has gifted with many blessings—may ever wave together in peace, and that for no temporary or selfish or empty sentimental reason, but for the credit of our common Christianity, and for the good of the world. Thus they may promote the conditions most favourable to the world's peace, and help forward the extension of the Kingdom of Him who is the real King and Ruler of this world.'

CHAPTER XXIX

THE AUTHOR

From *Who's Who?*—Appreciation of the Press—Literary Style—A Unique Book on Missions—*Dawn in the Dark Continent.*

'Half a man's life is too little for writing a book, the other half too little for correcting it when written.'—*Rousseau.*

'A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and for ever.'—*Tupper.*

Who's Who? for 1904 gives the following list of Dr. Stewart's publications :—

Lovedale, Past and Present, 1884.
Lovedale Illustrated, 1894.
Livingstonia, its Origin, 1894.
Contributions to *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*, and *Royal Geographical Society Magazine.*
Kafir Phrase Book and Vocabulary, 1898.
Outlines of Kafir Grammar, 1902.
Dawn in the Dark Continent, 1903.

This list, however, does not fully represent his literary output, which was astonishing in so busy a man. The most of his writing was done at night or early in the morning when the house was quiet, and all the other inmates were asleep, and after a day's work that would have exhausted an ordinary man.

OFFICES, BOOKSHOP, DORMITORIES, AND TEACHERS' HOUSE.
ON THE LEFT IN THE BACKGROUND, SANDILI'S KOP, THE BURIAL-PLACE OF DR. STEWART

The two beautifully illustrated botanical books mentioned on pages 24 and 25 are not in this list.

Stewart had the instincts of a journalist, and he established two papers, *The Lovedale News* and the *Christian Express*. The latter had a prominent place in his thoughts. It was called *The Spectator of South Africa*. His opinions were often quoted in the newspapers, and they had great influence with the leading men in the country. For many years it was the only publication that discussed missionary and related questions. Stewart edited it for several years, and wrote probably about three hundred of its leading articles. These ranged over nearly every subject affecting the weal of South Africa. Indeed, it has been proposed to print many of them in book form, as they are a storehouse of facts and ideas about the questions which occupy, and will continue to occupy, the South African mind. Recent writers on Ethiopianism acknowledge their obligations to the articles in the *Christian Express*. Stewart was an authority, not only on mission questions, but on native labour and on the government of the natives. Africa had become to him the native land of his heart, the land in and for which he lived, in which he expected to die and be buried, and so nothing pertaining to it could be uninteresting to him.

Even in his student days he wrote for magazines on practical and semi-scientific subjects. 'Early in my life,' he wrote to a friend, 'I got the smell of printer's ink, and I have never got away from it.' He believed in the power of the Press, and employed it during the whole of his public life. From his watch-tower he steadily surveyed a wide field. He was ever on the alert for every expression of opinion

bearing upon the causes that were dear to him, and by his articles he did much to imbue a wide circle with his favourite ideas. It is largely due to him that there is now a growing interest in South African missions.

In his youth he was a great reader, and his magnificent memory enabled him to quote his favourite authors correctly to the end of his life. Now and again he would indulge in apt poetical quotations, but his ardent practical temperament and want of time indisposed him for the niceties and curious felicities of finished literary culture.

For him, the man of action, the greater part of his library lay out of doors, and earnestly and closely did he study nature and human nature, finding, with Lord Bacon, that men are the best books.

There is a French saying, 'The style is the man.' Stewart's style is in harmony with the man and reveals his peculiarities. It is as downright and direct as Wellington's despatches. It had the two qualities which the poet Cowper liked best: it was plain and neat. While he had no time for cultivating the niceties of literature, his statements were usually vigorous and impressive. A hater of all many-syllabled ambiguities, he keeps his eye full on the subject, never using words instead of thoughts or words hard to be understood. His sentences resemble Euclid's straight line, being the shortest distance possible between two points. He always knew what he would be at, and made for it, and nowhere else.

He revised his articles again and again, and was never satisfied. His hatred of flimsy work extended to all the productions of his pen.

In addition to his literary work, he lectured

frequently. A lecture delivered to the Royal Geographical Society about his pioneering in Central Africa secured for him the honour of fellowship in that society.

His heart is revealed in his writings as in a clear mirror. His two chief books are: *Lovedale, Past and Present*, and *Dawn in the Dark Continent.*

Lovedale is probably unique in the history of missions. In it he supplies, not missionary opinion, but an immense array of missionary facts, from which every one can draw his own inferences. Its spirit is admirable, for it is equally fitted to propitiate those fervent friends of evangelism who are suspicious of educational missions, and also all fair-minded critics of missionary work. Pen and picture unite in making a very effective explanation of the 'Lovedale Method.'

Dawn in the Dark Continent[1] (now in its second edition) is his greatest literary effort. 'A very helpful and excellent book,' says a missionary, 'that every one should read who puts his hand to the Gospel plough in Africa.' It is a missionary classic, and has been used as the text-book in many mission circles in Britain and America. It contains the lectures delivered in 1902 when he held the post of the Duff Missionary Lectureship, which had been founded by Dr. Duff of Calcutta. In these lectures he makes the first effort to review all the Protestant missions in Africa. He gives sketches of all the Missionary Societies in the Dark Continent, their methods and their fruits. He portrays the struggle in Africa between Paganism, Mahomedanism, and Christianity. It will, he thinks, probably be the final

[1] 'To make this volume useful for missionary objects, I kept down the price, and forfeited my royalty.'—*Dr. Stewart.*

struggle. The book reveals wide reading on the subject, a passion for accuracy, a literary conscience, and a fine catholicity. He gives a very generous estimate of the endeavours of all his fellow-workers in Africa.

It is evident that he cherished a special sympathy with the Moravians, the missionary pioneers in South Africa.

This book will be of great service to the future historians of missions and civilisation.

'Dr. Stewart's personality,' writes the Rev. H. T. C. Weatherhead of Uganda, 'captured me in his books.'

CHAPTER XXX

THE CONVERTS

How Heathens come to Christ—Their Religious Instincts—The Rev. Tiyo Soga—King Khama—The Cullinan Diamond—*Kafir Socialism*—Ethiopia's Contribution to our Faith.

'O the unworked jewel mines of Heathendom.'—*Amy Wilson Carmichael, in 'Things as they are.'*

'The Holy Ghost can work under the red clay.'—*A Kafir Woman.*

'Behold Philistia and Tyre, with Ethiopia, this man was born there.'—*Psalm* lxxxvii. 4.

'Let us be thankful for what they *are*, when we remember what they *have been*.'—*A Missionary's Advice to the Critics of African Converts.*

THE traveller who visits South African missions will be surprised to find so many mission stations, and so many natives under the influence of the churches and the schools. At the Johannesburg Missionary Conference, Stewart confessed that, while he had studied African missions with great care, he had underestimated their number and influence.

Dr. Noble reports 295 different missionary organisations in Africa. The last census showed that among the native and coloured people in Cape Colony the Christian Church is as powerful in numbers as heathenism is.[1] Stewart reported that

[1] The last census gave the population of Cape Colony as 2,409,804, of whom 1,344,498 were returned as Christians. That number of

in the valley in which Lovedale stands, there was not a single Christian when the mission began, whereas in 1899 there were two churches in Lovedale itself, with over 1000 members ; that one of these churches was entirely self-supporting ; and that there were many other churches in the district round about.

The African mission-field has many surprises. The English doctor in charge of a large Chinese compound at Johannesburg said to me: 'The first question these Chinese asked after their arrival, was about a church where they could present their certificates of church membership. Seventeen of them went to one church, and companies of three or four went to other churches. We have several Chinese doctors and interpreters, and almost all of them profess to be Christians.'

Stewart was always pondering such questions as these: How does the African become a Christian? By what roads does he move Christwards? What is the itinerary of his soul? How does Christ cross the threshold of the Ethiopian heart?

These are intensely interesting questions. If the proper study of mankind is man, that study at its best has to do with the soul, the noblest part of man. In dignity and usefulness no other study can equal that of the development of the inner life.

The process which the missionary witnesses in the African mind to-day is one of rapid *destruction.* His religion is like one of those historic corpses which has lain for ages in a vault, and crumbles when exposed to fresh air. As education and civilised ideas spread, the old order passes away

Christians included 786,725 natives and coloured people. The native congregations are not 'tiny' islands in a sea of surrounding paganism. Many of the churches there are remarkably well filled.

with ever-increasing rapidity. It is now a crime for the native to indulge in practices which he used to consider essential to his religion. Then his religious beliefs have very little to recommend them, for they consist largely of devil-worship and inhumanity. As the Ganges is undermining daily the sacred stairs and temples at Benares, so European influences in full flood are threatening to overthrow the whole fabric of the African's creed. His religious habits cannot long survive the ideas which have created them. The stars in their courses are fighting against African paganism.

The previous chapters show that the native has often a sense of *weariness* and *disgust*. The man in him is dormant but not dead. For he has his own share of the original dowry of the soul, though some have questioned whether he has a soul. The native under Christian training often grows tired of his empty and barren life. 'What a land of dark hearts ours is,' said one South African. 'I have a heart of mud,' said another. 'Perish our customs and our superstitions!' said King Lewanika of the Barotsi; 'they hold us enchained in darkness, and conduct us to ruin. I see it!' Livingstone says: 'The prayer to Jesus for a new heart and a right spirit at once commends itself to them as appropriate.' We know that they often have deep and troubled thoughts about the mysterious life beyond the grave. Many of them learn wisdom in the school of sorrow, and then turn to Christ.

The African has also a sense of the superiority of our religion. Nearly all heathens have this feeling, and many frankly confess it. But the feeling is probably stronger in Africa than in any other country.

The lives of undisciplined whites, and of those whose religion has evaporated, are often fitted to hinder the work of the missionary; but the natives soon learn to make a distinction between those who are Christians in name and in reality. The life of the missionary powerfully attracts the heathen. Few stories are more touching and romantic than those which tell how many of the most savage of Africa's chiefs were drawn to the great African missionaries. 'Goodness and unselfishness,' says Livingstone, 'impress their minds more than any kind of skill or power.' One of the most interesting facts of modern history is the favour African missionaries have found among myriads of all classes, and this was due to their likeness to Christ. Many passages in Stewart's life might be quoted in proof of this statement.

All men, especially chiefless men like those in Africa, have a craving for heroes. They are ever in search of men whom they can completely trust, love, and follow. These cravings have been cruelly disappointed by those of their own kin, and so they have to go outside their own tribes for non-military heroes. They find them among the missionaries and sympathetic magistrates. Stewart had an immense advantage, as he possessed those qualities of bearing, vigour, and fearlessness which the natives regard as the proper tokens of chieftainship.

'How do your people become Christians?' I once asked a very successful missionary among cannibals.

'I have often thought about that,' he replied, 'and I have my answer ready. They have all a sense of right and wrong; they have a great curiosity about the life beyond the grave; and they begin to trust the missionary as their true friend. Christ appeals

SENIOR NORMAL CLASS AT LOVEDALE

to their sense of right and wrong. He meets their craving for light about the future; and they wish to be in the same boat with the missionary. In these ways they are won for Christ.'

The *character of Christ* allures them, and most of all His death for our salvation. What the old Divines called the self-evidencing or self-recommending light has often supreme power over heathen hearts.

In the early days of the French mission in Basutoland, Moshesh, the king, sent a chief to watch them.[1] That chief became a Christian, and the king's rebuke drew forth the following retort: 'You told me that I was to put only one foot in the Church, and to keep the other out; that I was to listen with one ear, and to keep the other closed. I put one foot into the Church, but I could not keep the other out.'

Those familiar with the history of the African tribes know that among them men of remarkable ability have risen from time to time. Some of these have adorned the doctrine of Christ. Mention has already been made of William Koyi, whose youth was spent in the most degrading surroundings, and whom Stewart regarded as one of the noblest men he had ever known. Then there was Tiyo Soga, who came to Lovedale clad in a sheepskin and equipped only with a knobkerry: a pure-born Kafir and thorough gentleman, in whose presence white men entirely forgot his nationality and colour. He was the translator of the *Pilgrim's Progress* into Kafir. Learned and eloquent, he was a preacher able to address effectively both black and white audiences

[1] Moshesh was very diplomatic. He said: 'The missionary's message from God is an egg. I will wait till it is hatched before I form an opinion about it.'

Two of his sons continued his work, one of them as a medical missionary. He showed that a white soul could tabernacle in black clay, and he gained the highest esteem of black and white. Dr. Theal describes him as an 'earnest, enlightened, zealous, self-denying Christian missionary, such a man as any nation in the world might be proud of.' Robert Moffat's friend Africaner, chief and outlaw, the terror of both blacks and whites, a man of blood, became a consistent Christian, whose soul was even as a weaned child. The Governor and the public found it very hard to believe the fact.

King Khama, the pupil of the missionaries, is by far the most remarkable Kafir now living. Some have called him the Alfred the Great of South Africa. He tells that he became a Christian in his youth by reading the New Testament. His father disinherited him, exiled him, sought to kill him—and almost did it—because he would not marry many wives and follow heathen practices. He is very brave, and the only man of whom Lobengula was afraid. He has been a consistent Christian for fifty years, and writers of all sorts have spoken in glowing terms of his ability and his noble character. The testimony of Selous the hunter is that 'Khama's has been the work of converting a tribe of miserable nomadic savages into a happy pastoral people.' He who reads his *Life* will probably come to the conclusion that no ruler in Europe since the dawn of history has had a nobler record. The Rev. Edwin Lloyd, in his *Three Great African Chiefs*, says that 'to-day the most influential and respected of the native chiefs are Christian chiefs.' We may accept these pictures from the past as illustrations for the present and inspirations for the future.

A TRIBAL GROUP AT LOVEDALE—BECHUANAS

'But these are exceptions,' some will say. Yes: the Cullinan Diamond was an exception; but it advertised a 'diamondiferous' soil, where other 'finds' might be expected. Large diamonds come from mines that have many small ones. Among the humble African converts are many who are 'approved in Christ.' Here is Stewart's testimony: 'You find native Christians, not a special few but many, in whom morality is *not* divorced from religion, and whose consistency and steadiness are not beneath the attainments of Christians in the more favoured lands.' Many missionaries tell us that the average among converts from heathenism is as good as in our own country.

In forming our opinion of the converts we should try to realise how great a thing it is for a heathen in a heathen land to become a Christian. In any case it is a marvellous triumph over hindrances. An effort to understand it would give us a deeper sympathy with the convert, and a worthier appreciation of his heroism. Dudley Kidd, in his *Kafir Socialism*, reveals to us the additional barriers which are created by the African system. The first principle among them is that the rights of the clan must supersede those of the individual. Religion, conscience, and personal responsibility are as thoroughly socialised as is the land. The Church and State are absolutely one, and religious nonconformity is counted treason. The whole system is a negation of conscience, of individuality, of personal freedom and initiative. The Christian cuts himself adrift from his clan, is branded as anti-social, and is held guilty of an extremely grave offence against his people. This Socialism seems to have all the power of caste in India, and it allows no room for the individual man.

The African who confesses Christ is thus likely to feel as Luther did when he left the Church of Rome: 'I felt,' he said, 'as if I were jumping off the planet.' Missionaries believe that this is one chief reason why promising converts fall away when they are separated from Christian society. They are caught in a maelstrom that drags them down.

The ideas of a clan-conscience and a clan-religion have been rooted in their nature, and it is not surprising that these should sometimes overawe and overmaster the convert when he returns to the kraal. Many men in Christian lands are the slaves of public opinion, and fail to realise and assert their personal responsibility. We should not therefore expect among the Africans a perfection which we do not find among the most favoured races. The failures among African converts prove the imperfection, but not necessarily the insincerity, of their faith. It need not surprise us that some among them are not sincere. The early Church Fathers complained that some of their fellow-professors were only 'Christ-traffickers.'

Many native Christians in South Africa set us *a needed example.* Near Lobengula's kraal at Bulawayo I worshipped with a congregation of Zulus and Kafirs, several of whom had been at Lovedale. They were nearly all young men, and they filled every part of the church, including the passages. Many of them had recently come from the South. They had built and paid for their iron church, and were supporting their own pastor. Around them were white men who had left their religion behind them when they entered that stronghold of heathenism. In the same neighbourhood there were other two self-supporting coloured

congregations. Such native converts put us to shame.

Ethiopia may yet make a distinct and valuable contribution to our common faith. She has a precious box of ointment, the outpouring of which may surround the Church of Christ with fresh attractions. Chapters XII. and XXXIX. prove that in liberality the African converts excel many in the home churches. They have rare gifts of oratory and music, and a notable capacity for devotion. 'The Africans,' says Bushnell, 'are now the true Nazarenes and Galileans of the world—they are humble enough, and they know how to believe.' They know also how to express their Christian experiences by a symbolism of their own which is near of kin to that employed in the Bible. 'Jesus Christ is my forest,' is the frequent expression of the faith of a South African convert. It is their equivalent for Biblical statements about 'God is our hiding-place,' 'the Rock of our Salvation,' and 'our High Tower.' Dr. Godet, the commentator, says that one of the very best definitions of faith was given by a Bechuana convert: 'Faith is the hand which receives the gifts Christ offers us.' Livingstone once asked one of the natives what he understood by the word used for holiness. The native replied: 'When copious showers have descended during the night, and all the earth and leaves and cattle are washed clean, and the sun-rising shows a drop of dew on every blade of grass, and the air breathes fresh—that is holiness.' 'I have leapt the ravine,' said a Kafir huntsman who had passed over the dividing line. Augustine uses the same simile, but not quite so graphically. Many of the converts have a real missionary conscience. 'In former times,' said a Kafir girl, 'when the men

of our tribe went to war, we young women wanted to help them. Christ is now calling us to the war against heathenism, and we girls must help in the fight.'

'We have been made slaves for man, and we can be made slaves for Christ,' said an African freedman. 'Do you know,' a convert at the Victoria Falls said to Coillard, 'at one time the current had already carried me away? I should have been swept into the abyss, and have perished. Jesus came with His canoe, he saved me and placed me on the bank, and shall I throw myself into the ravine again? God forbid!'

Ethiopia has sheltered both the Law and the Gospel, both Moses and Christ. The Queen of Sheba, Simon the Cyrenian bearing Christ's cross, and the Ethiopian eunuch may be accepted as the leaders in a great procession moving Christwards. African missions are always making additions to that throng. Christianity has had hitherto a Western career and a Japhetic. It seems as if the set time to favour Africa were now come, and facts like Uganda and Livingstonia favour the hope that it is coming speedily. It may be that in our day the story of the Infancy shall be repeated on a large scale, and that Christ, rejected by many of the mighty in the most favoured lands, will again find a home among the humbler races in Africa. The Bible, neglected by the children of culture in Christian lands, is finding eager and successful students of the same blood and spirit as the Ethiopian eunuch. God's seeds have been sown plentifully in Africa, and they are growing both under and above the ground.

CHAPTER XXXI[1]

SOUTH AFRICAN BY-PRODUCTS

The Mont Aux Sources—How Languages have been reduced to Writing—Livingstone's Services—John Mackenzie—Coillard of the Zambesi—Moshesh—Basutoland—King Lewanika—Our Empire-builders—A Plea for Missions.

'Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall.'—*Genesis* xlix. 22.

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you' (given into the bargain, or as by-products).—*Jesus Christ.*

'Facts form the fuel with which missionary fervour is fired and fed.'—*Mackay of Uganda.*

'The Government had learned to know the use of missionaries in East Africa. In all departments of life, the missionary there was essential to progress.'—*The Marquis of Salisbury.*

THE Mont Aux Sources in the Drakensberg still retains the name given to it by Gosselin, one of the earliest of the French missionaries and the first white man who discovered it, or, at least, made it known. It is the 'many-fountained,' to use Homer's phrase, and the well-head of the great African rivers. From the Tugela to the Orange, from the Vaal to the St. John's, all are replenished from its bountiful

[1] In addition to the books mentioned in previous chapters, Bryce's *Impressions of South Africa* and the *Africander Land* by Colquhoun have been consulted in the preparation of this chapter.

and perennial springs. Had they speech, they might say to that mountain, 'All my well-springs are in thee.'

Christian missions guide us to the Mont Aux Sources of those influences which have largely made South Africa what it is to-day. All these are the off-spring of one sweet spring on a hillside in Galilee, though many who prize the ever-flowing streams forget the source.

After Livingstone, Stewart has probably had as large a share as any other man in creating and guiding these influences. A brief review of the social development of the land may be welcome to the reader, as Africa is now probably the most interesting part of the globe. Out of this wonder-land will come another new surprise to him who studies this subject.

While the missionary plants one limb of his compass at the centre, which is Christ, he makes a very wide sweep with the other limb till his circle encloses everything fitted to make the native a Christian man, a manly Christian, and a good citizen. We have seen that Stewart wished this circumference to embrace every part of the native's life. In South Africa more than in any other land have missionaries been directly and indirectly empire-builders and moulders of national history. In these directions Stewart has had a large share, and it will probably appear greater in the future than it does to-day.

The missionaries are like modern chemists who, when manufacturing one article, have also, to their surprise and joy, produced other precious articles, which they call by-products. Stewart's whole heart was given to the winning of the natives to Christ, but he appreciated as much as Dr. Chalmers did, the

THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS AT LOVEDALE

widespread civil and social benefits which accompany and flow from pure religion and undefiled.

One hundred years ago the Kafirs had no written language. Who reduced it to writing? Who published the first grammar and text-books?

An Indian civilian tells us that he has been examined in three native languages, in which the only printed books were the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and that missionaries were the only qualified examiners.

About four hundred languages have been reduced to writing in recent times. It would be interesting to know how much of this great work has been done by men who were not missionaries. Max Müller says: 'I date the beginning of the science of language from Pentecost.'

As several by-products have been mentioned in Chapters XIX., XX., XXI., XXII., and XXV., we shall specify the one which bulks most largely in our country, and which has had incalculable effects. The expansion of South Africa is in great measure the work of the missionaries. 'We owe it to our missionaries,' the *Times* wrote, 'that the whole region (South Africa) has been opened up. . . . The progress of South Africa has been mainly due to men of Moffat's stamp.' Some of the earliest main roads were known as the 'Missionary Roads,' and many place-names preserve the names of missionaries. The heralds of Christ have been the great pioneers and pathfinders in this land. In these enterprises Stewart had an honourable share.

Dr. Philip, the doughty champion of the natives, was the trusted adviser of successive Governments, and had a very great share in the liberation of the slaves. He called attention to their position, and

secured the sympathy of British philanthropists. One by-product of this activity was the great Boer Trek in 1836, and the founding of the Transvaal Republic.

Livingstone's influence as a benefactor of Africa can scarcely be measured. The history of British Central Africa begins with him. It has been said that he did more for it than all the other men of his century put together. It was he who unveiled bleeding Ethiopia and laid her on the heart of Christendom, and so accomplished the very greatest results by the simplest, noblest, and purest means. It was he who put a stop to the slave-trade.

The Bechuana missionaries did yeoman service to the Empire by keeping the northern route open.

John Mackenzie, 'South African missionary and statesman,' 'multiplied the significance of his life by promoting the expansion of the British Empire over the regions Livingstone explored. He thus saved native states from annihilation by the Boers, and ensured the best colonial rule in the world to vast stretches of Africa' (*Daybreak in the Dark Continent*, by Naylor, an American). He happily influenced our policy, and was Deputy-Commissioner of Bechuanaland. 'Hereafter,' the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, 'he will live in the annals of our Empire, for at a grave crisis he saved Africa for England.' We are told that if his advice had been followed, there would have been no Boer war.

Newmann, in his *Matabeleland and How We Got It*, says: 'A treaty of friendship with the Matabeles through the Rev. J. S. Moffat (son of Dr. Moffat) secured the land for us. This is called the "Moffat Treaty," and was made in 1888. But for this, Rhodesia would not have been.'

It was Sir Bartle Frere's oft-expressed opinion that if in South Africa the missionaries had gone first, we should have had none of the nine Kafir wars.

The by-products of mission-work are found in many places. Four years ago the contractors for the Victoria Bridge over the Zambesi had great difficulty in finding riveters. Boys from mission schools were trained to help in the work. They earned two or three shillings a day, while their fathers could earn only threepence or fourpence. Some of the boys were employed as interpreters.

The two most remarkable of the by-products of missions have yet to be mentioned. They will convince us that the romance of Imperialism is a part of the romance of missions.

In the *Life of Coillard of the Zambesi* it is said: 'The French mission has given two new spheres of labour to the Church of God, and, indirectly, two new provinces to the British Empire.' The first of these two provinces is Basutoland, the Switzerland of South Africa. The Basuto king, Moshesh, was the ablest native ruler South Africa has produced. He governed with a cabinet of French missionaries, and usually took their advice. In 1852 the Basutos inflicted a severe defeat on our troops. Moshesh, as advised by the missionaries, sent to the British Governor 'the most politic document that has ever been penned in South Africa.'[1]

[1] It is as follows:—

'THABA BOSIGO, *Midnight, 20th Dec.* 1852.

'YOUR EXCELLENCY,—This day you have fought against my people and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have a compensation for Boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you. You have chastised; let

The African statesman thus gained a diplomatic victory and completed the work of the African soldier. In 1868 Basutoland was placed under the protection of our Government on the most favourable terms. 'The nation has now,' to quote Bryce, 'under the guiding hand of the missionaries and latterly of the British Government also, made greater progress in civilisation and Christianity than any other Kafir race.'

This simple French mission, with a purely spiritual aim, has 'largely changed Basutoland from a heathen to a Christian country.' Imports of the Basuto, who had no use for a yard of calico when the missionaries found them in 1833, amounted to £289,790 in 1903.

Barotsiland is the other province which the French mission has given to Great Britain. In 1890-91 it became a British Protectorate by the earnest desire of King Lewanika. It is now known as North-Western Rhodesia, and covers nearly two hundred thousand square miles. It is about the same size as the whole German Empire. Not one shot was fired for its annexation. The story of it is one of the highest compliments ever paid to our nation.

Coillard had gained the complete confidence of Lewanika, king of Barotsiland. The missionary said that as he was a Frenchman he would naturally wish to see Lewanika in alliance with France. He told the king that he must be under the protection of some nation, and that Great Britain would treat him better than any other nation would. 'My

it be enough, I pray you; and let me be no longer considered an enemy to the Queen. I will try all I can to keep my people in order in the future. O my master, I am still your man, I am still the child of the Queen. I am ashamed of what happened yesterday. Let it be forgotten.—Your humble servant, MOSHESH.'

father,' Lewanika replied, 'you have given me many advices. Sometimes I have taken them, and sometimes I have not. When I have not accepted your advice, I have found that I had made a mistake, and so I will take your advice this time.' This is how in the scramble for Africa the Barotsi nation was saved amid the break-up of all the surrounding tribes. His biographer is justified in saying that Coillard 'influenced the map of South Africa, and the natives, far and wide.'

Stewart, as the founder of Livingstonia, stands in the front rank of real, though unintentional, empire-builders. As is shown in Chapter VIII., through the influence of Livingstonia, North-Eastern Rhodesia became a part of our Empire. Two missions have thus added to our Empire two territories, each of which is as large as Germany, and contains vast mineral wealth. They tell us that England might be hid in this new territory, and that the explorer might search long without finding a trace of it. 'Thus,' writes Stewart, 'the territory that forty years ago was an utterly unknown land of wide area, with a great inland sea, has been added to what is slowly taking shape in that continent, a great British African dominion. For this great change the way was prepared by an easy transition from a state of social and civil chaos through the missionary occupation. That occupation was also just in time. It took place ten years before the great partition of the continent. It was thus explained, not by a missionary magazine, but by an influential political paper at the time of the proclamation of the British Protectorate.

'The founding of the missionary establishments had an important political effect, for it enabled Her

Majesty's Government to successfully resist the claim of the Portuguese Government to the whole of that territory, to demand the free navigation of the Zambesi, and to justify the claim for the British Empire, not only to the Shiré Highlands, but generally speaking, to the best parts of the Nyasa region.

'This is true, and may be legitimately stated, even though it is not the territorial but the spiritual conquest of the land which is the aim of the mission. The date when Christianity enters any country begins a new era in its history; and from that date the life of its people begins to be slowly revolutionised. This is what is being done now by the Livingstonia mission, which first planted Christianity on the western shore of Lake Nyasa.' Cecil Rhodes told the representatives of the Scots missions in Central Africa that he owed them something, as the action of the British Government at their suggestion and on their behalf encouraged him to believe that his dream about Rhodesia would be realised. 'We owe all that land (Rhodesia) to you Scotsmen,' he said to one of the chief promoters of Livingstonia.

Joseph Chamberlain described himself as a missionary of empire. But the Christian missionaries were empire-makers and creative imperialists, and from the most unselfish motives, long before Chamberlain advocated imperial expansion or Cecil Rhodes had dreamt of his Cape-to-Cairo Railway. The missionaries desired only the good of Africa, and that demanded a settled government. To all of them might be applied the words which the administrator of North-Western Rhodesia (Barotsiland) used about Coillard: 'I think it was M. Coillard's constant endeavour to have as little as possible to do with

political questions, and to alienate himself from all controversy and connection with such matters.'

All these annexations to our Empire, without the firing of a single shot or the loss of a single human life, are assets of the highest value. If it has been our national destiny to conquer by the arts of peace more nations than Alexander the Great and Cæsar ever conquered by war, it was chiefly by the messengers of the Prince of Peace that this high destiny was fulfilled. The best empire-building, like the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, has been done without noise. These bloodless conquests are by-products in the true sense of the word. For it was no part of the original aim of the missionaries to enlarge the possessions of Great Britain. They had not the 'lust of horizon,' nor an ambition for personal gain or fame. They served the best interests of our Empire all the more because they were loyal to a Kingdom 'not of this world.' They have thus ennobled African history. We have here not 'Reality *versus* Romance,' but 'Romance in Reality.' 'South Africa,' W. T. Stead says, 'is the product of three forces—conquest, trade, and missions, and of the three the first counts for the least, and the last for the greatest, factor in the expansion of civilisation in Africa. Missionaries have been everywhere the pioneers of empire. The frontier has advanced on the stepping-stones of missionary graves.' The last extension of our Empire in South Africa cost our nation a three years' war, and over £200,000,000.

The story of the growth of our Empire contains abundant matter both for deep humiliation and fervent gratitude. It is said that empires have been thrust upon us, and that we have been compelled to annex, while protesting against annexation. Our

annexations have contributed largely to the weal of mankind. The Briton who visits Central Africa has good cause to thank God for what his nation has done there in a very short time. It is only fifteen years since Lobengula ruled at Bulawayo, the last stronghold of South African heathenism, which appropriately means 'the place of slaughter.' The field around his Great Kraal, or Judgment Seat, was covered with the bones of those whom he had slain for offences against himself and for witchcraft. It is only thirty years since Sepopa, king of Barotsiland, 'used to amuse himself capturing children and throwing them to the crocodiles (in the Zambesi) as we should feed ducks (Coillard, p. 270). But enormous changes are taking place in Africa.' The Briton who visits Bulawayo and the Zambesi may thank God that his nation has made life and property as safe there as at home, and that marvellous improvements have been achieved in a few years. Litia, the heir to the throne of Barotsiland, has had a Christian marriage, and has made such progress in civilisation that he drives his own motor-car. Better still, 'he alone of all his countrymen accords to his wife the position in which Christian marriage places her; every day they and their child sit down to table together, European fashion.' Young Ethiopians are already unable to believe the stories of slave-raiding. These are unthinkable to them now, and seem to belong to another planet.

Missions are a guarantee of peace all over the world. True missionaries are ever peacemakers.[1] In war the faithful adherence of native Christians

[1] 'For the preservation of peace between the colonists and natives, one missionary is worth a battalion of soldiers' (Sir Chas. Warren, Governor of Natal).

can be counted on. Christian Kafirs have more than once prevented bloodshed. The life of Soga informs us that, in the wars in his day, not one Christian Kafir took up arms against Britain, and the native converts helped to save India in the mutiny. Both Anthony Trollope and Sir Bartle Frere testified 'that nothing would do more to prevent future Kafir wars than a multiplication of such institutions as Lovedale.'

These facts should secure a generous interest in Foreign Missions among all classes in the land, including even those to whom the by-products are more interesting than the chief spiritual products. Stewart often appealed for unsalaried helpers, and his appeal was not in vain. He offered a great and alluring field to those who wished to share in the regeneration of Africa. Livingstone hoped that the day was coming when rich men would not spend all their money on dogs and horses, but would send missionaries to the most downtrodden races. Could they make a better investment of their sympathies and money? But the appeal is not to the rich only. The black slab on Livingstone's grave bears the inscription: 'All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world. For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelise the native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets, and abolish the desolating slave-trade of South Africa.'

These thirty years were added to his life by the generous help of a minister's wife, who collected and sent him twelve pounds a year for a native assistant. One of the most popular pictures some years ago

was that of the lion standing over Livingstone ready to devour him. In the corner of the picture stands Mebalwe, the native assistant secured by the twelve pounds, taking aim at the lion, which at once rushed towards him. Dr. Livingstone's life was thus saved for thirty years, during which he did nearly the whole of his great work for Africa. No one can tell what money may do when it is offered in the right spirit. For our small is often God's great.

As African women gain grace and strength from their burdens, so the Church of Christ would develop her fettered powers by sharing the general burden of the heathen world. The Church in its best estate is like the poet's well-fashioned arch, which purchases strength from its increasing load.

The first Foreign Mission report runs: 'And when they were come, and had gathered the church together, they rehearsed all that God had done with them, and how he had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles' (Acts xiv. 27). Paul and Barnabas reported spiritual achievements and wonderful opportunities. No former age has witnessed achievements and opportunities like those in our day, and opportunity is the authoritative finger-post of duty. We need now to pray, not for open doors, but for open eyes, minds, hearts, and purses.

MRS. STEWART

CHAPTER XXXII

AT HOME

Nobantu—Hospitality—The Visitors—Lord Milner—General Gordon—Baron Rothschild—Entertaining the Natives—Happy Effects of a Visit to Lovedale.

'*Hjertrum, Husrum*' (Heart-room makes house-room).—*Lapp Proverb.*

'We are Allah's guests in the Desert: strangers are sent to us by Allah: we are to receive them as Allah, the Merciful and Bountiful, has received us: the guest is the Lord of the house and we are his servants.'—*From the Creed of an Arab Chief concerning Hospitality.*

STEWART'S work cannot be understood without a due appreciation of his home-life.

Instead of speaking of Dr. Stewart of Lovedale, his friends would naturally speak of Dr. and Mrs. Stewart. She was a large part of the Institution, and one with her husband in mind and heart. 'They brought duality near to the borders of identity,' as Gladstone said of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Often at night, when all the rest in the house were in bed, they would spend an hour in consultation and prayer about their work.

In her own sphere she was as influential as he was in his. He always maintained that she was wiser and more efficient than himself. He thoroughly appreciated the spirit in which she accepted the trials and anxieties inseparable from his pioneering work. He wrote: 'Her complete sympathy with

missionary work and her sound judgment and activity have been a great source of strength to me.' The Report of Lovedale for 1906 closes with these words: 'To her many other gracious gifts Mrs. Stewart added that of a gifted speaker, a capable organiser, and one whose personal influence was very marked. Forty years of such service in Lovedale is a great and worthy record.' The native name for Mrs. Stewart was 'Nobantu,' the mother of the people.

His many letters to his children reveal the father's heart. Several of them are long and carefully printed for the tiny reader. Here is one addressed to his 'dear wee singing bird':—

'How I miss your singing in the morning. . . . I try to recall that sweet smile of yours—sweet to look at—sweeter still to remember—and sweetest of all to see again if God shall so spare us.

'A gift of God you are to us. May He who has given you, long continue the gift to gladden us and freshen all our lives. Sweet token of God's love, may you be one of His own, made still purer and sweeter by the Spirit's grace and the Lamb's blood.'

Again he writes:—

'I will tell you now what I am doing. I go about the streets and into the offices, and I say to this man, "Give me a hundred pounds for Lovedale," and to another who is not so rich I say, "Give me fifty pounds." And they give me that money, and I thank them before I go, and thank God too, because it is He that puts it into the hearts of these men to give me money for Lovedale. And they give it because they love Christ and have already given Him their hearts.

'Now I am going to ask *you* to give Jesus some-

thing too. Go into the garden and see if there are any flowers. Then go into another garden and you will find a flower. Take it and say, "Lord Jesus, I have nothing else to give you. But I give you this; it is a little flower, it is my heart. I give it to you because you love me. You loved me so much that long ago you died for me. And now I give the little flower of my life, and I pray to you:

"In the Kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

And He will give you that place, and you will be a glad and happy little girl, and we shall be so happy when we hear that you have given this little flower to Christ.

'Do you remember London, that great place, nothing but houses and people, nearly as far as from Lovedale to Beaufort? There are many poor children in London, and when I see them, I think of you and F. . . . Do you remember anything I said about a little flower in one of my letters? What has become of it?

'I am wearying to see you, and hope to come in two months after you get this. I hope you will pull hard on the ropes and make the ship come fast to Cape Town.

'. . . There is the line of a hymn that has been in my mind this morning—it is this:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say
Come unto me and rest.
Lay down, thou *little* one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

'Now, dear little M., I should like if you could tell me some day that you had heard Jesus say this, and that you had just done what He bids you.

He is very good and kind to those who come to Him.'

One of his daughters writes :—

'All I can say is that as each year goes by I miss father's wonderful tenderness and sympathy more and more. I often think of his love and gentleness to M. (a grandson) during the war.[1] In the study at Lovedale I sometimes found the two with their fingers all inky, and father so pleased and laughing because M. was "making his fingers like Granddaddy's, and Granddaddy was a dirty boy too." I was not allowed to take the wee chap away, as they "were enjoying themselves," father said.'

They had one son and eight daughters, one of whom died early. Their large, happy, and loyal family was an effective object-lesson upon the Christian home, and a source of power to the mission.

Their son for some time assisted his father in the office at Lovedale, and is now in business in South Africa. Three of his daughters are married—two in South Africa, and one in Scotland. Another daughter was on the teaching staff at Lovedale.

The hospitality at Lovedale was unbounded. They had heart-room for all their guests; but as the children knew right well, they were often puzzled to find house-room. Especially in the early days when their house was small, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart often slept in the study, while their children slept on the floor, or in outhouses, or were billeted among the teachers. When the new house was built, Dr. and Mrs. Stewart's friends spent upon it £800 in addition to the sum granted by the Committee. Their idea of hospitality was like that of the Arab

[1] M.'s father was the little boy from whose wounds Dr. Stewart sucked the poison. See p. 99.

chief in Bible lands. He gallops on his swiftest steed to welcome the coming stranger. Stewart surpassed him, for when he learned that a friend of his or of the mission was in the land, he flashed a telegraphic invitation to him. The Principal's house was thus a hostelry. It was as much addicted to hospitality as were the hospices of the Middle Ages, but with a difference. These had been richly endowed for the very purpose of entertaining travellers, whereas the hospice of Lovedale was endowed out of the patrimony of the missionary's family.

From all parts of the world visitors came to Lovedale. Before the railway reached his neighbourhood, Stewart's 'spider' and horses had often to be sent twenty, thirty, forty, or sixty miles to the nearest railway station to meet his guests. He required five or six horses, and they were at the service of the staff. Dr. and Mrs. Stewart kept open house, and almost every week they were speeding the parting and welcoming the coming guest. If the family had kept a visitors' book, it would have been a bulky volume. There was a hearty welcome for all, especially for those who were opposed to missions. They might stay as long as they liked and examine every department of the Institution. They had often from one to thirteen guests at a time. During six months the family never once sat down alone at the table. A frequent guest writes: 'It was Mrs. Stewart's kindness and winsome graciousness which made the Principal's home at Lovedale the most hospitable in South Africa. At times she was the ministering presence, at others the wise and trusted counsellor, with a woman's clear discernment and instinct; at others again the worker and

the helper, ever ready to ease the burden and further the great cause.'

Another writes: 'Jesuit fathers,[1] ministers of the Dutch Church, an Anglican archbishop, a visiting deputation from Scotland—all alike were welcome, and all alike went away delighted with Dr. Stewart's generous hospitality, his kindly consideration, and, above all, the fascination of his conversation. He was a close personal friend of men like General Gordon, Edmund Garrett, Sir Bartle Frere, Cecil Rhodes, and Lord Milner. No one who knew him or his work could have failed to come under the spell of his imagination.'

The missionaries on the staff were usually the inmates of the family till they got a home of their own. One of them writes: 'I felt at home with Mrs. Stewart from the first hour.' The staff usually had a social meeting in the Principal's house every Monday evening, and also at other times to meet some distinguished visitor.

Stewart thoroughly enjoyed congenial society, though his abundant labours left him little time for it. When free, he was eminently 'clubbable,' and he made friends among all classes. His Ulyssean experience of men and cities had given him a rich fund of incident of travel, but his rooted aversion to speaking about himself rarely allowed him to give bits from his own Odyssey.

'He was very fond of good music, especially of plaintive music—that which holds within it the "sad, low notes of our humanity," like the best Scottish song. Joined to his love of music was his delight in art of all kinds. Much of this no doubt came

[1] Seven Roman Catholic priests once sat down together at their table.

LORD MILNER OPENING THE MUIRHEAD HALL, THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, LOVEDALE

from his love of all that was beautiful and harmonious.'

The Rev. J. E. Somerville, B.D., of Mentone, writes: 'No words are sufficient to express the admiration which Dr. Stewart's whole bearing and conversation awakened. *Anax andron Agamemnon* (Agamemnon, prince of men) were the words that came to one's lips. He was a giant in every sense of the term. . . . On Saturday he was engaged till late at night with Kafirs, who came to talk about things temporal and spiritual. . . . I came away from Lovedale and the happy and beautiful family in its manse thanking God that He had given us as a missionary one of the grandest men it has been my privilege to know.'

Dr. Roberts writes: 'Lord Milner had a warm affection for him. About the last letter he wrote from Government House, amid the press of many distracting concerns, was the following good-bye to Dr. Stewart:—

'"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
'"JOHANNESBURG, *2nd April* 1905.

'"DEAR DR. STEWART,—I cannot leave South Africa without sending you one line of farewell. I am living in a perfect whirl, and hardly know what I am doing. But I shall often think, in moments of greater leisure, with pleasure and gratitude of your friendship.—With deepest esteem and all good wishes, yours very sincerely, MILNER."

'Lord Milner spent four or five days at Lovedale, gleaning facts about native affairs. He opened a new hall, and declared that Dr. Stewart was "the biggest human in South Africa."

'The deep affection that Gordon had for him is well known. When the hero of Khartoum was at

Lovedale in 1882, the comradeship of the two men was pleasant to see. There was a remarkable affinity and a striking similarity between them.'

After one of his visits General Gordon wrote: 'I am truly sorry to leave your quiet abode and come back into a whirl.' When leaving South Africa in 1882, he wrote:—

'MY DEAR DR. STEWART,—I am sorry to leave without seeing you and Mrs. Stewart and your family and my friends at Lovedale. I leave for England *viâ* Natal on Tuesday or Wednesday next. I am sorry I could not do anything for the Colony except write reports. My heart often goes out to you all. I should wish to have seen more of you.—With kindest regards to Mrs. Stewart, yourself, and the children, and trusting for help to your prayers, believe me, my dear friend, yours sincerely,

'C. E. GORDON.'

Stewart's only son was called James Gordon as a memorial of this friendship.

Visitors of all creeds came from nearly all parts of the world. Among these were Baron Rothschild, who wrote: 'I think our visit to Lovedale was the most interesting part of our journey in South Africa.'

A special welcome was given to young missionaries who wished to inquire about missionary methods.

The native often came for counsel about his trivial affairs. Stewart shook hands with his humble guest, took him straight to the kitchen for refreshments. He would listen patiently to the poor man's story. People used to say that a native could get what he

wanted from the Principal far more easily than a white man could. Often food was sent daily to sick natives in the neighbouring location. Dr. and Mrs. Stewart were the Lord and Lady Bountiful of the Tyumie Valley. Many thought that they were generous to a fault. 'The old people of the Lovedale location,' writes one of his staff, 'were his special charge. Every Sunday there was a dinner-party of old men at the house, and if any were too feeble to come for it, the meal was sent to them.' They also knew that he had a canvas bag in which he kept money for helping the needy.

Towards his poorest guests Stewart's was no bare giving. It was rather the spontaneous outflow of the heart than the outcome of intention or endeavour; and it was done with a refinement of Christian charity and chivalry. He thus enlarged the joys he possessed by sharing those he bestowed.

This splendid hospitality was a powerful aid to the mission. A visit to Lovedale often made a deep impression upon visitors who were sceptical about missions. The splendid avenue, the well-kept gardens; the happy family; the thoroughly competent staff; the hive-like hum of happy activity; the immense array of young life; the girls tripping along, their eyes full of girlish merriment, in striking contrast with the sheep-like, ox-like stare of their heathen sisters at the kraals; the genius of the place—all these united to create the right mood in the critic.

Mr. Bryce, in his *Impressions of South Africa*, p. 374, thus describes Lovedale: 'It is admitted even by those who are least friendly to mission-work to have rendered immense service to the native. I visited it, and was greatly struck by the

tone and spirit which seemed to pervade it, a spirit whose results are seen in the character and career of many of its graduates. A race in the present condition of the Kafirs needs nothing more than the creation of a body of intelligent and educated persons of its own blood, who are able to enter into the difficulties of their humble kinsfolk and guide them wisely. Dr. Stewart possesses the best kind of missionary temperament, in which a hopeful spirit and an inexhaustible sympathy are balanced by Scottish shrewdness and cool judgment.'

When Stewart heard that there were severe critics of missions in the neighbourhood, he used to say: 'Ask them over, and let them see the work and judge for themselves.' Regarding a sceptical critic on missions, the late R. W. Barbour of Bonskeid wrote: 'A visit to Lovedale gave him new light. If it were nothing else, that home at Lovedale does a work that one cannot well value, in disarming prejudice and affording at least the opportunity to some who would otherwise not see what was going on, to give the natives a helping hand.'

Mr. Barbour himself was so fascinated by Lovedale that he seriously considered whether he should devote himself to it as an honorary missionary. Dr. George Adam Smith tells us that when visiting Africa, 'Mr. Barbour came under another of the great influences of his life—Dr. Stewart of Lovedale.'

J. S. Macarthur, Esq., the discoverer of the cyanide gold-extracting process, thus describes his visit to Lovedale: 'I was impressed by Dr. Stewart's quiet, strong, kindly manner. With him there was no excitement, no noise, everything went smoothly and peacefully, but everything did go. . . . I left on Monday afternoon, having spent in Lovedale two of

the quietest and happiest days of my life. Whilst there I did not know in the least that Dr. Stewart was teaching me—I do not think he knew—but after I left I found that I knew very much more than when I went. He had impressed on me the foolishness of trying to convert a heathen and then leave him idle to drop back into his old, lazy, loafing, quarrelling ways.'

Let another example stand for many. A visitor to Lovedale thus describes his experience, in one of the African newspapers: 'After welcoming me to Lovedale, Dr. Stewart invited me to have a look over the place, and here it was that all the arguments that I had prepared, vanished as chaff before the wind. For one of the first observations the doctor made was this: "Our object is to teach the native to work; work he must a certain portion of the day, or go. We cannot afford to keep idlers here; lazy fellows must leave us. We endeavour to civilise and teach them to fear God at the same time, and hope that some at least will turn out useful men and women." I could scarcely avoid applauding the doctor's sentiments, with a hearty "hear, hear," having all the ground knocked from under me. . . . I left, convinced that the Institution ought to have every support and encouragement.'

This visitor might have added: 'I came; I saw; I was conquered.'

CHAPTER XXXIII

SOMGXADA: THE MAN OF ACTION

His Native Name—Energy—Promptitude—Thoroughness—Variety of Activities—A Day in the Office at Lovedale.

'I am—I know—I ought—I can—I will.'—*Augustine's Ladder of Character.*

'Be a whole man: do one thing at a time.'—*Dr. Thomas Binney.*

'The word of action is stronger than the word of speech.'—'*Æquanimitas,*' *by William Osler, M.D.*

'It is an incontrovertible truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.'—*Dean Swift.*

'Give me patience to labour at details as much as if they were the highest work. God is the Doer.'—*Dr. Stewart's Journal.*

IT is now the time, with as little repetition as possible, to sum up our impressions regarding the man and his work. His career can be understood only by those who study his marvellous activity and his implacable optimism.

His Native Name.—The Africans usually give a significant name to every white man among them. It may be a title of respect, or a nickname by which his appearance, manner, or gait, is very cleverly hit off, often with a touch of real humour. Their languages are rich in pictorial epithets. When Joseph Chamberlain visited them, their greeting was 'Welcome, Moatlodi,' that is—'The man who

makes crooked things straight.' They called Cecil Rhodes—'the Bull that separates the fighting bulls.' Their favourite name for Stewart was Somgxada, which has been translated as—Long-strider; the Father of strides; he who is here, there, and everywhere; or the Ubiquitous, who finds you when you don't expect him. The name well described his constant movement, and the ceaseless, tireless activity of this human dynamo.[1]

Once his wagon broke down at a distance from home. On appealing to the natives for help, they asked his name. 'Dr. Stewart,' he replied. They made no response. He then said, 'I am Somgxada.' Their faces lighted up, and they gladly helped him. Somgxada is the name by which he will be known to children's children.

His Energy.—Mind, body, and will were endowed with exuberant vigour which he had thoroughly developed and kept under command. The limitations which his chosen work imposed were frankly accepted, and he did not yearn for success in other spheres. 'Whatever was eminently and grandly practical,' writes a fellow-student, 'that he followed.' His was the blessedness of the man who had found his work and wanted nothing else. The poet thus voiced one of his deepest convictions:

> 'We have an hour allotted thus,
> We have a task appointed us,
> Nor culture of the mind and heart
> Shall be the Christian's only part,
> But he shall bend his will
> To present duty still.'

[1] The natives also called him 'Tiger-step,' to denote the energy of his movements. 'Have you seen Condé?' some one asked Turenne at the close of a battle. 'I must have seen a dozen Condés,' was the reply: 'he multiplies himself.'

A lover of the concrete, he regarded action as the crown of knowledge, and till far on in life, he seemed almost proof against fatigue. All his powers were braced and refreshed by difficulty and opposition. To giant circumstance he opposed himself as a greater circumstance. As the science of success is the science of energetics, he did wonders in his own department. Energy and resolution were stamped upon all his features, for he looked as if he could face anything, and go through anything, and he rejoiced to dynamite his way through opposing barriers.

Promptitude.—In the dynamic of human affairs, power and promptitude are essential to success. But failure is certain if promptitude lapses into impetuosity or precipitation. 'First weigh, then venture,' was Moltke's motto. 'Be sure you are right, then go ahead,' was the advice of another great man of action. Stewart was gifted with a sense of opportunity, and was quick in discerning and seizing what was likely to suit his purpose. He might have justly adopted as his motto the word 'forthwith,' which is found about eighty times in the New Testament. He was impulsive after thinking, but not before it. It seemed as if a voice were always saying to him, 'Do something, do it at once, do it with all thy might.' 'Postponed good deeds,' he once wrote, 'like rainbow hues, are vanishing haloes at the best.' The natives at Lovedale were fined when they entered the office through the open window instead of the door. Stewart came along and jumped through the window, as he always took the shortest way to his work. The native in charge told him that he must pay the fine. After writing an hour at his desk, he jumped out through the

INTERIOR OF CARPENTERS' SHOP AT LOVEDALE

window, and was fined again. 'That,' says the informant, 'was Dr. Stewart.' Thucydides says that the Greeks had the power of thinking before they acted and of acting too. Stewart was like a Greek in his union of these two powers.

His promptitude, without fussiness and strain, had in it a military quality. Sometimes he thought that he should have been a soldier. 'A soldier, to slay!' a friend exclaimed. 'Nay,' was the reply, 'but to prevent slaughter.' Had he been a soldier, he would have been the Cornelius of his band, and have conquered as Alexander the Great did, 'by not delaying.' The Viking of the North Seas was strong in him.

Thoroughness in details was another feature of his work. La Bruyère's motto, 'The best in the least,' was also his. The mission, he felt, deserved the best of everything. His quickness in lighting on weak spots amounted almost to a sixth sense, says one of his colleagues. Every stone in the building must be well and truly laid. His passion and genius for efficiency would not allow him to accept a second-class work from any one, least of all from himself. His gospel of labour was nobler and healthier than Carlyle's, and most of his rivets will hold.

His patience with endless details, however fagging and trivial, was astonishing in so impetuous a worker, whose heart was set on the highest spiritual results. It is just here that so many cultured men fail. With them the best is the enemy of the good. Believing that action is coarsened thought, they become martyrs of disgust, and are eager to escape from the dust of the actual, nursing their dignity, and so afraid of doing things imperfectly that they do nothing at all. A devout Jewish priest counted the pins and nails of

the tabernacle worthy of his best, so in Stewart's eyes, small things were clothed with an imputed dignity because they belonged to the Kingdom. His friends much desired that in his late years he had adopted the sacred principle of delegation, and left details to others. But the habits which were a necessity in his earlier days when efficient help was scarce, clave to him unto the very end. His finger must be kept on the pulse of everything in Lovedale, and he grew more and more eager to work as the shadows were gathering. Wiser in this respect was another man of energy and action, who said that he had two rules; the first was to make sure that he could do his own work better than any one else could do it; and the second was, then to get other people to do it.

The *variety* of his activities surprises us. Preacher, Missionary, Doctor, Educationalist, Master-builder, Champion of the Natives, Farmer, Captain of Industries, Collector of Money, Statesman, daily Providence of some hundreds of natives, the Ruler of a small Kingdom, and that which came to him daily, the care of all his enterprises—so many labours and so great affairs—to read the bare list gives one a sense of fatigue. If ever a man was 'by thronging duties pressed,' and mobbed by details, the Principal of Lovedale was. With him to live was to serve, in the soldier's phrase. And he bounded to his work and did it joyfully, like Mercury, the celestial messenger, with wings on both feet.

While in Africa, he toiled on in all weathers, forgetting the gospel of relaxation. He never took a real holiday, and could scarcely find time to spend Christmas with his family in the country. When he did so he took his work with him, and was often at

it from morn till midnight. Most of his time on ship-board was spent in writing in the interests of the mission. By sea and land interrupted work was always awaiting his attention. Another Somgzada, Archbishop Temple, held that a very busy man must make many blunders, because he had not time enough for reflection.

'One has only to turn up Parliamentary Blue Books, Synod Reports, Missionary Records, or even the public press of this and the home country to discover how wide was the range and catholic the character of Dr. Stewart's interests and labours during a long and full life. Now we find him guiding the counsels of a Parliamentary Commission, then leading a Church Court through a stirring crisis; at times directing a missionary policy, and ever and anon championing some righteous cause. In all he is ever the same, strong, sane, fearless, wise.

'It is safe to say that during the thirteen days he spent at Lovedale when about to pioneer the East African Mission, he did not sleep thirty hours. When the dawn was breaking you might still see a light in his room.' For, like Cæsar, he counted nothing done, so long as anything remained to be done. His work would have broken the back of an average man. Tireless energy like his was possible only to one who had a great capacity for affairs, and was living the life for which he had been formed. Stewart was fitted for, and fitted into, his work, as the ball of bone fits into its socket. Trained in self-reliance and responsibility, he was the man of action the times required. The records of his work, like John Wesley's, have an atmosphere of tremendous activity. And yet he was a very severe critic of his own work, and often upbraided himself because he

had not done half enough! A sure sign of genius is a certain sacred dissatisfaction with its best creations.

The ease-loving natives regarded his tireless activity as something supernatural. They had an uncanny feeling about his truly demonic energy, and even suspected, it is said, that he drew strength from these mysterious sources in which they half-believed, and which he disowned. They had, however, pleasure in the consciousness that all these strange powers were on their side.

The Rev. R. W. Barbour thus describes 'the day's work of a giant' in the office at Lovedale:—

'There are desks and papers enough lying about to justify its ordinary name, though to this might be added, among other appropriate designations, those of chemist's shop and place of universal intrusion. For while there are bottles on one side and medical books on the other, the door at the end—it is a room at the corner of Dr. Stewart's house—keeps constantly opening, and presents to the patient observer as lively and complete a succession of scenes from the life of Lovedale as ever did aperture in the best magic lantern. Before the day has begun it may be a refractory apprentice who does not see the beauty of restraint nor the use of evening classes, and comes to say the best he can for himself, and then hear what is certainly not the worst for him. Now it is a batch of examination papers from one of the masters, by which you may gather how some of the head-work is proceeding. Next it is some one from the farm to say how the drought is telling upon this year's crop, and consult as to what is to be done to make out the necessary supplies. Then there are telegrams, letters, and messages innumerable from everywhere and about everything. In fine, from a

District Magistrate to a Red Kafir, everything in the shape of inquiry, appeal, complaint, objection, and emergency comes to the office. The interruption is quite unbroken. In the afternoon, it is a schoolboy who has brought his companion in with a dislocated wrist that wants setting and bandaging after a too rapid descent from a tree; or it is an editor in search of information or supervision for a clamant article. When the lamps are lit you expect peace. If so, you must seek it elsewhere, for there is a most miscellaneous and unpredictable programme for the evening before the occupant or occupants of that office. There is a deputation of lads down from the Institution to make serious representation in the matter of "smoked mealies" said to have been had at supper. There are the books of the various work departments brought down here at the close of each day. There is a large and complicated correspondence to keep up. In fact, the cases and interests, the needs and necessities, calls and responsibilities of a community of somewhere about five hundred persons with all their relations and bearings, their conditions and prospects, resort in the last issue to this little spot of ground. After seeing a little of the systematic invasion which goes on night and day, one thinks the name of "*sanctum*" sometimes applied to places such as this strangely out of place. "*Profanum*" might be more in keeping.'

In days to come Stewart will be Somgxada in South Africa, the man who is everywhere in things pertaining to the elevation of the natives.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE OPTIMIST

His quenchless Hope—Steadfast Faith—Missionary Promises —A needful Sphere—The Power of Contrast—Inspiration from Church History—Visible Fruits.

'Thus with somewhat of the seer
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain
Paint the golden morrow.'

—*Whittier.*

'The Bible, from first to last, is one unbroken, persistent call to hope.' —*Dean Church.*

'We are saved by hope.'—*The Apostle Paul.*

FOREIGN missionaries have the most discouraging spheres in the world, and are usually the most hopeful of men. Stewart was in this respect a good representative of his class, for his hopefulness was subjected to the severest tests, and yet he did not hang his harp on the willows. His was the secret of annexing the future to the present and the harvest to the seed-time, and he saw in ridiculously mean beginnings the prophecy of great things. His optimism is revealed in every book he wrote and in every one of his missionary addresses. In his *Lovedale* he writes: 'The great future of the missionary enterprise may be left to take care of itself. It is safe in the hands of its Founder. Its progress means

the gradual spread of Christianity. Its final success means that the future religion of mankind will be the religion of Jesus Christ, and the future civilisation of the world a Christian civilisation, whatever its form may be. . . . And that is just what we labour for—a day in the future when the Dark Continent shall be a continent of light and progress, of cities and civilisation and Christianity. There is no good reason to doubt the coming of such a day.'

He never lost his faith in Africa's redemption. In his Moderator's address he said, 'All question as to the final success of the work may be set at rest.'

'In the greatest books on missions there is not,' he tells us, 'the sound of a single depressing note.' 'Don't let despair begin with you,' said one of his colleagues, 'let it begin with us.' Great hopes make great men and missionaries.

What are the sources of this quenchless hope? It is rooted in an *unwavering Christian faith.* In ordinary circumstances only a whole-hearted faith can induce a thoughtful man to face the enormous difficulties of the field. He who hopes to overthrow heathen systems must be very sure that his feet are planted upon the eternal rock. An invincible belief in the recoverableness of the heathen is the foundation of all missions. The missionary's faith is increased by his sacrificing worldly ambitions and devoting himself to a life of exile. Such a man has no prospect of making a fortune and enjoying years of rest at home. The work before him is fitted to shatter the hope that is sentimental, and the faith that has not been confirmed. The difficulties that confront him call out all his spiritual reserves. Consciousness of purity of motive brings him into the right mood and attitude for great inspirations. The

missionary at his best has the spirit of Arbousset, one of the earliest French missionaries to the Basutos. When he landed at Cape Town and gazed at the Table Mount, the gigantic barrier of rock became to him a symbol of the heathenism he hoped to overthrow. 'Who art thou, O great mountain?' he asked. 'Before Zerubbabel, thou shalt become a plain.'

The missionary broods more than others over *the missionary promises*, and these are the most astonishing and inspiring utterances in the whole world. Use and wont has blunted the edge of our wonder, and only by an effort can we dismiss our dull associations and grasp the unfailing optimism of the Bible. The greatest literary miracle in the world is the unity of the Bible, and its hope of the conversion of all nations. Its writers belonged to one of the smallest and most exclusive races in the world; its books were written at different times, by very different men, and amid various tendencies, and yet they all introduce us to a King who is to establish a world-wide and world-long kingdom. As Abraham was sitting under the great oak at Mamre, he was told that he would have a chosen son, that his son would be the father of a chosen nation, and that the nation would have a chosen seed in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed. The hope of the conversion of the whole world lives in the heart of the whole Bible. The strongest utterances of this invincible optimism came from the prophets when their land was in ruins and their religious institutions were caught in the rapids and hurrying on to destruction. The same spirit pervades the New Testament; for it was written by fervent missionaries—apostle is the Greek word for a missionary—and is everywhere full of the missionary spirit. Its great oft-recurring words are

outgoing—teach, call, keep, heal, say, go, etc. The beloved disciple, even when a prisoner in Patmos, and in a day when heathenism was triumphant everywhere, wrote as if he already heard the tread of the coming millions of Gentile converts hurrying on to the mystic Zion, the seat of Him who is 'the Desire of all nations.' He saw his Divine Master in vision as a Roman warrior—a bowman—going forth conquering and to conquer and crowned with victory. The missionary lives in the spiritual ozone of such truths, and thus his hopes are fostered. Stewart, by pitching the tent of his meditation among the promises, breathed that spirit of victory which throbs at the heart of both the Testaments. With him the Christ that is to be is Christ the Conqueror. One of them had the power of a charm over him—'Ethiopia shall haste to stretch out her hands unto God.' He hoped to mould the poetry of the Christian life out of the hard, dull prose of paganism.

The foreign missionary has usually one notable advantage over the average pastor or Christian worker at home: he feels that he is where he is *greatly needed.* His work is not tame and commonplace, and he has all the inspiration that comes from a vast sphere and a very great and fresh enterprise. He is preaching the glad tidings to those who, but for him, would probably never hear it, and by his very presence he is doing something to lessen the surrounding darkness. The spirit of enterprise was very strong in Stewart, and, sanctified by grace, it made him a prince of missionaries.

There can be no doubt that he gained not a little additional inspiration from the hundreds of young people under his influence. The very flower of South Africa came to Lovedale, and they represented

the most vigorous and prolific races in the world to-day. Very different were they from the decaying race for whom John Eliot compiled a grammar and translated the Bible. Not a member of that tribe now lives. The fact that the pupils at Lovedale belonged to various tribes, stimulated emulation among them, and purified and guided their racial jealousies. The Principal touched their lives at every point, and through them he influenced nearly all the tribes in the land. They offered him the very opportunity for which he had passionately yearned. In his hands was the making of those chosen youths who were to be the makers of the new South Africa. Lovedale thus had for him such a charm as a great university has for its leading professors. It was a power-house, a generating and distributing station whence new forces were to be conveyed over the land. He thought that the Gospel was more likely to spread in Africa from the south than from the north. One of his dreams was about a chain of Lovedales stretching to Khartoum and beyond. He asked Rhodes to give him a site in Rhodesia for one of them. He thought imperially.

Contrast wonderfully helps the missionary to preserve his apostolic optimism. He has the best opportunities in the world for the study of comparative religion, for everyday religions and *the religion* are at work before his eyes. The merely intellectual study of this great subject is fitted to make a profound impression. Max Müller says that 'he who knows only one religion, knows none.' This exaggeration suggests a great truth. He elsewhere says more truly, 'No one who has not examined patiently and honestly the other religions of the world can know what Christianity really is, or can

join with such truth and sincerity in the words of St. Paul: I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ!' Only by setting Christ's religion by the side of one of its rivals can we gain the fullest persuasion of the peerless excellences of the Christian faith. But the study of heathen religions in books is often very misleading. We should generously appreciate the elements of good in them, but we want to know how they work. Many recently believed that the Bhuddism of Tibet contained wonderful treasures of religious knowledge, and they hoped to find a new Messias there. Those who have recently lifted the veil tell us that Tibetan Bhuddism is rude idolatry and mere devil-worship.[1]

There can scarcely be a more miserable religion under heaven than the African, and the missionary who daily witnesses it is likely to appreciate the blessedness of the Christian faith more than the average Christian at home usually does. We have here one of the liberalising influences of the missionary's enthusiasm. He is not tempted to mistake his own horizon for the earth's.

Church history rightly studied breaks the spell of despondency. His Journal shows that Stewart, when exploring in the heart of Africa, had a peculiar fondness for the Acts of the Apostles as a record of missionary enterprise, and that he brooded over it with an eye to his own career, saying to himself

[1] A young Indian physician witnessed for the first time the celebration of the Lord's Supper in Scotland. He wept throughout the service. When asked the reason, he said: 'I tried to understand all that was said and done: I thought of the beauty of your religion, of its love to man, its pity for the sinful and the sorrowful. I then thought of my India, and of the many sad things in our religion. I thought of its cruelty to our widows. When I put the two religions alongside of each other I could do nothing but weep.'

the while—'I also am a missionary.' The Foreign Missionary has every day an experience remarkably like that of the leaders in the New Testament churches. He is therefore in the best possible position for understanding, and receiving constant inspiration from, the photos of church-life in the Epistles and the Acts of the Apostles. How wonderful the story when one brings to it a realising historical imagination. Paul and Silas crossed over to Europe as travelling artisans. But they went as Heralds of Jesus Christ, and in the spirit of conquerors. They hoped to rescue from heathendom cultured Rome and the untutored nations, and they have done it. What moral and spiritual miracles the pair accomplished! To-day there is not a man, woman, or child on the face of the earth who worships the gods that then had sway over all Europe. It is true that Christ's kingdom came not then with observation. As Stewart points out more than once, the Roman historians, famed as they were for their eagle-eyed acuteness, have, during the first three centuries, only some ten or twelve brief and scornful references to the Church of Christ. Yet ere long 'the Empires fell one upon another to form a pedestal upon which to build the Church.' Stewart's writings show that he had made himself familiar with the triumphant march of the Church through the ages, and thus he had the hope, we should rather say the expectation, that the experience of the early Churches would be repeated in Africa. 'When one has seen the Catacombs,' a visitor to Rome says, 'one understands the great explosion of Christianity under Constantine—the city had been conquered underground.' Stewart believed that something like that was taking place around him. While surrounded

THE NATIVES AS THEY ARE AT HOME

THE NATIVES WHEN CIVILISED

by the night, he was confident of the dawn, and the dawn overtook him.

For the *facts* he had witnessed justified to a large extent his lifelong optimism. The previous chapters record some of these facts. He believed that a great missionary epoch had already begun, and that it would have immense issues. 'Young missionaries may despair,' said a veteran Indian missionary; 'we who have witnessed such stupendous changes never can.' Before the Native Affairs Commission Stewart made a similar statement about the improvements he had witnessed, especially in the native women, whose appearance had been entirely changed. The sight of the boys and girls at Lovedale was fitted to break the spell of despondency if it had ever mastered him.

In his *Dawn* he says:—'A fair and just, and yet not optimistic, survey of the missionary situation of to-day would lead us to the belief that it is better, more encouraging, and more full of real results than at any time since the days of the Apostles. How poorly at the best have we discharged the great duties God has laid upon us in virtue of the gifts He has bestowed! Still, in God's time, apparently a better day is coming, for clearly "o'er that weird continent morn is slowly breaking." We return again in a final word to the one power and influence sufficient for the regeneration of Africa. It has been the keynote through all these pages. That one force is the religion of Jesus Christ, taught not merely by the white man's words, but what is far better, by his life, as showing the true spirit of that religion.' Believing thus that the best is yet to be, the shadows of the morning were tinged in his eyes with the glory of the approaching dawn.

Shortly before his death Coillard wrote—March 4, 1904—'Read Dr. Stewart's *Dawn in the Dark Continent, Daybreak in Livingstonia,* and *Among the Wild Ngoni,* by Dr. Elmslie. To state my impressions would be impossible. I am humbled and moved to wonder. What great things the Lord has done there.'

'We are saved by hope,' the Apostle says. The expectation of victory is often the guarantee of victory, for every great battle is lost or won in the soul. In our Navy the signal for a close engagement is the same as the signal for a victory. To hope is often to achieve. These are the reasons why Stewart hoped all things not impossible, and believed all things not unreasonable, and preserved his unclouded optimism amid many assaults upon it.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE CLOSING YEARS, 1899-1905

The Welcome Home—The Crisis in the Free Church of Scotland—A Visit to Lovedale—His Home-going—The Funeral—James Stewart and Cecil Rhodes—The Meeting of Native Delegates at the Grave—The Native College—The Fulfilment of the Dream of his Youth.

'Let the night come before we praise the day.'—*Old Proverb.*

'Waiting as a soldier on parade, in preparation for prompt obedience, feeling no desire to go, but ready.'—*Lord Salisbury on Gladstone.*

'So little done, so much to do.'—*Rhodes's death-bed Commentary on his Career.*

'*Moriamur in simplicitate nostra*' (Let us die in our simplicity).—*The Motto of the Maccabees.*

AFTER his moderatorship, Stewart returned to Lovedale in 1899, and came back to Scotland in 1900. In May of that year he presided at the opening of the General Assembly. After another visit to Lovedale in 1901, he returned to Edinburgh in 1902, to deliver the Duff lectures on missions, which were published in 1903, under the title of *Dawn in the Dark Continent.*

In 1903 he made a second visit to America, that he might examine all the new methods in its Negro Colleges.

He had previously been examined by two physicians in Edinburgh, who reported that his heart had been weakened by overstrain, and urged him to give up all work except the general superintendence of the mission. But 'the natural and becoming indolence of age' had no attractions for him. To him the want of occupation was not rest. In this he was like Livingstone, who tells us in his *Last Journals* that he was always ill when idle. With failing strength but never-failing will, he kept to his post.

Returning to Lovedale in April 1904, he received a right royal welcome from the staff, the pupils, and the apprentices, who lined the long avenue leading to his house. 'He had come back to stay,' he said—this from the *Christian Express*. 'He seemed bright and well, his voice clear and strong, as he stood up to address all those who gathered to welcome him back again to his own kingdom. To the students his message was the same unchanging theme—Righteousness and hard work would lift them up as a race, and nothing else would.'

'His first act on returning was eminently characteristic of the man. Hearing that a Presbytery meeting was being held that very afternoon at Macfarlan, within a couple of hours of his arrival in Lovedale, he was driving as fast as good horses would take him, along the Tyumie road. And so, at first sight, it seemed as if Dr. Stewart had returned in the fulness of vigour and strength. After a time it was evident that this was not so. The old fires still burned clear and bright, lighting up his eyes with their glow and warmth; but the figure was a little more bent, the step a little slower, his manner more

THE FIRST GENERAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE IN SOUTH AFRICA, HELD AT JOHANNESBURG IN JULY 1904 UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF DR. STEWART

gentle. Now and again he was seen to rest by the wayside; he had even been found sitting on a mound by one who told the tale. In Africa it is not a wonderful sight to find one sitting waiting, but it was passing strange for the ever active head of Lovedale to rest on any errand of his. And men knew that his threescore years and ten, with all their fulness of service, and wealth of devotion to duty, had not left him untouched in their passing.'

In July 1904 the First General Missionary Conference in Africa was held at Johannesburg. All the Protestant missions were represented. Dr. Stewart was unanimously chosen President, and conducted the meetings to the entire satisfaction of all the members. He had then several interviews with Lord Milner, and obtained his support for the cause of the Higher Education of the Natives.

In November 1904 he gave his evidence before the Native Affairs Commission in Cape Town. His mind then seemed as active as ever, and he displayed very great ability in setting forth his plans, and meeting all sorts of objections.

He also then interviewed the Governor and the other ministers of State about the decision of the House of Lords in the Scottish Church Case. He then received their promise that they would not allow Lovedale to pass into the possession of the minority. The final decision in such a case lay with the Cape Government. The Governor communicated his decision to the Home Government.

In January 1905 he was again in Cape Town in the interests of Education and the natives. That was his last journey from home. His friends believed that it greatly weakened him. It was then less than a year before his death, and the effort

was a remarkable triumph of the soul over the body.

It must be sorrowfully recorded that his last years were darkened by three very sore disappointments —Ethiopianism, the Mzimba Case, and the Church Crisis in Scotland. The first and second of these trials have been described in Chapter XXVII. Mzimba was one of the most promising, trusted, and favoured of the Lovedale pupils. His secession and the accompanying circumstances gave Stewart a keen sense of bereavement.

Wave pressed upon wave and the billows went over his soul. Before the Mzimba trouble had passed away, a fresh catastrophe faced him. The decision of the House of Lords in the case of the Free Church *versus* the United Free Church of Scotland fell upon Lovedale as a bolt out of the blue.[1] The Legal Free Church claimed everything belonging to Lovedale. The surprising events in the Home Church created anxiety about the future of the mission. A large sum had been collected for extensions, but an arresting hand was at once laid upon all the cherished plans. Stewart had to contemplate the possibility of the Legal Free Church appropriating all the fruits of forty years' unceasing efforts, though they had not one missionary, and could not possibly carry on the mission. A friend

[1] In May 1905 I addressed a native congregation not far from Lovedale. At the close a stalwart Kafir came striding up and asked me through the interpreter what I thought of the Twenty-four. That was their name for the small minority in the General Assembly who had voted against union. The native newspapers were then rousing into activity the latent sympathies with Ethiopianism and all other forces of insubordination, and fostering the hope that the natives might gain possession of the properties and endowments at Lovedale and elsewhere.

writes: 'The burden of this last sorrow hastened the end. Though he lived to have the burden lightened, and to feel assured that the worst he anticipated could not happen, Dr. Stewart's splendid physique had been overstrained, and signs of heart-failure began to appear.'

In 1905 I spent three days with him at Lovedale, six months before his last call came to him.[1] Dr. Stewart had then in his body the 'secret token' that the King was about to send for him. He knew that he must die soon and that he might die any day. If it were the will of God, he would have wished five years more, that he might set in order the things that were wanting at Lovedale, and see the Native College established. About this scheme he was hopeful, as several of the leaders in that movement had privately intimated their intentions and wishes, but nothing must be said about it in the meantime. For the sake of the natives he hoped that every department of his work might be preserved. His spirit was saintly and chastened, and he bore himself patiently and bravely. The bitter experiences in recent years had left in him no trace of bitterness, but his strenuous life had deepened the thought-lines on his strong face, and his frame had lost a little of its palm-like uprightness. His convictions about disputed matters were as strong as ever, but he did not say a hard word against anybody. Student days and many of his experiences were very genially recalled, but no word that could suggest self-praise escaped his lips.

[1] I was soon reminded of the extent of Lovedale. Towards evening I said to Mrs. Stewart, 'I will take a walk round the buildings and grounds.' 'You cannot do that before dark,' she replied, 'but I will get the horses inspanned and drive you round.'

Like John Knox, he could 'interlace merriness with earnest matters,' for he believed in heart-easing mirth.[1] Often the fine smile of his youthful days lighted up his face.

Though he had to keep in bed till noon, several hours daily were spent in the office. Appeals from family and friends could not avail: it was best, he said, that he should keep at his post to the end. Though then always weary in the work, he was never weary of it. He believed that the labour we delight in physics pain, and his body, as a well-trained slave, had learned to obey at once the behests of the masterful will. But the bow so long unslackened had almost lost its spring.

He took a very humble view of his work, but said emphatically that if he had life to begin over again, he would not wish to spend his energies in another way or sphere. His tones as well as his words showed how deeply he was touched by the pathos of parting. The consolations of Jesus Christ were equal to all his needs.

Heedless of my many protests, he must gather together all his staff in the evening, preside, and give words of welcome to his fellow-student. His was the fine, self-sacrificing, old-world courtesy of the Highland chieftain, who must rise from his death-bed to show hospitality to his guest. He must stand up and speak, although he had to lean hard on the back of his chair, while his pale face and quick breathing revealed the great effort he was making.

[1] He mentioned that a few weeks ago there had been a fire in one of the buildings, and he had rushed out to help in extinguishing it. 'This did me harm,' he said, 'but I had a "nicht wi' Burns"'—a Scottish phrase for an evening's entertainment with the songs of Burns. Fun with him was the holiday of the mind, and practically the only holiday he ever took since his student days. He could laugh tears.

The occasion had all the sacredness which belongs to last things. It was his last address to a company.

After that evening, he left his bedroom only twice, but he did not leave off his work till within a fortnight of his home-going, when his hand refused to hold the pen.

His taper burnt clear to the close. Surrounded by his wife and children, he departed this life on the evening of December 21, 1905, in his seventy-fifth year. Then was fulfilled his favourite text—'It shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light.'

The funeral was on Christmas Day. All races and denominations in South Africa were represented in the throng. The text was from 2 Samuel iii. 38, 'Know ye not there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'

A vast procession of men and women on foot, with a long line of vehicles and horsemen following the bier, wended their way through the valley of the Tyumie, and up the slopes of Sandili's Kop, a rocky height about a mile and a half east of Lovedale, and facing the College. The far-extending buildings of Lovedale are visible from the grave. The *South African Scot* thus describes the burial: 'The scene at Sandili's Kop on Christmas Day was a fitting close to the career of a great leader and missionary. The grave was carved out of solid rock, and can be seen from any point of the valley where Lovedale is situated. Round the grave were gathered representatives of the United Free Church of Scotland, the South African Presbyterian Church, the Dutch Reformed Church, the Church of England, the Wesleyan, the Congregational, and the Baptist Churches. Though a Presbyterian by training and conviction, Dr. Stewart belonged to the Church

Catholic, and all the Churches claimed him as their own. The great gathering of black and white, many different races and nationalities, stood in serried ranks around the Kop. The Rev. J. Lennox, his senior missionary assistant, spoke briefly and eloquently of his magnificent powers of mind and heart, and of his complete devotion to the well-being of the natives of South Africa. The hymn, "O Love that wilt not let me go," was sung. Then a Kafir hymn and a prayer in Kafir, in which it was said that God had "dried up the fountain from which they were accustomed to drink." When the grave was closed, it was covered with flowers sent by representative men and women from all parts of South Africa. With a feeling of deep sadness that the earthly career of a great and good man had closed, and with a deep assurance that the life he lived will tell on the history of the country for generations, the crowd slowly dispersed.'

At the close of the service, they sang a hymn which Dr. Stewart often used—'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.' It was thus that devout men carried him to his grave and made great lamentation over him. The only inscription on the grave is 'James Stewart, Missionary.'

There is a close parallel between the burial of James Stewart and that of Cecil Rhodes. Both the tombs are on a hill-top, both were blasted out of the solid rock, and both are near the scene of great achievements. We find the explanation of this similarity, not in the notion of imitation, but in the fact that these men, or their friends, were in similar circumstances and swayed by similar motives.[1] The

[1] Dr. Stewart expressed no wish whatever about his grave. Sandili's Kop was chosen by Mrs. Stewart with the approbation of the Lovedale

traveller at Rhodes's grave, amid the fantastic castled crags of the Matoppo Hills, looks down on the site of the historic meeting of Rhodes with the Matabele Indunas. With supreme bravery he there took his life in his hand, went unarmed and unescorted into the stronghold of his enemies, and brought to a close the second Matabele war. As he returned he said that the scene of that day was 'one of those things that make life worth living.' It was natural that he should desire to be buried near that spot. Lovedale was to James Stewart at least all that the Matoppo Hills were to Cecil Rhodes. Both were great dreamers and realisers of dreams, though with different ideals;[1] both devoted their lives to the land of their adoption; both gratified the natives by choosing a grave among them; both were far-seeing, imaginative, and self-sacrificing imperialists who had a warm mutual regard; both were mourned by natives and whites alike; and it is fitting that the dust of each should repose near the scene of his noblest actions. The visitor at either grave may remember the words, 'If you wish a monument, look around.' Surveying Lovedale from Sandili's Kop, the visitor may say, 'That is Dr. Stewart's monument.' His noblest monument is in the hearts and careers of those to whom he devoted all his powers.

staff. Some suggested the Matoppo where Rhodes was buried, and which he had set apart as a South African Walhalla, or open-air Westminster Abbey, the resting-place of those who had served their country nobly.

[1] Rhodes had a high appreciation of Stewart's aims. In his interview with General Booth, he said: 'Ah, General, you are right, you have the better of me after all. I am trying to make new countries, you are making new men.' 'That is my dream—all English,' said Rhodes, sweeping with his hand the map from the Cape to the Zambesi.

A coloured ex-pupil of Lovedale wrote: 'It seems to me that the Doctor has honoured us coloured people by choosing that spot in the veldt for his last resting-place, not among the high and honoured, but far away, as if to have his rest more perfect, and make his grave free for us all to visit.'

On the 28th of December, exactly a week after his death, one hundred and thirty-two delegates, representatives of one hundred and fifty thousand natives, who owe all they are to missionaries, held a memorial service at Dr. Stewart's grave, in connection with the 'Lovedale Native Convention.'[1] They had come together to consider the establishment of an Inter-State Colonial College for the higher education of the natives of South Africa. Lovedale was the right trysting-place for them, for its success had inspired the idea of a native central college. They unanimously resolved to urge the States to establish such a college, and to establish it at Lovedale, and they agreed to raise a sum of money for its support.[2] To live thus in the hearts of men is not to die. One of the resolutions adopted at the Native Conference was: 'That your petitioners further desire to express their strong conviction that it is essential to the success of the proposed college that these missions, to whose efforts in the past the natives owe all the education they are now receiving, should be represented on the governing body of the college.' This was a remarkable climax to a remarkable career.

[1] On his death-bed Stewart had made all the arrangements for the comfort of the delegates.

[2] It has since been stated that the natives are likely to raise £50,000 for this object. When he began in 1866, the Christian education of the natives was considered by many an enterprise of a dangerous and Utopian character.

NATIVE CONVENTION AT DR. STEWART'S GRAVE

'When the biography of your late husband is written,' writes Mr. E. B. Sargant, Resident Commissioner of Basutoland, 'no one who reads it can fail to be struck with the wonderful manner in which his work began, as it were, a new life, with the meeting of that Convention, a few days after his death.'

The grand vision of his youth and of his whole life had not been a mocking mirage. For he was not permitted to see death till he had almost seen the realisation of his boldest dreams. He was thus *felix opportunitate mortis*, favoured in the moment and manner of death. Very rarely in history has any great pioneer had such a remarkable success. Like the runner in classic story, he had fallen, but fallen with his outstretched hand on the goal.[1]

So far as the visible part of his life is concerned, we have no need to raise over his grave the pagan symbol of a broken, uncompleted pillar. The fitting monument for him is a column carried up to its full height and crowned with its capital.

Enlarger of the Kingdom (*Mehrer des Reiches*) is a title of the highest honour, which the Germans give only to a very few of their greatest warriors and statesmen. It can be given to 'James Stewart, Missionary.'

[1] His dreams were very bold, for he had hoped that even Livingstonia would be in alliance with the Native College.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE MAN: HIS OUTER LIFE

Manliness—Unity of Life—The Prophetic Mind—The Boer War—Politics—Relation to Committees—Union of the Churches—Generous Estimates.

'One of these happy natures
That never falters or abates,
But labours and endures, and waits
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates.

Still bearing up thy lofty brow,
In the steadfast strength of truth,
In manhood sealing well the vow
And promise of the youth.'—*Whittier.*

'And they shall sever out men of continual employment' (men of continuance, margin.)—*Ezekiel* xxxix. 14.

His manliness must be a prominent feature in every just and living portrait of Stewart. He was every inch a man.

Dr. Jane Waterston, for many years his colleague, says: 'It was the main characteristic of the Doctor that, first and foremost, before being clergyman, doctor, or missionary, he was a most manly man, with great physical strength, and no fear of man or beast. It was this distinguishing trait that so commended him to the natives of this country.'

His individuality was very marked. No one could mistake him for another man, or any other man for him. Of him, as of Fénelon, it might be said, 'He

was cast in a particular mould, never used for any one else.' His individuality was not marred by posing, affectation, or that egotism which is the disease of individuality. And it had no taint of the 'scrofula of crotchets,' no bias towards eccentricities. It was the natural outgrowth of the man within. While he did not try to exaggerate his peculiarities, he respected them. In his youth he was afraid to read great missionary biographies lest they should allure him into paths of slavish imitation. In the Portrait Gallery of great missionaries, his portrait is quite unlike that of any other man.

Energy incarnate, his activities were surprisingly numerous, and as unique as his face, form, and voice, for no other man we know had a career like his. Great in vision and in realisation, in him were united the foresight of a statesman, the enterprise of a pioneer, the capacity of a leader, the common-sense of a man of business, and the trained energies of a man of action. Along with these exceptional endowments, he had many ordinary qualities in an average degree, and they were all well developed, for an experience like his could not fail to pull out all the stops in his being.

We note also a noble simplicity and unity in his life. When it joined the ocean, the stream had the very same colour as at its source. In him there is no puzzling complexity of thought and action. He kept in the path of duty in scorn of consequences. In all weathers his prow was turned towards the harbour, and usually he reached it, for 'the winds and waves,' Gibbon says, 'are always on the side of the most skilful mariner.' His plan of life changed only as the acorn changes into the sapling, and the sapling into the mature oak, adding its concentric

ring every year, and preserving the same mould, colour, and vital sap. This peculiarity appeared even in small things, for we are told that 'his handwriting never changed in a single letter, from youth to old age.'

This simplicity and unity were secured by the permanence of his convictions and enthusiasms. When Xerxes reviewed near Athens the largest army the world had then seen, his sage or private chaplain by his side asked, 'Sire, what more is needed to complete thy felicity?' 'Permanence,' replied the king. Permanence is the very highest attainment for the man who starts in youth with generous enthusiasms. The bravest hearts have their fainting fits, and some are zealous only in the most public and congenial parts of their work. When men pass seventy, they naturally grow weary of details and lose the keenness of their sympathies. Not so Stewart. A favourite text of his was, 'It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.' Like the great Apostle, he was himself an inspiring illustration of lifelong steadiness and undecaying zeal. By a 'solemn league and covenant' he devoted himself to African missions in his youth, and he never faltered till death overtook him. To him belongs all the praise that is due to lifelong constancy.

> 'Who but a Christian, through all life
> That blessing may prolong?
> Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
> Still chant his morning song?'

Many will regard as the most remarkable features of his career the accuracy of his forecasts and their almost complete realisation. Even in his early years the plans which guided him were present to his

mind with the wholeness and unfading brightness of a vision, and wearing the aspect of reality. For seventeen years he cherished, in defiance of appearances, the hope of planting another Lovedale in Central Africa, and it was planted on a scale beyond all his dreams. For thirty-five years, with a prophetic insight, he was brooding over an intertribal college for the natives, and this dream also was realised sooner than he anticipated. Some may say that his success was due to the current of events. That is true. Like Nansen, he discovered, and got right into the centre of, the current that bore him along. But, unlike Nansen, he did not yield himself passively to it, for he did much to create and control the movements around him.

We must mention the questions which caused differences of opinion among those with whom he acted. Some ministers and missionaries escape these difficulties. Theirs is a cloistered piety which is occupied solely with spiritual work in a settled sphere, and is spared the collisions and conflicts which must come to pioneers and leaders. Many are not fitted for, or called to, such enterprises. They do nothing that seems injudicious to their fellow-churchmen, because, so far as public life is concerned, they do nothing at all. At the same time they may be doing their very best for their generation. Their bark is safe in a sheltered nook, while men like Dr. Stewart must venture upon the deep and battle with wind and wave.

To say that he had his limitations is only to say that he was a man, and lower than the angels. To say that he was too much wedded to his own views, too neglectful of the views of others, and too impetuous, is to say what has probably been said truly

concerning every man who has done work like his in Church or State. Our friend was far from claiming that he was free from defects in these matters. In a letter to Mrs. Stewart he says: 'You have done your part better than I have done mine. You know that if I am hard on others sometimes, I am harder on myself.' The widow of one of his colleagues writes that when her husband was dying, Stewart said to him, 'My dear fellow, forgive me if ever I have seemed harsh or hurt you in any way.' The reply was, 'I know nothing but your great goodness to me and mine these many years.' The Principal had the happiness of winning the love and trust of those who knew him best.

Shortly after the beginning of the Boer war he strongly defended our Government. I have been charged in very strong language to condemn his action in this case. But the biographer is not an umpire. Dr. Stewart's biographer should imitate Dr. Stewart, and frankly state the essential facts, that each may judge for himself. Before the war, he had kept himself entirely aloof from the mazes and zigzaggings of South African party politics. No opinion was publicly expressed by him about the war till after it had been publicly proclaimed. Some Dutch ministers then sought to influence British and American opinion in favour of their views. Their statements he believed to be misleading, and he contested them with characteristic energy. The war seemed to him, like the war in the Soudan, to be inevitable, and a part of the heavy price which had to be paid for a great end. 'What is needed,' he said, 'for the opening up of the South African continent, is reliable information, just government, and a Christian civilisation, or the application of the

teachings of Jesus Christ.' He believed that this war would settle the relations between the Dutch and the British, and also between the blacks and the whites. Kruger's government he regarded as incurably corrupt, and entirely opposed to the best interests of the natives and the country. Many of the Dutch ministers before the war were also opposed to the ways of the Boers. Some said that Stewart was influenced by Moffat and Livingstone. That was a mistake. His revolt against Kruger's native policy was based upon what he had witnessed. He lost no opportunity of stating his convictions, and some of his friends, who thought with him in this matter, regretted that he introduced the subject so often into religious and missionary meetings at home. It was its relation to the natives that moved him so deeply, and he thought that some Christian men at home were in danger of being biassed by their political sympathies. Let it be understood that he was a non-political missionary, whose interest in the work of Christ among the natives, as he conceived it, constrained him to enter the arena of political discussion, an arena from which he gladly withdrew when the war was over. He did not give to party what was meant for mankind, for his party was mankind. So anxious was he not to meddle with the things of Cæsar, that he seldom spoke about native politics. When political candidates sought his help, he invariably refused, and he probably never voted at an election. He wished to husband all his influence for his missionary work, and he always did his utmost to secure good relations between the Government and the natives. It should be remembered that nearly every white pastor and missionary in South Africa, except the Dutch, held the opinions he

advocated. Coillard, the Frenchman, entirely endorsed Stewart's contentions. From the beginning, all the missionaries of every nationality, with the exception of the Dutch, have wished the natives to be under British protection. It was a grief to Stewart that his attitude to the war alienated from him many of his Dutch friends, for whom he cherished a warm regard, and also that it offended some of his friends at home.

Lovedale was a little kingdom of which Stewart was both creator and administrator. But it was under, not a dual, but a treble, or rather a quadruple control. The Principal had to consider the wishes of the Foreign Mission Committee in Edinburgh, of the Advisory Education Board at Lovedale, of the Synod of Kafraria (in some matters), and of the Educational Department in Cape Colony, as it gave large grants for education. Differences of opinion were inevitable in such a complicated situation. Three of his chief colleagues help us to understand Stewart's experiences. One of them says that at first he could not approve of many of the methods at Lovedale, but he found that the Principal carried them forward with so much energy and wisdom that they were usually successful. He therefore ceased to object to them, though he sometimes could not regard them as theoretically the best.

Another colleague says that his Principal lived many years before his time, and that he was always planning for the future, and for the whole Institution, while, naturally, each of those around him was thinking only or chiefly of the present and of his own department. Historians tell us that 'a far-sighted politician must for some time be misunder-

stood,' as he is always forging ahead of his colleagues. Further, there was a financial side to every proposal, and the whole of the financial responsibility rested upon the Principal. It was unusually burdensome, as the Institution was steadily growing. Concentration and continuity of action were necessary, and therefore the very nature of his position constrained the Principal to adopt a policy which might seem to some to be autocratic or even dictatorial. All the world over, tasks like these have demanded such qualities and despatch as we expect in a general on a battlefield.

A third colleague endorses these views, and adds that he has been under lifelong obligations to Stewart, who enlarged all his conceptions and expectations regarding mission-work.

Many difficult and delicate questions arose out of the relation of Lovedale to the local Presbytery and to the South African Presbyterian Church. The Church at home wished all their missions in South Africa to be united with the South African Presbyterian Church, and to have the native and the European congregations under one jurisdiction. Stewart could not approve of this plan, though it had been adopted by the great majority of his brethren at home. He pled for a fully organised native Church in federal relations with the Church at home. In addition to financial reasons, he urged that the proposed union would be harmful to mission interests; that the members of the Colonial Church, as a whole, were unwilling to receive the native congregations on equal terms; that the native section of the Church, being the larger, would submerge the European section; that the Europeans would not consent to be ruled by a native majority; and that

this proposed union would hinder union with the Dutch Reformed Church. It was in the interests of a larger union and of native rights that he opposed the smaller union his Church desired. In 1902, the Church at home had decided in favour of this union, and though the congregations formerly connected with the United Presbyterian Church had joined the Presbyterian Church of South Africa, it was agreed to suspend proceedings in the meantime.

It was a real sorrow to his friends that he had to take part in many anxious and prolonged conferences within a few months of his death, when the distressing affection of his heart hindered him from doing full justice to himself and the subjects under discussion. But with his long-considered convictions he could not withdraw or allow things to drift. It was ever his way to put his work first and himself second.

In the matters specified or suggested in this chapter, Stewart's compelling influence usually gained whatever he contended for. All felt that he was entitled to exceptional consideration, and that, but for his splendid powers of resolution, he could never have done his life-work. Many of his fellow-workers did think that he was too urgent and masterful. But all admitted that he was entirely free from self-seeking and unworthy motives, and that he was always advocating only what he believed to be best for the mission and the natives. Differences of opinion in conference never lessened the admiration of his brethren for him. This fact is a supreme proof of the genuineness and real nobility of the man, and it is also highly creditable to those who could not always think with him. Their generosity in estimating his services was like his own in estimating theirs.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE MAN: HIS INNER LIFE

His Modesty—His Intensity—Contrasted Qualities—Strength and Tenderness—The Leper—Patience—An Inspiring Example.

'In the Royal Galley of Divine Love there is no force—all the rowers are volunteers.'—*Francis of Sales.*

'An ardent spirit dwells with Christian love,
The eagle's vigour in the pitying dove.'—*Crabbe.*

'A man with a conviction is worth twelve men with interests.'—*J. S. Mill.*

'The lion and the lamb lay down together in the heart of John Eliot.'

'The world's final judgment would be, "He was a man," and the Church would add, "of God."'—*From an Appreciation of Joseph Parker.*

'The record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time.'—*J. H. H. Meyers.*

WE shall now try to reach the heart behind the manifold activities recorded in these pages, so that the man may not be buried in the details of his work. Souls, like flowers, have a perfume of their own. Alas, it does not readily cleave to the printed page, and the biographer can offer only the faint perfume which lingers in the fading leaves.

It has been said that generosity of language and economy of action are political twins. In Stewart generosity of action and economy of language were united. It was not his habit to use emotional

language. Even among his intimate friends he had an almost morbid aversion to speaking about himself. It is probable that his experience of oblique self-flattery in others had effectually warned him against this frequent infirmity. Hence many thought him shy and reserved. The Rev. R. W. Barbour wrote: 'The sight of him always touches me—and never more than this time. He is so true, and so noble, and so lonely, as all the truest and noblest souls must ever be.' His was the isolation of the intense thinker and the overdriven worker.

His Journals are eminently self-revealing. His life cannot be understood at all apart from that faith, which made a proselyte of his heart in boyhood, claimed all his powers while it lasted, and enabled him to redeem the promise of his youth. 'The just shall live by faith,' that is, he shall make a *life* of it. Stewart did so, and during sixty consenting years his faith was unchanged, except in its mellowness and maturity. Much that is set down for faith may be merely the outcome of natural buoyancy, splendid health, and joy in successful activity. All through life Stewart had a large experience of the winnowing fan. His faith, especially in his pioneering days, was very severely tested, and it stood every test.

He was a great Christian, but not of any conventional type, and he did not employ the conventional language of religion. His inner life was cultivated with great care, fearing lest his censer should hold old ashes instead of fresh incense. His religion was intense but not morbid, and it was thoroughly Biblical: the Gospels were followed by the Acts. He seems to have been always afraid that his words might outrun his convictions and feelings.

All the roots of his life lay deep in Christ, and the inner life was at least as high as the outer. At the centre of all his activities we find a man on his knees praying for the consecrated frame and the undivided surrender. 'Soon our time will come,' he wrote to Mrs. Stewart, 'and then only what we have done for Christ will be a satisfaction to us.' Remembering that his work was to be tried by a juster judge than here, he was not too anxious about others' judgments. He was not easily disturbed by what people might say against himself, but he was roused when Lovedale was assailed. He had a reverent curiosity about the future. To a friend he wrote: 'Making all deductions needful and inevitable, on account of one's own personal unworthiness and wrong-doing, the thought of a new life in a new world is almost exhilarating. It is something like the prospect of going to a new country, even with all the inseparable dread which belongs to the time when the great mystery will be solved.'

His courage, physical and moral, entitle him to a very high place among heroes of the faith. This courage was the growth of a natural endowment purified and fortified by a living faith. Fearing God, he knew no other fear. Dauntless and daring, he marched right on, believing that only chained lions were in the path of duty. The strongest men, like John the Baptist in prison, have fainting fits now and again; but if Stewart had these, they were never allowed to arrest his work. The Scriptural grace of patience, the power of holding on and holding out, was his in an eminent degree.

We have found in him many contrasted qualities which are not often united. The highest ideals which he never dismissed or lowered, were linked to

the humblest tasks; his intense individuality did not lapse into egotism or singularity. To power of vision he added an extraordinary practical capacity which enabled him to see the true dimensions of common things: firmly grasping the real while swayed by the ideal, he lived both in the present and in the future. He preserved a fine balance of fearlessness and prudence: he had an instinct for great things alongside of wonderful patience in the meanest details: he was a pioneer with none of the spirit of an adventurer or self-seeker: he had great success both as an administrator and an originator. Like Joseph, he was a dreamer and a doer, and both in a very high degree; and, like Joseph, he witnessed the fulfilment of his grandest dreams. But the likeness ends there. For the fulfilment came to Joseph by a surprise of providence, while it came to Stewart as the slow fruit of wonderful intuitions and after many years of enormous and ceaseless toil. Students of biography will probably regard this as the unique and perhaps unparalleled distinction of his career.

'This one thing I do,' was the motto of his life, but how many distinct things did that one thing embrace! In this astonishing complexity of endeavours we discover no complexity of motive, no duality or schism, no mysterious actions out of keeping with his avowed aims. His life had no water-tight, uncommunicating compartments. His absolute sincerity was the secret of his great influence, and of the unusual financial support he received from widely different men.

'No man that I have ever met,' writes one of his yoke-fellows, 'took a more modest view of his own achievements.' The words 'I' and 'my' seldom

intruded into his conversation. His private letters reveal an exceptionally keen consciousness of defects and failings, and he often blames himself for not thinking more of others! In his Moderator's opening address he said: 'I know I myself have made mistakes enough to make my days uneasy, and to fill my nights with evil and troubled dreams. I suppose most missionaries will admit that the work requires more moral strength and spiritual force than most of us naturally possess, and that in this lies our greatest failure.'

He could not endure the soft incense of flattery, and cut short the speech of him who offered it. His estimates of the work of others were generous. Few men ever had a heartier appreciation of kindness and small services. In this he approached closely to the apostle Paul.

No portrait of him can be just unless it gives great prominence to the union in him of a giant's strength with the tenderness of a saintly woman. 'Out of the strong came forth sweetness,' and the sweetness was as the strength, for strong natures when gentle are the gentlest. His extraordinary kindness had been rehearsed and predicted in both his parents. But his energy, his ceaseless preoccupations with his work, his determination, his impatience with delays, his eagerness in urging his proposals, his 'indomitable eyes'—all these disposed many to think that he was a hard man, or, as one put it, a 'man of iron.' Never was 'judgment according to the outward appearance' more mistaken. It is true that, for the reason stated, his face usually wore a fixed and severe expression—till he smiled. A military illustration may help us to understand the two sides of his character. It seems that when he had to act, he

at once ordered to the front all his reserves of strength, and, for the time being, sent his emotions to the rear. But in presence of suffering, he reversed the process, and hurried forward all his power of sympathy to meet the emergency. He was indeed one of the most benevolent of men, and his benevolence was ever shaping itself into beneficence, for he had a physician's scorn for the weak emotion that does not go beyond itself. Tenderness of heart in him rose to genius, and it was not chilled by years or by cruel disappointments. His sympathies overflowed and went down beneath man to the animal world. A man or beast in misery was to him a sacred thing. He could not pass unheeded a beggar, an old man or woman, or poor little children.[1] However busy—and he was always in a whirlpool of work—he had endless patience with sufferers. They got money, and might have got his coat also. He would rather go without dinner than see a poor man starving. Slow to suspect men, his heart often outran his judgment, and he was exploited by self-seekers. His largeness of heart lent itself to imposition; he was generous to a fault; and he was very loath to give up any man he had once helped. His friends would say that great as he was in action, he was greater still in sympathy.[2]

[1] Poor children with wretched mothers in Glasgow greatly distressed him. If he saw any one about Lovedale handling a child roughly, he would interfere, and sometimes take the child to his own house.

[2] Here is one story out of many. It is given in a letter from Lovedale. An old native man was living under the trees near Lovedale. He was a leper, cast out by his family, and almost starving. Stewart had a little hut built for him, and sent him food daily from his own house. The hut was carried away by a flood. Stewart took a truck, put the old man on it, and, with the aid of a boy, carried him to an

The natives had good reason for calling him 'Umfundisi Wohlobo Lokugala,' an expressive Kafir phrase which means a missionary of the most princely order. The feminine and masculine virtues were so wedded in him, that one might with equal justice impute to him the defects of excessive strength and excessive tenderness. This prodigality of sympathy was fostered by the peculiarities of his theology. In his student days, as we have seen, he could not tolerate any theology which impoverished human sympathies. No patience had he with those who discuss the fall and forget the fallen. The faith in which he believed was fruitful in all the humanities of Jesus Christ, and it made him entirely free from a cynical or satirical tone. All his life he was in presence of the downtrodden, and thus his parentage, theology, and experience combined to make him one of the most tender-hearted of men.

The Rev. Mr. Hanesworth of Fort Beaufort writes: 'Dr. Stewart, whom I knew well for twenty-four years, joined to a nature of royal strength a wealth of sympathy and kindness such as is rarely manifested in this world. There was scarcely a limit to his generosity and consideration where there were suffering and bereavement, whatever might be the state of his own health or the labours and distractions then engaging him. In his views he was broad and liberal, and his judgments were those of charity. He was grandly strenuous, and there always shone in him the fervour of an apostle and the spirit of a gentleman.'

outhouse near his own, where he lived for several years. He was a heathen, but either Stewart or a native student read and prayed with him almost daily. Light dawned upon his soul. 'I used to hear him pray nightly,' says the writer.

Dr. Roberts writes: 'He was full of sympathy towards those who needed his help. Some have traced this outstanding feature in Dr. Stewart's character to his first journey through Central Africa, when the awful horrors of the slave-trade made such a lasting impression on his mind. But this is not so. Dr. Stewart's sensible, helpful sympathy was not begotten by any series of circumstances. It was part of his being. He could not help helping people. Whether it was a poor slave who sought his protection, or a widow woman in distress, or a sick man who needed nourishment, Dr. Stewart's aid was theirs. And his deeds of mercy and charity were done with a quiet and fine courtesy that was characteristic of the man. There was about all his generous deeds the grace and charm of spontaneousness. It came from the man's heart.

'It was the knowledge of his sympathy with them in all their troubles that gave Stewart such a hold over his natives and pupils. They knew that they could go to him at any hour of the day, and he would listen as patiently to their little tales of distress as if it were a matter of mighty moment. His sympathy kept him from being impatient with those less gifted than himself. Stewart was full of patience towards the boys and girls who were gathered together at Lovedale.

'It is no wonder that they sought him frequently, and that not even his sickness was a hindrance to their approach.

'As his weakness increased, a guard had to be placed at his door, so insistent in their affectionate reliance and regard were many of the students in trying to reach him.

'It was oftentimes pathetic to see how both

Principal and pupil tried to evade the sentinel watchfulness on the part of the household.'

If Bacon be right when he says that 'the noblest mind is that which has most objects of compassion,' James Stewart was most noble.

While the failings and limitations in the best of men forbid us to claim perfection for the imperfect, or place any one on a pedestal beyond the reach of his fellows, it becomes us gladly to recognise the grace of God in the life and work of our friend.

Here is a man in a mammon-worshipping age and community, who, it is believed, might have earned place, fame, and fortune in almost any sphere of life. In him is no taint of worldliness: 'in him,' as one of his intimates said, 'no meanness could live': he desires not to be ministered unto, but to minister. It is plain to all that he was 'more bent to raise the wretched than to rise.' From all the fields of secular ambition he deliberately turns to one of the obscurest corners of Christ's harvest-field. His native land is very dear to him, but he forgoes the hope of spending in it the evening of his life. In his youth, he, with his young wife, nails his flag to the mast of Africa, and chooses to live, die, and be buried among the races for whom he toiled with a great yearning pity till his right hand forgot its cunning. Others hope to make, he is content to spend, a fortune in the land of his adoption. A knight of Christ, all his energies are devoted to the uplifting of the downtrodden. With a reversed ambition, he aspires to descend, puts the last first, and finds attractions in the most degraded races. Not one word of self-pity escapes his lips, for he scorns the idea that he is making sacrifices. His employments are not in one sphere and his enjoyments in another,

for his work yields him deep delight in the morning, meridian, and evening of his days. No gifts seem to him too precious to be laid upon the altar of coloured humanity, and fifty years of toil have not damped his zeal.

The real wealth of nations lies in things moral and spiritual. Noble lives are the best assets and dowries of any people. God's greatest gifts are gifts of men fitted for the needs of their age, and a life like this does more to enrich a land than mines of gold and diamonds can. It is a rebuke and an inspiration to the average man, and it should increase our respect for our race and for the faith to which James Stewart owed all his noblest qualities and achievements.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

APPRECIATIONS

'*Vixit, vivit, nec unquam moriturus est*' (He lived, he lives, and he will never die).—*Inscription on a Monument.*

'Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds.'—*Socrates.*

WHEN Dr. Stewart died, some hundreds of messages of sympathy were sent to Mrs. Stewart by telegram or letter from men of wellnigh every colour, creed, clime, and condition. Notices of him appeared in, it is believed, all the South African papers, and in very many in Great Britain and in other lands, while most of the religious publications contained a biographical notice and an appreciation. 'Reduplicated expressions of reverential grief came rolling in like the varied and successive echoes of thunder among the hills.' We offer a few specimens. Mr. J. Tengo-Jabavu, a pupil of Lovedale, proprietor and editor of *Imvo*, a Native paper, devoted a leading article to his tribute to Dr. Stewart, whom he describes in a letter as his 'dear friend and benefactor.' In his article he says:—

'Dr. Stewart of Lovedale passed away on Thursday evening, December 21, 1905, and with the event a figure that has loomed large in the firmament of South Africa particularly, and of the world generally, has disappeared. Of his life-work in the mission-field Lovedale it has been well observed, is

his monument, and no more suitable and enduring monument could be desired. In this connection one is reminded of the Latin phrase which has been applied to Sir Christopher Wren, which, with equal propriety, may be quoted with respect to Dr. Stewart and his work—"*Si monumentum requiris circumspice!*" It is a truly pathetic thought to us as Natives that a man of the great and transcendent abilities of Dr. Stewart—abilities that would have merited the highest rewards in any and every sphere of life, were wholly and absolutely devoted to the building up and perfecting a remarkable agency like the Missionary Institution of Lovedale for the dissemination of Christianity and its concomitant, civilisation, for enlightening and blessing the savage millions of Africa. Natives must be truly thankful to Almighty God for giving them such a large-hearted missionary statesman as Dr. Stewart, who has laid the foundations of the good cause broad and deep, for those who come after him to rear a magnificent edifice on them.

'As a national possession Dr. Stewart's demise is mourned no less by South Africa and the Natives than by his family, and in the circumstances it is difficult to distinguish which is to be condoled with most. He has, however, for the lasting consolation of both left the priceless heritage of stupendous and unselfish labours for Christ and humanity that will bless Africa for all time.'

We add an extract from a letter sent to Mrs. Stewart from the native people of the Tyumie Valley, in which Lovedale stands: 'We wish to express to you our deep sympathy, and our great sorrow for the loss of our father, Dr. Stewart. In sympathising with you and your children we can

THE SKETCH OF THE MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT DR. STEWART'S GRAVE

only say, Lady, you know whose hand has taken away the head of your home, you know that his time of work was done. You know that that time was filled in with good work and pure, you know that he has gone to hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" and so we, in sympathising, say to you, Lady, and your children, be of good cheer, Dr. Stewart's God is not dead. He has His son in safe keeping, and He will keep him there and keep you there, till the time when He brings you all together again. And we might also say Dr. Stewart's trees which he planted in Africa need watering and care: will it not comfort you to see that they are tended, and to watch for the fruits which will appear in the years to come?

'And now our own sorrow and loss comes before us. From one end of Africa to another, to-day we are cast down and fearful. The friend of the natives is gone. To-day we are orphans, to-day we have no present help. The wings which were stretched over us are folded, the hands that were stretched out in aid of the Native are resting. The eye which watched all danger is sleeping to-day, the voice that was raised in our behalf is still, and we are left sorrowful, amazed, troubled, but in our sorry we say, "God is not dead." God will be your helper and ours, and Lady, let it never be said that Dr. Stewart's work was a failure. From the four corners of Africa comes the voice of God-fearing men and women in eager protest, and Native Africa is a country to-day through Dr. Stewart. God be with you and your children, Lady.' Then follow the names of fifteen prominent natives.

The Rev. J. Knox Bokwe travelled fully three hundred miles to bid farewell to his chief. He thus

describes the interview which took place six days before the end. 'Well, Knox,' he said, 'you see what it has come to. It is good of you to have come to see me. How different the state you find me in to-day from what you have known me in the past. Here stretched in feeble helplessness on this bed, a prisoner within four walls of a room, only to lie and think how comparatively little one can accomplish in a lifetime, and even then how imperfectly. I wish I could have done more for your people and for Africa, but the opportunity seems at an end. The task is now for others to take up, and such of you as have been shown the way ought to know what to do, ought to help all you can. Do not expect that you will get all you desire the moment you ask for it, or even in the way you consider best suited for you. These things come bit by bit. Wise and discreet leaders will ever be watchful not to disappoint or distrust the friends who are trying to do the best for them. They will stand by them. I am too tired to say more, even though I should have liked to speak to you about the proposed Inter-State College. Try, you, to do the best you can for it, for your people, for Africa. God bless you all. Remember me to your wife and children. God be with you. Farewell.'

Mr. Bokwe adds: 'I cry like the prophet to-day, "Oh my Father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."'

A native pupil of Lovedale wrote:—

'Mrs. Dr. STEWART:

'DEAR MOTHER,—It caused us great sorry to learn this morning of the passing away of our father, Dr. Stewart. It is a loss to our people which will

never be forgotten and to our Native Church at large. He possessed a gift that we seldom find among other people; intellectually and spiritually he was the pillar of our Church. Favoured with uniform good health and a sound constitution, he (Dr.) worked hard in many directions for the good of the Church and for the good of our people, intellectually and spiritually. Though gone, his work remains, and shall ever speak and tell us of Dr. Stewart. It is out of place, mother, for me to enter into details. Dr. Stewart, our father, after he had served his generation, has been called to his rest and reward. We therefore pray that our Father may sustain and support you and the family in your great loss. Accept the above as an expression from one of your sons.'

Another coloured pupil wrote: 'The Doctor was indeed a great friend to me in my childhood. It was he who gave me a start in life.'

The following is from the Archbishop of Cape Town: 'Dr. Stewart's death is a heavy loss to the whole Colony, and indeed to all South Africa, and the cause of missions generally. One must, however, hope with much confidence that the good seed he has sown may bear abundant fruit, and that his staff and his students may have been so penetrated with his teaching and his example, that by God's blessing the cause of missions and of Native Education may not materially suffer by his loss. And yet one cannot help feeling that the moving spring, so far as human agency is concerned, has been taken away.'

Dr. Armstrong Black of Toronto writes: 'Whatever men may say in admiration or praise of Dr. Stewart to-day, I venture to state that they will

be saying far greater things in fifty years. . . . In my opinion, a man worthier of Westminster Abbey has not been among us for many a day.'

Robert Beith, for five years his confidential clerk, wrote: 'Late at night I would often beg him to go to bed. He would quietly smile and say: "I am an old man and there are some things I wish to see done." He was a father and friend to me rather than my chief, and all the years up to the last he was my most valued friend and revered correspondent. If we had more Lovedales and more missionaries like Dr. Stewart, I am certain that many of the most difficult problems of the Native question would disappear.'

The Rev. F. W. King of Alice writes: 'His departure is a loss not only to our own community, but to the whole Church of God. . . . We all drew inspiration from his consecrated life.'

Dr. M'Clure of Cape Town says: 'In his company I always felt that I was in touch with one of the world's great spirits. This was the view of men like General Gordon, Edmund Garrett, Sir Bartle Frere, Cecil Rhodes, and Lord Milner. No one who knew him in his work could fail to come under the spell of his imagination.'

Mr. Edmund Garrett, formerly editor of the *Cape Times*, and member of the Legislative Assembly, describes Dr. Stewart as 'our grand old man of Lovedale and of the Empire. What a fine warrior goes down in him—but down in arms, and undaunted, as such a true knight should. I shall never forget his wise, quiet counsel and help; his grave, kind self-forgetfulness and courtesy; his infinite patience under the discouragements of seeming ingratitude on the part of those to whom he had

devoted his life-work. He never masked or glossed over any failure in Native Education, and seemed a little weary in the long fray, but without a shadow of repining or a moment's hesitation about his duty to press ever forward and hold steadfast. In a word, his whole splendid *chieftainship* made on me an indelible impression. . . . There is no other Dr. Stewart.'

Captain Robinson of the Union-Castle Line thus describes Stewart as *a passenger*: 'It was in the year 1877 that I first made the acquaintance of Dr. Stewart. He then took passage with me to South Africa. Since then we have made many journeys in many ships, each one cementing more firmly the friendship that sprang up between us in those early days. It is no figure of speech to say that his company on every occasion was regarded as a special privilege to be made the most of. I loved him with a great and enduring affection. To me Dr. Stewart and General Gordon were the two greatest heroes of the age—the saintly servants of God and of Queen Victoria—the Elijah and Joshua of modern times. I know some little of Dr. Stewart's great work in South Africa by its practical results under my own observation.

'In our coasting business of former days, the splendid Kafirs who worked the cargoes in and out at all the ports used to vie with one another in helping the officers to keep their tallies. Turn and turn about they came along with their packages and called out mark, number, and description of each in crisp, cheery tones, which it was a pleasure to listen to. When asked where they picked up their education, the answer was almost sure to be "Lovedale, Baas, Dr. Schtoot." It is astonishing

how common this was, and what fine, intelligent fellows they were: many of them, but for their colour and environment, might justly have been hall-marked as nature's gentlemen.

'Dr. Stewart was a most interesting conversationalist: his experiences were so vast and so uncommon. It was grand sometimes to listen to friendly controversies that arose at table between him and some other men of science or letters. We often had animated discussions which were both profitable and amusing.

'I was not long in finding out that his charity was as broad as the ship, to say the least of it. He, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, always conducted our Church of England service on board, when we sailed together. He rendered the beautiful liturgy of our Church so reverently and impressively that worship in form became worship in fact. He had a novel and altogether beautiful habit in reading the Scriptures. He used to preface the lesson with a short and fascinating commentary on the passage to be read. It was both charming and effective, and gave us an intelligent grasp of the subject, and a keen appreciation of its spiritual significance. It was very interesting to hear people discussing the innovation after church, and expressing their satisfaction with it. Busy as he was during the voyage in connection with his many missionary enterprises, he still found time to visit the crew in their own quarters of an evening once or twice a week, and to have a Gospel meeting among them. He also often took part in open-air services on deck during fine weather. All this was done so kindly and simply, with such genuine consideration for discipline and authority, that the tenderest susceptibilities were never

wounded. There remained a gracious and refreshing memory, like dew upon the grass, which could not fail to have a beneficent effect.

'Dr. Stewart was my St. Paul of the latter days; it was a benediction to know him and to love him.'

The Honourable Colonel Stanford of the Native Affairs Department, a pupil of Lovedale, writes: 'He was a great missionary and a great South African: a man with a far-sighted and statesman-like perception of the problems which European civilisation in South Africa has to face. He lived strong in the belief that duty called him to devote his energies to the enlightenment of the Native races, and the greatest public effort put forth upon his last bed of sickness was his appeal on behalf of an Inter-Colonial Native College.

'There may be different views on the question of Native Education, but there is no room for two opinions as to the noble life of the man who devoted himself to the cause in which he believed.'

CHAPTER XXXIX

LOVEDALE TO-DAY

Principal Henderson's Testimony—Last Year's Report—The Future of Lovedale—The Career of Lovedale Boys and Girls.

'When I hear any one objecting to missions, my reply is "Lovedale."'—*A Glasgow Merchant.*

'Lovedale is the very best possible institution for Africa.'—*Major Malan.*

'Our aim is not to glorify Lovedale or ourselves by reflected rays.'—*Dr. Stewart.*

THE Rev. James Henderson, M.A., J.P., Stewart's successor, thus describes the present position of Lovedale:—

'*Lovedale To-day.*—The circumstances of the Institution from the outstart made for greatness. The presence of European pupils postulated well-trained teachers. It became the principal high school—for long it was the only one—in that part of the country. It was the centre of a great and successful missionary movement. It inevitably attracted to itself men of force with an outlook upon the future. One of the most difficult problems of the age is being worked out in practice by a European population no larger than that of a second-rate city, spread over territory of greater extent than the Continent of Europe. Lovedale was from the outstart the leading force making for a peaceful

solution of the Native question; and that position it has retained, changing and adapting itself to the changing circumstances of the times. Lovedale stood for a clear-cut policy when there was no definite Native policy of any kind in the minds of the non-missionary settlers. The same statement applies to it to-day. There is a Lovedale policy to-day, believed in and disbelieved in, respected and hated, but, however regarded, a force to be always reckoned with. That this is so is unquestionably due in great measure to the faith, the courage, the sagacity, and foresight of the late Dr. Stewart. Lovedale was Dr. Stewart and Dr. Stewart was Lovedale for nearly half a century.

'What first strikes strangers visiting Lovedale from elsewhere in South Africa is the attention given to outward arrangements and amenities. Nowhere in the Eastern Province are there grounds so well laid out and kept in such good order as those at Lovedale. The stately oak and pine avenues, the well-kept gravelled roads and paths, the trimmed turf, the flower and shrub plots, the substantial and well-appointed buildings are worthy of a great English school, and there is a spaciousness in the distribution of the buildings that few schools enjoy. The dining-halls may even be described as noble. The class-rooms are worthy of a University College.[1] The staff has generally been of a high order. These circumstances have been regarded by critics as extravagances on the part of Dr. Stewart. Some of the visitors who come to Lovedale are sorely grieved

[1] Some thought that too much money had been spent on these buildings. By far the greater part of it had been secured by Dr. Stewart himself. He wished everything to be done adequately and handsomely, so that Lovedale might supply tangible evidence of the greatness of its aims. The avenue was worthy of the buildings.

at all this "waste" upon Natives. They do not see that these elevating circumstances are of the essence of Dr. Stewart's Native policy. His aim was to bring the Native people into line with the European occupants of the same land, and he realised that the basal necessity on the part of those that would uplift them was respect for them. He believed that they were capable of high attainments, and he made it his business to bring the best and highest influences, outward and inward, to bear upon them. Time is, of course, vindicating his faith.

'It is apt to be supposed that the development of Lovedale to what it now is involved no excessive effort or strain, and that it grew like a river receiving many tributaries. But the contrary is written large across every block of its buildings. The Institution has grown by accretion. Dr. Stewart did not hesitate to enter upon new branches of work when necessity arose, whatever the difficulties were. Consequently buildings were incessantly undergoing extension, and all kinds of makeshifts to surmount financial difficulties were devised. I have seen the remains of three marquees that did service as dormitories and class-rooms to meet emergencies. No doubt Dr. Stewart had large-minded and very liberal friends, but the needs of his work and his daring outstripped even their generosity.

'The Institution has tended latterly to become an unwieldy organisation. This is to be met, and has been met so far, by breaking it up into complete individual entities as in the case of the Girls' School and the Hospital. This process must be carried further to make the Industrial Departments also a separate entity, all of course under one head. If this is done, further development, should such be-

come necessary, may be undertaken with safety. The finances of the Institution steadily improve, the burden falling increasingly upon the beneficiaries, and they are becoming stable. The Institution, under the hand of God, has the promise of a future even greater than its past.'

During his last visit home Stewart collected about £7000 for extensions at Lovedale. That sum has recently been spent in enlarging the buildings for boys and girls. During the past year the enrolments of students rose to 894, the highest number yet reached. The Rev. F. B. Meyer writes that 'he addressed there between thirty and forty sons of chiefs, some of whom are heir-presumptive to vast territorial influence.' The other year one hundred applicants had to be turned away for want of room. You can hardly go to any town or village in South Africa where you will not find Lovedale pupils. In spite of the prevailing financial depression, the income from the fees showed a decided increase.[1] It is a very remarkable fact that the Kafirs at Lovedale regularly pay such large sums for education. The host of Clubs and Societies with which the Institution abounds maintains a vigorous life. Many reasons dispose us to believe that Stewart's work at Lovedale will be permanent. For it is in very capable hands; great is the power of its past and traditions; its palpable atmosphere of goodwill to the natives is very attractive; it will be reinforced by the Native College; it appeals to the chief needs of the natives, many of whom are ambitious to better their lot. It will probably thus continue to be the mother and model of South

[1] The sum for last year was over £5500, and the whole sum paid for fees since the commencement is £83,988.

African Educational Institutions, and the fosterer of peaceful and blessed revolutions. The name of Lovedale will thus be a symbol of that co-operation between the white and the native races, without which the prosperity of the country cannot be secured. And it will be Stewart's best monument —more enduring than brass and loftier than the pyramids.[1]

[1] In 1900 a record was published of 6640 Lovedale students, including 753 Europeans. The following is a list of their occupations:—

Missionaries or Ministers,	57
Evangelists or Catechists,	55
Teachers—Male, 458; female, 310,	768
Farming their own land,	385
Tradesmen, Carpenters, Printers, etc.,	352
Interpreters, Magistrates' Clerks, or in Postal and Telegraph Work,	112
In Railway and Police Work,	86
Law Agents and Clerks,	15
Engaged in Transport, General Labour, or at the Diamond and Gold Fields, about	1000
In Domestic Service, or Married Women, or Girls employed at their Homes, about	500

The numbers employed at the mines and other labour centres and in domestic service are constantly varying, and are thus stated approximately. These numbers are significant as supplying one answer to the frequently repeated statement that Christianity and education spoil the native and make him lazy.

Lovedale has been a good recruiting ground for 'Christ's militia.' During 1906, 46 of the pupils volunteered for Foreign Missions.

NATIVE CONVENTION AT THE PROPOSED SITE OF THE INTERSTATE COLLEGE, WITH SANDILI'S KOP IN THE BACKGROUND

CHAPTER XL

THE CENTRAL NATIVE COLLEGE

Dr. Stewart's Last Message to the Missionaries—His Private Statement about the Native College—The Present Position of the College.

'It is better to Christianise the Africans than to crush them. It is better to educate than to exterminate them. And the day is coming, whether we live to see it or not, when even the Dark Continent shall have its Native Universities.'—*Dr. Stewart in* 1878.

A FEW weeks before his death Dr. Stewart dictated this message to the missionaries of all the Churches:—

'DEAR SIR,—The recommendation of the recent Inter-Colonial Native Affairs Commission with regard to the establishment of a central Native College aided by the various States for training native teachers, and in order to afford opportunities for higher education to native students, has, no doubt, occupied your thoughts. As the proposal is being discussed by natives all over the country, and in view of any action the Governments may take to give practical effect to the recommendation, it seems well that expression should be given to the opinion of missionaries and especially of those directly connected with the education of the more advanced native students.

'I therefore write to you, and to other European missionaries, to ask you to assist in carrying out this

scheme for the advancement of native education throughout South Africa, that we, by co-operation with one another, and co-operation with the Governments, may ensure the missionary and inter-denominational character of the proposed College.

'Owing to my ill-health, I fear very much I could not attend any meeting which might be convened for the purpose of discussing the matter and of uniting in some one line of policy, but my views on the subject can be condensed into a short written statement, and a member of my staff would represent me.—Believe me to be, yours sincerely,

'JAMES STEWART.'

From his death-bed he sent the following statement to his Committee in Edinburgh. It will be appreciated by all who are interested in Native Education:—

'PERSONAL STATEMENT—PRIVATE

'The Report of the recent Inter-Colonial Native Affairs Commission contains the recommendation that a Central College should be established to provide higher education for the natives. Further, it has been officially recommended by the Education Advisor to the High Commissioner that the claims of Lovedale to become this College should be considered; and the lines on which this College should be constituted with regard to finance, control, and curriculum, have also been outlined by Mr. E. B. Sargant in his Report to Lord Milner.

'In view of the possibility of conflicting opinions being expressed by missionaries during the discussion of these proposals both in this country and in Scotland, I would not like any doubt to exist as to

my attitude towards the question and my earnest hope for the future development of Lovedale, and so have thought fit to express these in a written statement. This is all the more necessary as my ill-health prevents me from taking as active a share as I would have liked in furthering the proposals.

'The statement following may therefore be considered as my own personal judgment based on experience, and gradually arrived at after many years.

'Before the year 1880 I recognised that if the desire for education on the part of the natives continued to grow at the existing rate, sooner or later it would be necessary to provide them with higher training than was then available; and to meet what was coming I endeavoured so to shape the policy of Lovedale that the expansion of its work would follow naturally, both as regards numbers and scope, on the need being felt. In brief, I had formed the idea, expressed at the London Missionary Conference in 1882, that Lovedale should become the future Native Christian University of South Africa. And with this end always kept in view we have not confined ourselves to any one department of instruction or to any one native tribe, or to any one religious denomination.

'It is necessary to mention here that another ideal for the future of Lovedale has been and is held by some. It may be described as the official view of the Cape Education Department, which would like to see Lovedale become a large institution exclusively devoted to training Cape Colony youths as teachers for the schools of Cape Colony. The wide

distinction between these two ideas will be recognised at once, and remembered.

'It is therefore hardly necessary to say that the recommendations of the Native Affairs Commission, and the further proposal of Mr. E. B. Sargent that a native College should be established which would embrace all British South Africa and invite the co-operation of all Protestant Christian denominations, not only meets my whole-hearted approval, but is to my mind the natural result of a careful study of educational progress among the natives, combined with the statesmanlike recognition of their desires and potential capabilities. It would be a realisation of my hopes for Lovedale, and I cannot but see in its inception the possible workings of Providence.

'Without committing myself with unqualified approval to all the details of the scheme suggested by Mr. Sargent and those working with him, I will indicate broadly what I consider would be essential to the success of such a College as has been proposed.

'CONTROL

'With regard to control or administration, the three parties most interested in the matter, the Governments, missionaries, and natives, should be represented on any councils or boards, constituted to guide the policy and conduct the management of the College. The denominational house system, by which all the Protestant Churches working among natives would have the boarding and care of their respective students, would ensure the missionary and pan-denominational character of the College, and, provided men of moderate views were in charge of

the various hostels, should not prove unworkable. Means should also be taken to ensure the appointment to teaching posts of men of high character and religious earnestness.

'FINANCE

'The natives and their friends should be prepared to raise in part or in whole the sum necessary for the purchase of Lovedale, and the Governments should guarantee in perpetuity towards the maintenance of the College an annual sum of not less than £10,000. The various Churches should establish and maintain their own hostels, college fees covering the cost of the boarding of students. Representation should bear some proportion to the amounts contributed by each of the several states and by the churches and natives respectively.

'SCOPE OF WORK

'In the present stage of native education it is impossible to lay down definitely, or in detail, the lines on which the curriculum should be finally drawn up; that must be left to educational experts, whose views will probably be modified by experience. At the same time, opportunity should be given natives of being trained as ministers, teachers, hospital assistants, and law interpreters. One thing may be said with certainty, that unless a course is framed capable of development to a standard equivalent to a degree course in a British University, and in time justifying the conferring on the students of a degree, this College will not fulfil the expectations of the natives, nor check the exodus to America. Minor points may safely be left to the decision of a

Council representative of the Governments, and the missionaries themselves.

'JAMES STEWART.

'LOVEDALE,
'*Oct.* 30, 1905.'

The scheme for the Native College seems to be making satisfactory progress. The site is to be at Fort Hare, on the mission lands, on the east side of the Tyumie, and about a mile from Lovedale.

Several of the tribes are redeeming their promises by raising large sums of money. Religious training will be secured for all the students through hostels presided over by ordained men specially chosen for the work. The pupils are to receive industrial training at every stage in their course.

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